

NEW POCKET EDITION
OF THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
Shakspeare,

PRINTED FROM THE TEXT OF JOHNSON AND STEEVENS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Embellished with a Portrait of the Author, and Vignette Titles, representing
Comedy, Tragedy, and History.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING THE FOLLOWING PLAYS:

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.
TROIUS AND CRESSIDA.
TIMON OF ATHENS.
CORIOLANUS.
JULIUS CÆSAR.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.
CYMBELINE.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.
ROMEO AND JULIET.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

London :

PRINTED FOR ALEXANDER BLACK, 27, PALL-MALL.

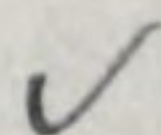
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SHAKSPEARE.

Volume III.



*Sometimes amidst the laughing scene
Blithe COMEDY with jocond mien.
Anstey.*

London. Printed for Alexander Black

Foreign Bookseller to His Majesty 27 Pall Mall.

1820.

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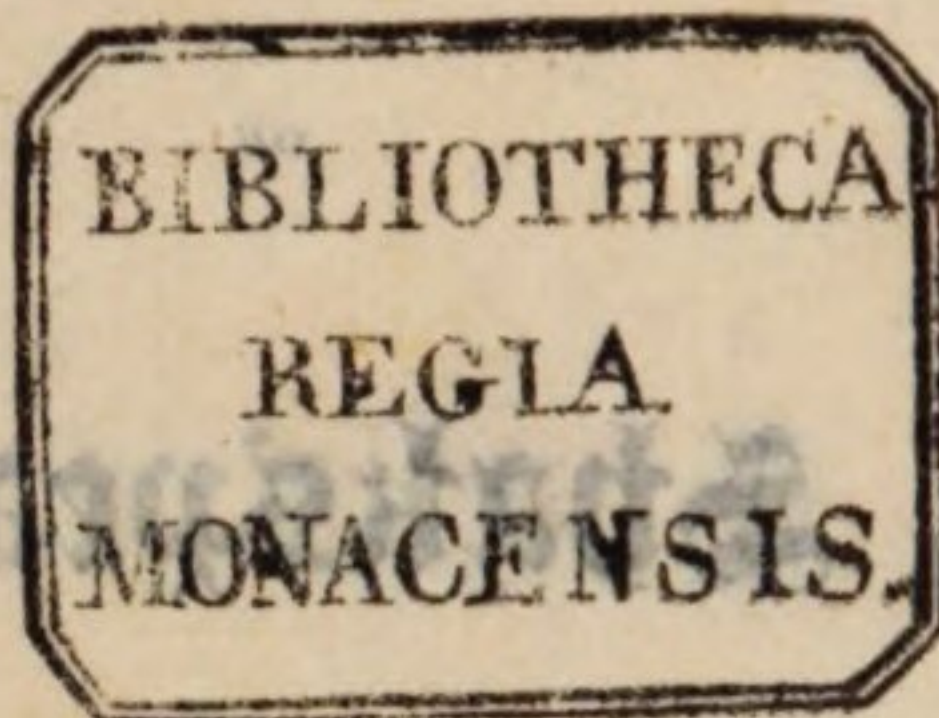
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1850.

KING HENRY VIII.

Persons represented.

King HENRY the Eighth.
Cardinal WOLSEY.
Cardinal CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, ambassador from the Emperor,
Charles V.
GRANMER, archbishop of Canterbury.
Duke of NORFOLK.
Duke of BUCKINGHAM.
Duke of SUFFOLK.
Earl of SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln.
Lord ABERGAVENNY.
Lord SANDS.
Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.
Sir THOMAS LOVELL.
Sir ANTHONY DENNY.
Sir NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to WOLSEY.
CROMWELL, servant to WOLSEY.

GRIFFITH, gentleman-usher to Queen KATHERINE.
Three other Gentlemen.
Doctor BUTTS, physician to the King.
Garner, king at arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.
BRANDON, and a serjeant at arms.
Door-keeper of the council-chamber.
Porter, and his man.
Page to GARDINER.
A Crier.
Queen KATHERINE, wife to King HENRY,
afterwards divorced.
ANNE BULLEN, her maid of honour, after-
wards Queen.
An old Lady, friend to ANNE BULLEN.
PATIENCE, woman to Queen KATHERINE.
Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb
shows; Women attending upon the Queen;
Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes,
Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Scene,—chiefly in LONDON and WESTMINSTER: once, at KIMBOLTON.

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh; things
now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and
woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those, that come
to see
Only a show or two, and so agree,
The play may pass; if they be still, and
willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,

Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we
bring,
(To make that only true we now intend,)
Will leave us never an understanding
friend,
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you
are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: Think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and
sweat,
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one door; at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,

VOL. III.

Since last we saw in France?

Nor.

I thank your grace:

Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck.

An untimely ague

Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

B

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horse-
back;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they
clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could
have weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now mar-
ried

To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's: To-day, the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise: and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discernor
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these
suns

(For so they phrase them,) by their heralds
challeng'd

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabu-
lous story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was
royal;

To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good dis-
cretion

Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is
free'd

From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder,
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry (whose grace
Chalks successors their way,) nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some graver
eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he
that?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the
file

Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon; and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in the papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on
them

For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd: and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath
attach'd

Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. 'Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards
you

Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency

Together: to consider further, that
 What his high hatred would effect, wants not
 A minister in his power: You know his nature,
 That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
 Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
 It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
 Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
 You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes
 that rock,
 That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, (the purse borne
 before him,) certain of the Guard, and
 two Secretaries with papers. The Car-
 dinal in his passage fixeth his eye on
 BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him,
 both full of disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor?
 ha?

Where's his examination?

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and
 Buckingham
 Shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt WOLSEY, and train.]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd,
 and I
 Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore,
 best

Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
 Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
 Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance
 only,

Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
 Matter against me: and his eye revil'd
 Me, as his abject object: at this instant
 He bores me with some trick: He's gone to
 the king;
 I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
 And let your reason with your choler question
 What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
 Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
 A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his way,
 Self mettle tires him. Not a man in England
 Can advise me like you: be to yourself
 As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;
 And from a mouth of honour quite cry down,
 This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
 There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
 Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
 That it do singe yourself: We may outrun,
 By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
 And lose by over-running. Know you not,
 The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
 In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd:
 I say again, there is no English soul
 More stronger to direct you than yourself;
 If with the sap of reason you would quench,
 Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck.

Sir,

I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
 By your prescription:—but this top-proud fel-
 low,

(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
 From sincere motions,) by intelligence,
 And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
 We see each grain of gravel, I do know
 To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor.

Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my
 vouch as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
 Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,
 As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
 As able to perform it: his mind and place
 Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,)
 Only to show his pomp as well in France
 As here at home, suggests the king our master
 To this last costly treaty, the interview,
 That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a
 glass

Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor.

'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cun-
 ning cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,
 As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
 As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end,
 As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-
 cardinal

Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
 Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
 (Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
 To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,
 Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
 (For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
 To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
 His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
 England and France, might, through their amity,
 Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
 Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
 Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
 Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
 Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was
 granted,

Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,
 And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus de-
 sir'd;—

That he would please to alter the king's course,
 And break the 'foresaid peace. Let the king
 know,

(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
 And for his own advantage.

Nor.

I am sorry

To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
 Something mistaken in't.

Buck.

No, not a syllable;

I do pronounce him in that very shape,
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON; a Serjeant at Arms before
 him, and two or three of the guard.*

Bran. Your office, serjeant; execute it.

Serg.

Sir,

My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I Arrest thee of high treason, in the name Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that die is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will
of heaven

Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company:—
The king [To ABERGAVENNY.
Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said
The will of heaven be done, and the king's
pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the
bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: no more, I
hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great
cardinal
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd al-
ready:

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, fare-
well. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The Council-Chamber.

Cornets. Enter King HENRY, Cardinal
WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, Sir
THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Attend-
ants. The King enters, leaning on the
Cardinal's shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the
level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

The KING takes his state. The Lords of the
Council take their several places. The
Cardinal places himself under the King's
feet, on his right side.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen.
Enter the QUEEN, ushered by the Dukes
of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels.
The KING riseth from his state, takes her
up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am
a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—Half
your suit

Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been com-
missions

Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd
the heart

Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even
he escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord car-
dinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike; which are not
wholesome

To those which would not know them, and yet
must

Perforce be their acquaintance. These exac-
tions,

Whereof my sovereign would have note, they
are

Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's
grief
Comes through commissions, which compel
from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes
bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts
freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did; and it's come
to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no farther gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I am traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allowed; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the
timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission; Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.
[To the Secretary.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd
commons

Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry, that the duke of Buck-
ingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare
speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.
Yet see
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once cor-
rupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when
we

Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust,) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The 'fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit re-
late what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergarny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped
to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand

What was the speech amongst the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he
doubted,

'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk: *That oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence,
This pausingly ensued,—Neither the king,
nor his heirs,*

*(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him
strive*

*To gain the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.*

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your
office

On the complaint o'the tenants: Take good
heed,

You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on:—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas
dang'rous for him,

To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,

That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man:—Canst thou
say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time:—Being my servant sworn,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; What
hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, *I for this had been
committed,
As to the Tower, I thought,—I would have
play'd*

*The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salis-
bury,*

*Made suit to come in his presence; which,
if granted,*

*As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.*

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live
in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out
of thee; What say'st?

Surv. After—the duke his father, with the
knife,—

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his
dagger,

Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none
Let him not seek't of us: By day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and Lord
SANDS.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France
should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o'the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold them, you would swear di-
rectly,

Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs and lame
ones; one would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt reign'd among them.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out Christendom.
How now?

What news, sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travel'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad 'tis there: now I would
pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions,) leave these rem-
nants

Of fool and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance,

Pertaining thereunto, (as fights and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of
travel,

And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I
take it,

They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physic, their
diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whore-
sons

Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them! I'm glad
they're going;

(For, sure, there's no converting of them;) now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten

A long time out of play, may bring his plain-
song,

And have an hour of hearing; and by'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?

Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous
mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has where-
withal; in him,
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doc-
trine:

Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so:
But few now gives so great ones. My barge
stays;

Your lordship shall along;—Come, good sir
Thomas,

We shall be late else: which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Presence-Chamber in York Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for
the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests.
*Enter at one door ANNE BULLEN, and
divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen,
as Guests; at another door, enter sir
HENRY GUILDFORD.*

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his
grace

Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good wel-
come,
Can make good people.—O, my lord, you
are tardy;

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and
Sir THOMAS LOVELL.*

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please them: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now
confessor

To one or two of these!

Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?

Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not
freeze;

Two women plac'd together makes cold wea-
ther:—

My lord Sands, you're one will keep them
waking;

Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave,
sweet ladies:

[*Seats himself between ANNE BULLEN
and another Lady.*

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O very mad, exceeding mad, in
love too:

But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. *Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, at-
tended; and takes his state.*

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests;
that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*]

Sands. Your grace is noble;—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall
have them
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk
anon. [*Drum and trumpets within:
chambers discharged.*]

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Wol. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they have left their barge,
and landed;

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the
French tongue;

And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct
them,

Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend
him.— [*Exit Chamberlain, attended.*]

All arise, and Tables removed.

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll
mend it.

A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

*Hautboys. Enter the King, and twelve
Others, as maskers, habited like Shep-
herds, with sixteen Torch-bearers: usher'd
by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass di-
rectly before the Cardinal, and grace-
fully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus
they pray'd

To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly

This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair
conduct,

Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for
which I pay them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their
pleasures. [*Ladies chosen for the dance.*]

The KING chooses ANNE BULLEN.

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touched!
O, beauty,

Till now I never knew thee. [*Music. Dance.*]

Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his
person,

More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*CHAM. goes to the company, and returns.*]

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your
grace

Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then.—
[*Comes from his state.*]

By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here
I'll make

My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal
[*Unmasking.*]

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas
Bullen's daughter,
The viscount Rochford, one of her highness'
women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—
Sweetheart,

I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—
Sweet partner,

I must not yet forsake you.—Let's be merry;—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen
healths

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Street.

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.***1 Gent.** Whither away so fast?**2 Gent.** O,—God save you!
Even to the hall to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.**1 Gent.** I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the
ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.**2 Gent.** Were you there?**1 Gent.** Yes, indeed, was I.**2 Gent.** Pray, speak, what has happen'd?**1 Gent.** You may guess quickly what.**2 Gent.** Is he found guilty?**1 Gent.** Yes, truly is he, and condemned
upon it.**2 Gent.** I am sorry for't.**1 Gent.** So are a number more.**2 Gent.** But, pray, how pass'd it?**1 Gent.** I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To him brought, *viva voce*, to his face;
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.**2 Gent.** That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?**1 Gent.** The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he
could not:And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life: but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.**2 Gent.** After all this, how did he bear
himself?**1 Gent.** When he was brought again to the
bar,—to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was
stirr'dWith such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly,
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.**2 Gent.** I do not think, he fears death.**1 Gent.** Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.**2 Gent.** Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.**1 Gent.** 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,

Lest he should help his father.

2 Gent. That trick of state,
Was a deep envious one.**1 Gent.** At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally: whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.**2 Gent.** All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous
Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy;—**1 Gent.** Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment;
Tipstaves before him, the axe with the
edge towards him; halberts on each side;
with him, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Sir
NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM SANDS,
and common people.***2 Gent.** Let's stand close, and behold him.
Buck. All good people,You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear
witness,And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those, that sought it, I could wish more
christians:Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men:
For then my guiltless blood must cry against
them.For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that
lov'd me,And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's
name.**Lov.** I do beseech your grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.**Buck.** Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive
you,As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black
envyShall make my grave.—Commend me to his
grace;

And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
You met him half in heaven : my vows and
prayers

Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him : May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years !
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be !
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument !

Lov. To the water-side I must conduct your
grace ;

Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming : see, the barge be ready ;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham ; now poor Edward
Bohun :

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant : I now
seal it ;

And with that blood will make them one day
groan for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !
Henry the seventh, succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one ; which
makes me

A little happier than my wretched father :
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd
most ;

A most unnatural and faithless service !
Heaven has an end in all : Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain :
Where you are liberal of your loves, and
counsels,

Be sure, you be not loose ; for those you make
friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once per-
ceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good
people,

Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye ; the
last hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell :

And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done ; and God for-
give me ! [*Exeunt BUCK. and Train.*]

1 Gent. O, this is full of pity !—Sir, it calls,

I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe : yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 Gent. Good angels, keep it from us !
Where may it be ? You do not doubt my
faith, sir ?

2 Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill re-
quire

A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gent. Let me have it ;
I do not talk much.

2 Gent. I am confident ;
You shall, sir : Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine ?

1 Gent. Yes, but it held not :
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now ; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was ; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her : To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately
As all think, for this business.

1 Gent. 'Tis the cardinal ;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 Gent. I think you have hit the mark : But
is't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this ? The
cardinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gent. 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this ;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a
Letter.*

Cham. My lord,—The horses your lord-
ship sent for, with all the care I had, I
saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished.
They were young, and handsome ; and of
the best breed in the north. When they
were ready to set out for London, a man
of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and
main power, took 'em from me ; with this
reason,—His master would be served before
a subject, if not before the king : which
stopped our mouths, sir.

I fear he will, indeed : Well, let him have them :
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my good
Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. The king will know him
one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know
himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd
the league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great
nephew,

He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his
marriage:

And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel!

'Tis most true,

These news are every where; every tongue
speaks them,

And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one
day open

The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much
upon him:—

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
Exit Lord CHAMBERLAIN.

*NORFOLK opens a folding-door. The King is
discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much
afflicted.

K. Hen. Who is there? ha?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you
thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all of-
fences

Malice ne'er meant; our breach of duty, this
way,

Is business of estate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. You are too bold;

Go to; I'll make ye know your times of
business:

Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?—

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my
Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're wel-
come, *[To CAMPEIUS.]*

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker. *[To WOLSEY.]*

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy; go.

[To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.]

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though, for his
place: *Aside.*

But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one heaven at him.

Suf. I another.

[Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of
wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?

The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,

The trial just and noble. All the clerks,

I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,

Have their free voices; Rome, the nurse of
judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent

One general tongue unto us, this good man,

This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;

Whom, once more, I present unto your high-
ness.

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid
him welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves;

They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,

You are so noble: To your highness' hand I tender my commission; by whose virtue, (The court of Rome commanding,)—you, my lord

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,

In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted

Forthwith, for what you come:—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her

So dear in heart, not to deny her that A woman of less place might ask by law, Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Aye, and the best, she shall have; and my favour

To him that does best: God forbid, else. Cardinal,

Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;

I find him a fit fellow. *[Exit WOLSEY.]*

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;

You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me. *[Aside.]*

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

[They converse apart.]

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace

In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then

Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me!

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him;

And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous, Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him,

That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him! That's christian care enough: for living murderers,

There's places of rebuke. He was a fool; For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,

If I command him, follows my appointment; I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother, We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen. *[Exit GARDINER.]*

The most convenient place that I can think of, For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;

There ye shall meet about this weighty business;—

My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord, Would it not grieve an able man, to leave So sweet a bed-fellow? But, conscience, conscience,—

O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. An Antechamber in the Queen's Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang that pinches:

His highness having liv'd so long with her: and she

So good a lady, that no tongue could ever Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life, She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after So many courses of the sun enthron'd, Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which

To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than 'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process, To give her the avaunt! it is a pity Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better, She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,

Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady! She's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more Must pity drop upon her. Verily, I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born, And range with humble livers in content, Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief, And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead, I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would, And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,

For all this spice of your hypocrisy: You that have so fair parts of woman on you, Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty; Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts

(Saving your mincing) the capacity Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive, If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,

What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck
of a little;

I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there
'long'd

No more to the crown but that. Lo, who
comes here?

Enter the Lord CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What wer't
worth to know

The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and be-
coming

The action of good women; there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers,
and wishes,

Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obe-
dience,

As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her
well;

[Aside.] Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who
knows yet,

But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.

[Exit Lord CHAMBERLAIN.]

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,

VOL. III.

(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate)
A very fresh-fish here, (fye, fye upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth
fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty
pence, no.

There was a lady once, ('tis an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt:—Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er mount the lark. The marchioness of Pem-
broke!

A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess;—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being.
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me?
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A Hall in Black-friars.

*Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two
Vergers, with short silver wands; next
them, two Scribes, in the habits of doctors;
after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury
alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln,
Ely, Rochester, and St. Asaph; next them,
with some small distance, follows a Gen-
tleman bearing the purse, with the great
seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two
Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then
a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accom-
panied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing
a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bear-
ing two great silver pillars; after them,
side by side, the two Cardinals WOLSEY
and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen, with the
sword and mace. Then enter the KING
and QUEEN, and their trains. The King
takes place under the cloth of state; the
two Cardinals sit under him as judges.
The Queen takes place at some distance
from the King. The Bishops place them-
selves on each side the court, in man-
ner of a consistory; between them, the
Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops.
The Crier and the rest of the Attendants
stand in convenient order about the
stage.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is
read

Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so:—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come
into the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England,
come into court.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, &c.

[*The QUEEN makes no answer, rises out of
her chair, goes about the court, comes to
the KING, and kneels at his feet; then
speaks.*]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and
justice;

And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven
witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or
sorry,

As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too; Or which of your
friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to
mind

That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, Sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by
many

A year before: It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore
I humbly

Beseech you, Sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose
counsel

I will implore: if not; i'the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice,) these reverend fathers;
men

Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore boot-
less,

That longer you desire the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify

What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace

Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore,
madam,

It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,—
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,)
certain,

The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay,
before,

Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and
me,—

Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say
again,

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once
more,

I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess

You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do
me wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,

Yea the whole consistory of Rome. You
charge me,

That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? Yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me; and the cure is, to

Remove these thoughts from you: The which
before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speak-
ing,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and
humble mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps: and now are
mounted

Where powers are your retainers: and your
words,

Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curt'sies to the King, and offers to depart.*]

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katherine queen of England, come
into the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you,
keep your way:
When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord
help,
They vex me past my patience!—pray you,
pass on:

I will not tarry: no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, GRIFFITH, and her other Attendants.*]

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i'the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,)
The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble
born;

And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and
bound,

There must I be unloos'd: although not there
At once and fully satisfied,) whether ever I

Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word, might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business: never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd; oft
The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point:
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd
me to't,—

I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—
give heed to't:—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French am-
bassador;

Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: I'the progress of this
business,

Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise,
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite
shook

The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to
tremble

The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, me-
thought,

I stood not in the smile of heaven: who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If not conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead: for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: Hence I took a
thought,

This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should
not

Be gladdened in't by me: Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—

By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd,—First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleas'd
yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on:
For no dislike i'the world against the person

Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest crea-
ture

That's paragon'd o'the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

[*They rise to depart.*]

K. Hen. I may perceive, [*Aside.*]
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on.

[*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Palace at Bridewell.

A Room in the Queen's Apartment.

*The Queen, and some of her Women, at
work.*

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul
grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave
working.

SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing;
To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music, is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing die.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great
cardinals

Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be
their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from
favour?

I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs as
righteous;
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of
a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend
lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to
withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my con-
science,

Deserves a corner: Would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw
them,

Envy and base opinion set against them,
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing:

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas,
regina serenissima,—*

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more
strange, suspicious;
Pray, speak in English; here are some will
thank you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake:

Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord cardinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed, May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady, I am sorry my integrity should breed, (And service to his majesty and you,) So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant. We come not by the way of accusation, To taint that honour every good tongue blesses; Nor to betray you any way to sorrow; You have too much, good lady: but to know How you stand minded in the weighty difference

Between the king and you; and to deliver, Like free and honest men, our just opinions, And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam, My lord of York,—out of his noble nature, Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace, Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)—Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace, His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me. [*Aside.* My lords, I thank you both for your good wills, Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)]

But how to make you suddenly an answer, In such a point of weight, so near mine honour, (More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit, And to such men of gravity and learning, In truth, I know not. I was set at work Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking

Either for such men, or such business, For her sake that I have been, (for I feel The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces, Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause; Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears; Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England, But little for my profit: Can you think, lords, That any Englishman dare give me counsel? Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,

(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,) And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends, They that must weigh out my afflictions, They that my trust must grow to, live not here; They are, as all my other comforts, far hence, In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;

He's loving, and most gracious; 'twill be much Both for your honour better, and your cause; For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you, You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:

Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye! Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge, That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues: But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye: Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady? A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd? I will not wish ye half my miseries, I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye; Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once

The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction; You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye, And all such false professors? Would ye have me

(If you have any justice, any pity; If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits,) Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me? Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already; His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords, And all the fellowship I hold now with him Is only my obedience. What can happen To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies

Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself, Since virtue finds no friends,)—a wife, a true one?

A woman, (I dare say, without vain-glory,) Never yet branded with suspicion? Have I with all my full affections Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him? Almost forgot my prayers to content him? And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords. Bring me a constant woman to her husband, One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;

And to that woman, when she has done most, Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,

To give up willingly that noble title Your master wed me to: nothing but death Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. 'Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth, Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it! Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[To her Women.]

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost, no grave allow'd me:—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,

I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why, should we,
good lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage,

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong
your virtues

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king
loves you;

Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: And,
pray, forgive me,

If I have us'd myself unmannerly;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.

Pray do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart, yet; and shall have my
prayers,

While I shall have my life. Come, reverend
fathers,

Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Ante-chamber to the King's Apartment.
Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of
SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the
Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,

And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur.

I am joyful

To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have unctem'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Give way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope mis-
carried,

And came to the eye o'the king: wherein
was read,

How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o'the divorce: For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*

My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how
he coasts,

And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my
lord!

For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy

Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to't!

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memorized.

Sur. But will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?

The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no;
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal
Campeius

Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o'the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cry'd, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry ha, louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd, queen; but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has: and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you
the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o'the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them; and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.—[*Exit CROM.*
It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for
him:
There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of
Pembroke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. Maybe, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a
knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's
queen!—

This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What, though I know her
virtuous,

And well-deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i'the bosom of
Our hard-ru'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretick, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would, 'twere something that would
fret the string,
The master-cord of his heart!

*Enter the KING, reading a Schedule; and
LOVELL.*

Suf. The king, the king.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he ac-
cumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by
the hour

Seems to flow from him! How, i'the name of
thrift,
Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange
commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange
postures

We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; And, wot you what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fixed on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers LOVELL,
who goes to WOLSEY.*

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen. Good, my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the
inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce
time

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad

To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time ; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i'the state ; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke
together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying !

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again ;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well :
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd
you :

He said, he did ; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come
home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean ?

Sur. The lord increase this business ! [*Aside.*]

K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state ? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true :
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you ?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal
graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than
could

My studied purposes requite ; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours :—my endea-
vours

Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd with my abilities : Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks ;
My prayers to heaven for you ; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd ;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated : The honour of it
Does pay the act of it : as, i'the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd
honour, more

On you, than any ; so your hand and heart
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of
duty,

As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own ; that am, have, and will
be,

Though all the world should crack their duty
to you,

And throw it from their soul : though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them,
and

Appear in forms more horrid ; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken :
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this ;
[*Giving him papers.*]

And, after, this : and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit KING, frowning upon Cardinal
WOLSEY : the Nobles throng after
him, smiling, and whispering.*]

Wol. What should this mean ?

What sudden anger's this ? how have I reap'd it ?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes : So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this
paper ;

I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so ;
This paper has undone me :—'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn to-
gether

For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the pope-
dom,

And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure this ?
No new device to beat this from his brains ?
I know, 'twill stir him strongly ; Yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To
the Pope?*

The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell !
I have touch'd the highest point of all my
greatness ;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord
CHAMBERLAIN.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal :
who commands you

To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands ; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,
Where's your commission, lords ? words can-
not carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross them ?
Bearing the king's will from his mouth ex-
pressly ?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words
to do it,

(I mean your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye? and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have christian warrant for them, and, no
doubt,

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand
gave me:

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, then said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:

The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound to-
gether,)

Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your
policy!

You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st
him;

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou
should'st feel
My sword i'the life-blood of thee else.—My
lords,

Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king: your
goodness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most noto-
rious.—

My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown
wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could de-
spise this man,

But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the
king's hand:

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,

When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember

Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir:
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head.
Have at you.

First, that, without the king's assent, or know-
ledge,

You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome,
or else

To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the
king

To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have
caus'd

Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable
substance,

(By what means got, I leave to your own
conscience,)

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:

His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to
see him

So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection:—This is my
charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations

How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall
thank you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full
surely

His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new opened: O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women
have;

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has
cur'd me,

I humbly thank his grace; and from these
shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that
right use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More
is chosen

Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learn'd man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his
bones,

When he has run his course, and sleeps in
blessings,

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with wel-
come,

Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel, and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me
down, O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me,
Cromwell;

I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance
thee;

Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Crom-
well,

Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his
lord.—

The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me,
Cromwell;

And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be:
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no
mention

Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not:

Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st,
O Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a bless'd martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:

There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny: 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell,

Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Street in Westminster.

Enter Two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. You are well met once again.

2 Gent. And so are you.

1 Gent. You come to take your stand here,
and behold

The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last
encounter,

The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd
sorrow;

This, general joy.

2 Gent. 'Tis well: The citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds;
As, let them have their rights, they are ever
forward

In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 Gent. May I be bold to ask what that
contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 Gent. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those, that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal; you may read the rest.

2 Gent. I thank you, sir; had I not known
those customs,

I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager! how goes her business?

1 Gent. That I can tell you too. The arch-
bishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Amphill, where the princess lay; to
which

She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2 Gent. Alas, good lady!—

[Trumpets.]

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen
is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of Trumpets; then, enter

1. Two Judges.

2. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and
mace before him.

3. Choristers singing. [Music.]

4. Mayor of London bearing the mace.
Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and
on his head, a gilt copper crown.

5. Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of
gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold.
With him, the earl of Surrey, bearing
the rod of silver with the dove, crowned
with an earl's coronet. Collars of S.S.

6. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his
coronet on his head, bearing a long
white wand, as high-steward. With
him, the duke of Norfolk, with the rod
of marshalship, a coronet on his head.
Collars of S.S.

7. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-
ports; under it, the Queen in her robe;
in her hair richly adorned with pearl,
crowned. On each side of her the
bishops of London and Winchester.

8. The old duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal
of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing
the queen's train.

9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain
circlets of gold without flowers.

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know;—

Who's that, that bears the sceptre?

1 *Gent.* Marquis Dorset:
And that the earl of Surrey with the rod.

2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman: And that should be
The duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the same; high-steward.

2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk?

1 *Gent.* Yes.

2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee!

[*Looking on the Queen.*]

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady:

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gent.* They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

2 *Gent.* Those men are happy; and so are
all, are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are
stars, indeed;

And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 *Gent.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish
of Trumpets.*]

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been
broiling?

3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i'the abbey;
where a finger

Could not be wedg'd in more; and I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gent.* You saw
The ceremony?

3 *Gent.* That I did.

1 *Gent.* How was it?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off

A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,

In a rich chair of state, opposing freely

The beauty of her person to the people.

Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose

As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,

(Doubtlets, I think,) flew up; and had their
faces

Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such
joy

I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams

In the old time of war, would shake the press,

And make them reel before them. No man
living

Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were
woven

So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But, 'pray, what follow'd?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with
modest paces

Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and,
saint-like,

Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd de-
voutly.

Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury

She had all the royal makings of a queen;

As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,

The rod, and bird of peace, and all such em-
blems

Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest musick of the kingdom

Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again

To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.* Sir, you
Must no more call it York-place, that is past:

For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3 *Gent.* I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name

Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one, of
Winchester,

(Newly prefer'd from the king's secretary,)
The other, London.

2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,

The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when

it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from

him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly

A worthy friend.—The king
Has made him master o'the jewel-house,

And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which

Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,

I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Kimbolton.*

*Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick; led
between GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.*

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death:
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,

Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair;—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st
me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Gri. Yes, madam; but, I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how
he died:

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Gri. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted,) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas! poor man!

Gri. At last, with easy roads, he came to
Leicester,

Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—*O father
abbot,*

*An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!*

So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently
on him!

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak
him,

And yet with charity,—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I'the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Gri. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Gri. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his
cradle,

He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as
summer.

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And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with
him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:

And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with
him!—

Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn music.

Gri. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit
down quiet,
For fear we wake her;—Softly, gentle Patience.

*The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one
after another, six Personages, clad in
white robes, wearing on their heads gar-
lands of bays, and golden vizards on their
faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their
hands. They first congee unto her, then
dance; and, at certain changes, the first
two hold a spare garland over her head;
at which, the other four make reverend
court'sies; then the two that held the
garland, deliver the same to the other
next two, who observe the same order in
their changes, and holding the garland
over her head: which done, they deliver the
same garland to the last two, who like-
wise observe the same order: at which,
(as it were by inspiration,) she makes in
her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth
up her hands to heaven: and so in their
dancing they vanish, carrying the gar-
land with them. The music continues.*

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are
ye all gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Gri. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Gri. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw ye not, even now, a
blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;

D

And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good
dreams

Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me.

[*Music ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she
looks,

And of an earthly cold? Mark you her eyes?

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted great-
ness,

To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Mes. I humbly do entreat your highness
pardon;

My haste made me unmannerly: There is
staying

A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But
this fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.*]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the em-
peror,

My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I
pray you,

What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by
me

Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes
too late;

'Tis like a pardon after execution:

That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but
prayers.

How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor
name

Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat.

No, madam.

[*Giving it to KATHARINE.*]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap.

Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his
goodness

The model of our chaste loves, his young
daughter:—

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on
her!—

Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd
him,

Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor
petition

Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long

Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,

(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,

For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;

And, sure, those men are happy that shall
have them.

The last is for my men:—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from

me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them
And something over to remember me by;

If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer
life,

And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents;—And, good

my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,

Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the
king

To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remem-
ber me

In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing

Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd
him,

For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Fare-
well,

My lord.—Griffith, Farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;

Call in more women. When I am dead, good
wench,

Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may
know

I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet
like

A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.—

[*Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page, with a torch before him, met by Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night,
sir Thomas!

Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primo

With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's
the matter?

It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: Affairs,
that walk

(As, they say, spirits do,) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's
in labour,

They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit, she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir
Thomas,

I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and
she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remarked i'the kingdom. As for
Cromwell,—

Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O'the rolls, and the king's secretary; further,
sir,

Stands in the gap and trade of more prefer-
ments,

With which the time will load him: The
archbishop

Is the king's hand and tongue; And who dare
speak

One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think I have
Incens'd the lords o'the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is,)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they
moved,

Have broken with the king: who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care; foreseeing those fell mis-
chiefs

Our reasons laid before him,) he hath com-
manded,

To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, sir
Thomas,

And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest
your servant.

[*Exeunt GARDINER and Page.*

As LOVELL is going out, enter the King,
and the Duke of SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-
night;

My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;

Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your
highness

Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!

To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her suf-
ferance made

Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Will not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.—

[*Exit SUFFOLK.*

Enter Sir ANTONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the arch-
bishop,

As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us.

[*Exit DENNY.*]

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake;

I am happily come hither. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.

[*LOVELL seems to stay.*]

Ha!—I have said.—Begone.

What!— [*Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.*]

Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to know

Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty,

To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. 'Pray you, arise;

My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.

Come, you and I must walk a turn together:

I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,

And am right sorry to repeat what follows:

I have, and most unwillingly, of late

Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,

Grievous complaints of you: which, being consider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall

This morning come before us; where, I know,

You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,

But that, till further trial, in those charges

Which will require your answer, you must take

Your patience to you, and be well contented

To make your house our Tower. You a brother of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness

Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;

And am right glad to catch this good occasion

Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff

And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,

There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,

Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury;

Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted

In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;

Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,

What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd

You would have given me your petition, that

I should have ta'en some pains to bring together

Yourself and your accusers: and to have heard you

Without endurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,

The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty;

If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,

Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,

Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing

What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not how

Your state stands i' the world, with the whole

world?

Your enemies

Are many, and not small; their practices

Must bear the same proportion: and not ever

The justice and the truth o' the question carries

The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease

Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt

To swear against you? such things have been

done.

You are potently opposed; and with a malice

Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,

I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,

Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd

Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;

You take a precipice for no leap of danger,

And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,

Protect mine innocence, or I fall into

The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;

They shall no more prevail, than we give way

to.

Keep comfort to you; and this morning see

You do appear before them; if they shall

chance,

In charging you with matters, to commit you,

The best persuasions to the contrary

Fail not to use, and with what vehemency

The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties

Will render you no remedy, this ring

Deliver them, and your appeal to us

Thera make before them.—Look, the good man

weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest

mother!

I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul

None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,

And do as I have bid you.—[*Exit CRANMER.*]

He has strangled

His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. [*within.*] Come back; What mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back: the tidings that I bring

Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person

Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?

Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege; And of a lovely boy; The God of heaven

Both now and ever bless her!—'tis a girl,

Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen

Desires your visitation, and to be

Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,

As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell,—

Enter LOVELL.

Lov.

Sir.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll
to the queen. [*Exit King.*]

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light,
I'll have more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl is like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't: and now
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Lobby before the Council-
Chamber.

*Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper,
&c. attending.*

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet
the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means
this?—Ho!

Who waits there?—Sure you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be
call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran.

So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily. The king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit BUTTS.*]

Cran. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician; As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For
certain,

This is of purpose lay'd by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their
malice,)

To quench mine honour: they would shame to
make me

Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their
pleasures

Must be fulfilled, and I attend with patience.

Enter at a window above, the King & BUTTS.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest
sight,—

K. Hen. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many
a day.

K. Hen. Body o'me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursui-
vants,
Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had
thought,

They had parted so much honesty among them,
(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' plea-
sures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon.— [*Exeunt.*]

The Council-Chamber.

*Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of
SUFFOLK, Earl of SURREY, Lord Cham-
berlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The
Chancellor places himself at the upper
end of the table on the left hand; a seat
being left void above him, as for the Arch-
bishop of Canterbury. The rest seat them-
selves in order on each side. CROMWELL
at the lower end, as secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secre-
tary:

Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canter-
bury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your plea-
sures,

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[*CRANMER approaches the Council-table.*]

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very
sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: But we all are men,
In our own natures frail; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should
teach us,

Having misdean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your
chaplains,

(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords: for those that tame wild horses,
Pace them not in their hands to make them
gentle;

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and
spur them,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity

To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell, all physick: And what follows then?

Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as of late days, our neigh-
bours,

The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely! and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords,)
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.

'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth, face to
face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of
more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness'
pleasure,

And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I
thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will
pass,

I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,
'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman, better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss dis-
covers,
To men that understand you, words and weak-
ness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master, secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest;

Men's prayers then would seek you, not their
fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands
agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely trouble-
some!

Let some of the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe-i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good, my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye
all,

When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'T would fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye,

*Enter King, frowning on them; takes his
seat.*

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we
bound to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise but most religious;
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden com-
mendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;

They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win
me;

But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—

Good man, [*To CRANMER.*] sit down. Now
let me see the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but oncethink his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some under-
standing

And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,

This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy

At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my com-
mission

Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom; There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,

Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Cham. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men,) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, If a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.

Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of
Canterbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants bap-
tism,

You must be godfather; and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may
glory

In such an honour; how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare
your spoons; you shall have

Two noble partners with you; the old duchess
of Norfolk,

And lady marquis Dorset; Will these please
you?

Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge
you,

Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show
thy true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Can-
terbury*

*A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for
ever.*—

Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a christian.

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. The Palace Yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter
and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye ras-
cals: Do you take the court for Paris-garden?
ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to
the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged,
you rogue: Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch
me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones;
these are but switches to them.—I'll scratch
your heads: You must be seeing christenings?
Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude
rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much im-
possible

(Unless we sweep them from the door with
cannons,)

To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir
them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor
Colbrand, to mow them down before me: but,
if I spared any, that had a head to hit, either
young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-
maker, let me never hope to see a chine again;
and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good
master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them
down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to
muster in? or have we some strange Indian
with the great tool come to court, the women
so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of for-
nication is at door! On my christian con-
science, this one christening will beget a thou-
sand; here will be father, godfather, and all
together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir.
There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he
should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my con-
science, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's
nose; all that stand about him are under the
line, they need no other penance: That fire-
drake did I hit three times on the head, and

three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, *clubs!* when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me, I defied them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work: The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o'me, what a multitude are here!

They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,

As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,

These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.

There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these Your faithful friends o'the suburbs?—We shall have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,

When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour, We are but men; and what so many may do, Not being torn a pieces, we have done: An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live, If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves;

And here ye lie baiting of bumbards, when Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;

They are come already from the christening: Go, break among the press, and find a way out To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

Port. You i'the camblet, get up o'the rail; I'll pick you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Palace.*

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK, with his Marshal's staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady; then follows the Marchioness of DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter King, and Train.

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:—All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady, Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy, May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop; What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—

[*The King kisses the child.*]
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!

Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal;

I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady, When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, Sir, For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.

This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!) Though in her cradle, yet now promises Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings, Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be

(But few now living can behold that goodness,) A pattern to all princes living with her, And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue, Than this poor soul shall be: all princely graces, That mould up such a mighty piece as this is, With all the virtues that attend the good, Shall still be doubled on her; truth shall nurse her

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her: She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless her:

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn, And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:

In her days, every man shall eat in safety Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing

The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :
God shall be truly known ; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by
blood.

[Nor shall this peace sleep with her : But as
when

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself ;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud
of darkness,)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she
was,

And so stand fix'd : Peace, plenty, love, truth,
terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations : He shall
flourish,

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him :—Our children's
children

Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of
England,

An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more ! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her ; yet a
virgin,

A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn
her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man ; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing :
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my
Maker.—

I thank ye all,—To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden :
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
lords ;—

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank
ye,

She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house ; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here : Some come to take their
ease,

And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets ; so,
'tis clear,

They'll say, 'tis naught : others, to hear the
city

Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—that's witty !

Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women ;
For such a one we show'd them ; If they
smile,

And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them
clap.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Persons represented.

PRIAM, King of Troy.	NESTOR,	} Grecian Commanders.
HECTOR,	DIOMEDES,	
TROILUS,	PATROCLUS,	
PARIS,	HERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous	
DEIPHOBUS,	Grecian.	
HELENUS,	ALEXANDER, servant to Cressida.	
ÆNEAS,	Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris;	
ANTENOR,	Servant to Diomedes.	
CALCHAS, a Trojan Priest, taking part		
with the Greeks.	HELEN, wife to Menelaus.	
PANDARUS, Uncle to Cressida.	ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector.	
MARGARELON, a bastard son of Priam.	CASSANDRA, daughter to Priam; a pro-	
AGAMEMNON, the Grecian General.	phetess.	
MENELAUS, his brother.	CRESSIDA, daughter to Calchas.	
ACHILLES,	Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.	
AJAX,		
ULYSSES,		

SCENE, Troy and the Grecian Camp before it.

PROLOGUE.

<i>In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece</i>	<i>Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,</i>
<i>The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,</i>	<i>Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan, And Antenorides, with massy staples,</i>
<i>Have to the port of Athens sent their ships, Fraught with the ministers and instruments Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay</i>	<i>And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts, Sperr up the sons of Troy.</i>
<i>Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made</i>	<i>Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits, On one and other side, Trojan and Greek, Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited In like conditions as our argument,—</i>
<i>To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures</i>	<i>To tell you, fair beholders, that our play Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,</i>
<i>The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen, With wanton Paris sleeps; And that's the quarrel.</i>	<i>'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away</i>
<i>To Tenedos they come; And the deep-drawing barks do there dis- gorge</i>	<i>To what may be digested in a play.</i>
<i>Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains</i>	<i>Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are; Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.</i>
<i>The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch</i>	

ACT I.

SCENE I. Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter TROILUS arm'd, and PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here, my varlet, I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to
their strength,

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness
valiant;

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,

And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,

Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit;

And, when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—

So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,

As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm,) Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the women,—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,

Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;

Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; To whose soft seizure

The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughmen! This thou tell'st me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in everygash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be

as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore, she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[Exit PANDARUS. An Alarum.

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!

I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there; This woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;

Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [Alarum.

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town, to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if would I might, were may—

But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Aene. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Same. A Street.

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among
the Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good; And what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men, unless they are drunk,
sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robb'd many
beasts of their particular additions: he is as
valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow
as the elephant; a man into whom nature
hath so crowded humours, that his valour is
crushed into folly, his folly sauced with dis-
cretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he
hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an at-
tainment, but he carries some stain of it: he is
melancholy without cause, and merry against
the hair: He hath the joints of every thing;
but every thing so out of joint, that he is a
gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or
purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes
me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector
in the battle, and struck him down; the dis-
dain and shame whereof hath ever since kept
Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What
do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.
—How do you, cousin? When were you at
Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I
came? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye
came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was
not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his
anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause
too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell
them that; and there is Troilus will not come
far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus;
I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better
man of the too.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hec-
tor? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if ever I saw him before, and
knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say, for I am sure,
he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in
some degree.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would,
he were,—

Cres. So he is.

Pan. —Condition, I had gone barefoot
to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself—
'Would'a were himself! Well, the gods are
above; Time must friend, or end: Well,
Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her
body!—No, Hector is not a better man than
Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall
tell me another tale when the other's come
to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his
own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him, his own's
better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen
herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for
a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess,)—
Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not
brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above
Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much
if she praised him above, his complexion is
higher than his; he having colour enough, and

the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into a compassed window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.—

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then:—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh to think how she tickled his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing:—Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that.

One and fifty hairs, quoth he, *and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.* Jupiter! quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris my husband?* The forked one, quoth he; *pluck it out, and give it him.* But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.

[A Retreat sounded.]

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece, Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough; he's one o'the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll shew you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good.—Look you what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—

Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:—That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! There's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece: look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Forces pass over the stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i'the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pye,—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit. Boy.*] I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.—
[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice,

He offers in another's enterprise:

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:

That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

That she was never yet, that ever knew

Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—

Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:

Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.

Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and Others.

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

The ample proposition, that hope makes

In all designs begun on earth below,

Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd

As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,

Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain

Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,

That we come short of our suppose so far,

That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;

Sith every action that hath gone before,

Whereof we have record, trial did draw

Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,

And that unbodied figure of the thought!

That gav't surmised shape. Why then, you
princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed,
nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike
seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: The sea being
smooth,

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk.
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid moun-
tains cut,

Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the saucy
boat,

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and
brightness,

The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,
Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, Why, then, the thing
of courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent turn'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of
Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and
sway,— [To AGAMEMNON.

And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out
life,— [To NESTOR.
I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish
ears

To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please
both,—

Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.
Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of
less expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been
down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a
master,
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow fac-
tions.

When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vi-
zarded,

The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this
centre,

Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:

And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But when the
planets,

In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, hor-
rors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture? O, when degree is
shak'd,

Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing
meets

In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead;
Force should be right; or, rather, right and
wrong,

(Between whose endless jar justice resides,)
Should lose their names, and so should justice
too.

Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,

Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.

And this neglection of degree it is,
That by apace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath; so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:

And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd

The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found,
Ulysses,

What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns

The sinew and the forehead of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day

Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)

He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;

And like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound

'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffold-
age,—

Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms un-
suar'd,

Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon
dropp'd,

Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;

Cries—*Excellent!*—'tis Agamemnon just.—

Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy
beard,

As he, being drest to some oration.

That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*

'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patro-
clus,

Arming to answer in a night alarm.

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,

And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,

Sir Valour dies; cries, *O!—enough,* Patro-
clus;—

Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,

Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a reign, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle: and sets Thersites
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders, like a mint,)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cow-
ardice;

Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Foretell prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by
measure

Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:

They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the en-
gine;

Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this
Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles'
arm

'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one
voice

Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How
may

A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Æne. Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush

Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of
Troy

Are ceremonious courtiers.

Aeneas. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have
galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and,
Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, *Aeneas*,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame follows; that praise, sole
pure, transcends.

Agamemnon. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself
Aeneas?

Aeneas. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agamemnon. What's your affair, I pray you?

Aeneas. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agamemnon. He hears nought privately, that comes
from Troy.

Aeneas. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper
him:

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agamemnon. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Aeneas. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy
tents;—

And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.
[Trumpet sounds.]

We have great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes,
lords!

If there be one among the fairest of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his
peril;

That knows his valour, and knows not his fear:
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge,
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it;
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love;

If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not
worth

The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agamemnon. This shall be told our lovers, lord
Aeneas:

If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;

And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nestor. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsires suck'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world: His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of
blood.

Aeneas. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of
youth!

Ulysses. Amen.

Agamemnon. Fair lord *Aeneas*, let me touch your
hand;

To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.]

Ulysses. Nestor,—

Nestor. What says Ulysses?

Ulysses. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nestor. What is't?

Ulysses. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nestor. Well, and how?

Ulysses. This challenge that the gallant Hector
sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nestor. The purpose is perspicuous even as sub-
stance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Lybia,—though Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of
judgment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulysses. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nestor. Yes,

It is most meet; Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;

And in such indexes, although small pricks

To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering
part,

To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; what
are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from
Hector,

Were he not proud, we all should share with
him:

But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Africk sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
Intaint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices; If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Another part of the Grecian Camp.

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils?
full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—
did not the general run then? were not that a
botchy core?

Ajax. Dog,—

Ther. Then would come some matter from
him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not
hear? Feel then. [Strikes him.]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou
mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven,
speak! I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and
holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner
con an oration, than thou learn a prayer with-
out book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red
murrain o'thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclama-
tion.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense,
thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers
itch,

Ther. I would, thou did'st itch from head
to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I
would make thee the loathsomest scab in
Greece. When thou art forth in the incur-
sions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,—

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every
hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy
at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's
beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldest strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with
his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [Beating him.]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord!
thou hast no more brain than I have in mine
elbows; an assinego may tutor thee: Thou
scurvy valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash
Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among
those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If
thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel,
and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of
no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur!

[Beating him.]

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do,
camel; do, do

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?

How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater*, is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.]

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you: for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [Exit.]

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host:

That Hector, by the first hour of the sun, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy, To-morrow morning call some knight to arms, That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare Maintain—I know not what; 'tistrash: Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery: otherwise, He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *Troy. A Room in PRIAM'S Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,

Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks; Deliver Helen, and all damage else— As honour, loss of time, travel, expense, Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd

In hot digestion of this cormorant war,— Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,

As far as toucheth my particular, yet, Dread Priam, There is no lady of more softer bowels, More spongy to suck in the sense of fear, More ready to cry out—Who knows what follows?

Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety, Surety secure; but modest doubt is called The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go: Since the first sword was drawn about this question, Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,

Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours: If we have lost so many tenths of ours, To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us, Had it our name, the value of one ten; What merit's in that reason, which denies The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fye, fye, my brother! Weigh you the worth and honour of a king, So great as our dread father, in a scale

Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fye, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp
at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our
father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him
so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers,
brother priest,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are
your reasons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employed is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of
reason,

Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and
honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat
their thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she
doth cost
The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer; 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infection itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by
honour:

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder
viands

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks;
Your breath with full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports
desir'd;

And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held
captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand
ships,

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go,*)
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your
hands,

And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggard the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand
eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled
elders,

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these
high strains

Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick rap-
tures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst
us

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off

All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas! can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous
bosoms?

There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said
well;

And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glaz'd,—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:

The reasons, you allege, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure and
revenge,

Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-ordered nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.

If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's
opinion

Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For, 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our
design:

Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertis'd, their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp. Before ACHILLES' Tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in
the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant
Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at
him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would it were
otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he
railed at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and
raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spite-
ful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare
engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two
undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall
of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of
Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of
gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine
craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that
little little less-than-little wit from them that
they have! which short-armed ignorance itself
knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in
circumvention deliver a fly from a spider,
without drawing their massy irons, and cut-
ting the web. After this, the vengeance on the
whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for
that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those
that war for a placket. I have said my prayers;
and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my
lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Ther-
sites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt
counterfeit, thou wouldest not have slipped
out of my contemplation: but it is no matter;
Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of
mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great
revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and
discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood
be thy direction till thy death! then if she
that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse,
I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never
shrouded any but lazars. Amen.—Where's
Achilles?

Patr. What art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ter. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here!

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody;—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*]

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold, and a whore; A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon! Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all. [*Exit.*]

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here.

He shent our messengers; and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest, perchance he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*]

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent. He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour

the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord. [*Takes* AGAMEMNON *aside.*]

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composure, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state, To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other, But, for your health and digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;—

We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—

Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss; Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,

We come to speak with him: And you shall not sin,

If you do say—we think him over-proud, And under-honest; in self-assumption greater, Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on; Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite in an observing kind

His humorous predominance; yea, watch His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action

Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add, That, if he overhold his price so much,

We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine Not portable, lie under this report—Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*]

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied, We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter. [*Exit* ULYSSES.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle: and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange? [Aside.]

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none; But carries on the stream of his dispose, Without observance or respect of any, In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request, Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only, He makes important: Possessed he is with greatness;

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,

That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts, Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages, And batters down himself: What should I say? He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it Cry—*No recovery.*

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.— Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent: 'Tis said, he holds you well: and will be led, At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so! We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes. When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam, And never suffers matter of the world Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve And ruminat himself,—shall he be worshipp'd Of that we hold an idol more than he?

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd; Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit, As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles: That were to enlard his fat-already pride; And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns With entertaining great Hyperion; This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,

And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [Aside.]

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause! [Aside.]

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll pash him

Over the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!—

Nest. How he describes Himself! [Aside.]

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven Chides blackness. [Aside.]

Ajax. I will let his humours blood.

Agam. He'll be physician, that should be the patient. [Aside.]

Ajax. An all men Were o'my mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [Aside.]

Ajax. He should not bear it so, He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [Aside.]

Ulyss. He'd have ten shares. [Aside.]

Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him supple:—

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him with praises:

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [Aside.]

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike. [To AGAMEMNON.]

Nest. O noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—But 'tis before his face; I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!

I would, he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice

Were it in Ajax now—

Ulyss. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.
Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart
Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast;
And here's a lord,—come knights from east
to west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.
Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep;
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks
draw deep. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Troy. A Room in PRIAM'S Palace.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you a word: Do
not you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

[Music within.]

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is musick in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play.

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed!

VOL. III.

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—

Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord,—and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus—

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument,—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him: they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-night, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [Exit.]

[A Retreat sounded.]

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall.

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,

Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel, Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty, Give us more palm in beauty than we have; Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [Exit Servant.]

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon, And give me swift transportance to those fields, Where I may wallow in the lily beds Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus, From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings, And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i'the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [Exit PANDARUS.]

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.

The imaginary relish is so sweet, That it enchants my sense: What will it be, When that the watery palate tastes indeed Love's thrice-reputed nectar; death, I fear me; Swooning destruction! or some joy too fine, Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness, For the capacity of my ruder powers: I fear it much; and I do fear besides, That I shall lose distinction in my joys; As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[Exit PANDARUS.]

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:

My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i'the fills—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds; but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. *[Exit PANDARUS.]*

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus?

Cres. Wished, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord?

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is

the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed; they are constant, being won; they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,

With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now: but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children,

grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we
fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I lov'd you well, I wooed you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege

Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my
tongue;

For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me; 'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss: I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?—

For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could, but thus convince me,—

That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!

True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the center,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,

And mighty states characterless are grated,
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—
—as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made; seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all constant men be Troilusses, all false women, Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a chamber and a bed, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death; away.
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed-chamber Pandar to provide this gear!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,

That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefore,) Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor, I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him; let him be sent, great princes,

And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in this challenge; Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.*]

*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before
their Tent.*

Ulyss. Achilles stands i'the entrance of his
tent:—

Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why
turn'd on him:

If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between our strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To shew itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and
put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him
more

Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak
with me?

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst
Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught
with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the
general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.*]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

[*Exit MENELAUS.*]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.

[*Exit AJAX.*]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know
they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were
us'd to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with
fortune,

Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

Which when they fall, as being slippery
standers,

The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks: who do, methinks,
find out

Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.—

How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense,) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange
at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much con-
sisting,)

Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he beheld them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch,
reverberates

The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately

The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what
things there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,

And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-mor-
row,

An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!

How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!

To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they passed by me,
As misers do by beggars: neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds
forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his
back,

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are
devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail.

In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,

That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost:—

Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do
in present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop
yours:

For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the
hand;

And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue
seek

Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,

High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world
kin,—

That all, with one consent, praise new-born
gawds,

Though they are made and moulded of things
past;

And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More lord than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,

That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,

And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive..

And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of
late,

Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods them-
selves,

And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy

I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy

The reasons are more potent and heroical:

'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love

With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state,

Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;

Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;

Keeps place with thought, and almost, like
the gods,

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

There is a mystery (with whom relation

Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;

Which hath an operation more divine,

Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:

All the commerce that you have had with Troy,

As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;

And better would it fit Achilles much,

To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:

But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,

When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—

Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;

But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.

Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;

The fool slides o'er the ice that you should
break. [Exit.]

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd
you:

A woman impudent and mannish grown

Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man

In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;

They think, my little stomach to the war,

And your great love to me, restrains you thus:

Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton
Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,

And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and perhaps, receive much honour
by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;

My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware;

Those wounds heal ill, that men do give them-
selves:

Omission to do what is necessary

Seals a commission to a blank of danger;

And danger, like an ague, subtly taints

Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patro-
clus:

I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him

To invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,

To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing.

An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him and to behold his visage,
Even to my full view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say—there were wit in this head, and 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show with knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me; I said, *Good-morrow*, Ajax; and he replies, *Thanks*, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who I? why he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the

most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent!—

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not. But, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Troy. A Street.

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant with a Torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who's that there?

Dei. 'Tis the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand: Witness the process of your speech, wherein

You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,

Welcome to Troy! now by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! by Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,

The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most spiteful gentle greeting,

The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why,
I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you: 'Twas to bring
this Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfrèed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thoughts a certain know-
ledge,)

My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [Exit.]

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell
me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure,)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour,)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece:
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor
more;

But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-
woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me,
Paris,—

For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could
speak,

She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy;

But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. Court before the House of Pan-
darus.

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is
cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine
uncle down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;

To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow then.

Tro. 'Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you aweary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous
wights she says,
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than
thought.

You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. 'Pr'ythee, tarry;—

You men well never tarry.—
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark!
there's one up.

Pan. [within.] What, are all the doors open
here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be
mocking:

I shall have such a life,—

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-
heads?—Here, you maid! where's my cousin
Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mock-
ing uncle!

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say
what: what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart!
you'll ne'er be good,

Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor ca-
pocchia—hast not slept to-night? would he not,
a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[Knocking.]

Cres. Did I not tell you?—would he were
knock'd o'the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naugh-
tily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.— [Knocking.]
How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in;
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*]

Pan. [going to the door.] Who's there?
whats the matter? will you beat down the door?
How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;
It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware:

You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:
Do not you know of him? yet go fetch him hither;

Go.

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash: There is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:

They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas, We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and ÆNEAS.*]

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad, A plague upon Antenor, I would they had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou had'st ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'st be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane: he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father:

I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me, As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine! Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,

Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very center of the earth, Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. The same. Before PANDARUS' House.

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefixed

Of her delivery to this valiant Greek Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus, Tell you the lady what she is to do, And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in to her house; I'll bring her to the Grecian presently: And to his hand when I deliver her, Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*]

Par. I know what 'tis to love; And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!— Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. The same. A Room in PANDARUS' House.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation? The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste, And violenteth in a sense as strong As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?

If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross:
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*]

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here!
Let me embrace too: *O heart*,—as the goodly saying is,—

—*O heart, O heavy heart,*

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?
where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,

By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,

He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the
Genius so

Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this
wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Cres. I must then to the Greeks?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry
Greeks!

When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true
of heart,—

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem
is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:

But *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to
dangers

As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger.
Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I
see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens!—be true again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well compos'd with gifts of
nature flowing,

And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelty may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy

(Which I beseech you, call a virtuous sin),
Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,

Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,

To which the Grecians are most prompt and
pregnant:

But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil,
That attempts most cunningly; but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.
But something may be done, that we will

not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,

When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeeful potency.

Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with
you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,

I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper
crowns,

With truth and plainness I do wear mine
bare.

Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and DIOMEDES.

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince
expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress and command him
wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust: And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be'tso,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee,
Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy
head.—

Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.
[*Exeunt TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMED.*

[*Trumpet heard.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to
field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie,
On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*

Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and Others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh
and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air

May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Out-swell the colick of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout
blood;

Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas'
daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks,
sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a
kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips,
fair lady:

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing
now:

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our
scorns!

For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this,
mine:

Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss ever more for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir:—Lady, by
your leave.

Cres. In kissing do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;

Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three
for one.

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or
give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o'the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against
his horn.—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,

When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father. [*DIOMED leads out CRESSIDA.*]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fye, fye upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,

And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*]

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be done

To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,

A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?

Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,

A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,

What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this;—

In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;

The one almost as infinite as all,

The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,

And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.

This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:

In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;

Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek

This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,

Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas

Consent upon the order of their fight,

So be it; either to the uttermost,

Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,

Half stints their strife before their strokes begin. [*AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.*]

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;

Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;

Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;

Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd;

His heart and hand both open, and both free;

For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows;

Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty;

Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:

Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;

For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes

To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,

Is more vindicative than jealous love;

They call him Troilus; and on him erect

A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth

Even to his inches, and, with private soul,

Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum. HECTOR and AJAX fight.*]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;

Awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*]

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again?

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more:—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,

That thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian*

all,

And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg

All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's

blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

Bounds in my father's; By Jove multipotent,

Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish

member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,

That any drop thou borrow'st from thy

mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus:

Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable

(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st

O yes

Cries, *This is he,*) could promise to himself

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Aene. There is expectance here from both the sides.

What further you will do?

Hect. We'll answer it;
The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As seld I have the chance,) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish: and great Achilles

Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Aeneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part;

Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;

I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;

But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one

That would be rid of such an enemy;

But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,

What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks

And formless ruin of oblivion;

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,

Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, wel-

come.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you. [To TROILUS.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!

Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;

Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:

She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,

Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have

seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,

Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword

i'the air,

Not letting it decline on the declin'd;

That I have said to some my standers-by,

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Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,

Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;

But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,

I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,

And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,

Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;

And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Aene. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,

That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,

When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.

Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,

Since first I saw yourself and Diomed

In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:

My prophecy is but half his journey yet;

For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,

Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,

Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you:

There they stand yet; and modestly I think,

The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost

A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;

And that old common arbitrator time,

Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.

Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:

After the general, I beseech you next

To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!—

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;

I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,

And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee; let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;

But there's more in me than thou understand'st.

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body

Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?

That I may give the local wound a name;

And make distinct the very breach whereout

Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,

To answer such a question: Stand again:

Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,

As to prenominate in nice conjecture,

Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so, I'd not believe thee. Henceforth, guard thee well;

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;

But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,

I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—

You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,

His insolence draws folly from my lips;

But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,

Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,

Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:

You may have every day enough of Hector,

If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,

Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;

We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd

The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?

To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;

To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;

There in the fall convive we: afterwards,

As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall

Concur together, severally entreat him.—

Beat loud the tambourines, let the trumpets blow,

That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.*]

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you, In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus;

There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;

Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,

But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view

On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,

To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.

As gentle tell me, of what honour was

This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there

That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,

A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?

She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:

But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,

Which, with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—

Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy? Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent, now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not

by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleive silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies: diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite

From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;

A token from her daughter, my fair love:

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:

Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay,

My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—

Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent.

This night in banqueting must all be spent.

Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad: but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax. And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing: he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMED, with Lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No yonder 'tis; There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth a'! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night.

And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,—

The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

[*Aside to* TROILUS.]

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

[*Exit* DIOMED; ULYSSES and TROILUS following.]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and NESTOR.]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise like Brabler the hound; but when he performs astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

SCENE II.

The same. Before Calchas' Tent.

Enter DIOMED.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think,—Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid come forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [*Whispers.*]

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what:

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn.—

Cres. In faith, I cannot; What would you have me do?
Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.
Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?
Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
 Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.
Dio. Good night.
Tro. Hold, patience!
Ulyss. How now, Trojan?
Cres. Diomed,—
Dio. No, no, good night, I'll be your fool no more.
Tro. Thy better must.
Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.
Tro. O plague and madness!
Ulyss. You are moved, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
 Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
 To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
 The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.
Tro. Behold, I pray you!
Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off;
 You flow to great destruction; come, my lord.
Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.
Ulyss. You have not patience; come.
Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,
 I will not speak a word.
Dio. And so, good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
 O wither'd truth!
Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!
Tro. By Jove,
 I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.
Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something;
 will you go?
 You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word.
 There is between my will and all offences
 A guard of patience:—stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potato finger, tickles these together!
 Fry, lechery, fry!
Dio. But will you then?
Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.]
Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, my lord;
 I will not be myself, nor have cognition
 Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.
Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well.—
 He loved me—O false wench!—Give't me again.
Dio. Who was't?
Cres. No matter, now I have't again.
 I will not meet with you to-morrow night;
 I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens;—Well said, whetstone.
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!
 Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
 Of thee, and me: and sighs, and takes my glove,
 And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
 As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
 He that takes that, must take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Tro. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall not;
 I'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?
Cres. 'Tis no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.
Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.
 But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,
 And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
 And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
 It should be challeng'd.
Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past,—And yet it is not;
 I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewell;
 Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,
 But it straight starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you, pleases me best.
Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?
Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—
 Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewell till then.
Cres. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.—
 [Exit DIOMEDES.]
 Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
 But with my heart the other eye doth see.
 Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
 The error of our eye directs our mind:
 What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
 Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.
 [Exit CRESSIDA.]

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,

Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul

Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;

As if those organs had deceptions functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord; Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!

Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage

To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme,

For depravation,—to square the general sex

By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself,

This was not she. O madness of discourse,

That cause sets up with and against itself!

Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid!

Within my soul there doth commence a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate

Divides more wider than the sky and earth;

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle

As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:

Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd,

and loos'd;

And with another knot, five-finger tied,

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well

In characters as red as Mars his heart

Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid love,

So much by weight hate I her Diomed;

That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;

Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,

My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,

Which shipmen do the hurricano call,

Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,

Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear

In his descent, than shall my prompted sword

Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,

And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself; Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;

Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord, adieu:

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,

Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.*]

Ther. 'Would I could meet that rogue,

Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would

bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me

any thing for the intelligence of this whore:

the parrot will not do more for an almond,

than he for a commodious drab. Lechery,

lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else

holds fashion: A burning devil take them.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much un-

gently temper'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you: get

you in;

By all the everlasting gods I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:

Consort with me in loud and dear petition.

Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd

Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night

Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens,
sweet brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard
me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish
vows;

They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it
holy

To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the
vow;

But vows, to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than
life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight
to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit CASSANDRA.*]

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy
harness, youth:

I am to-day i'the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thee not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day, for thou, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in
you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus?
chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians
fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from
ruth.

Hect. Fye, savage, fye!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight
to-day?

Tro. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire:
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword
drawn,

Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him
fast:

He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had
visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Aeneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit ANDROMACHE.*]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious
girl,
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye
turns pale!

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away!—Away!

Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft:—Hector, I take
my leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.
[*Exit.*]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her
exclaim:

Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at
night.

Pri. Farewell; the gods with safety stand
about thee! [*Exeunt severally PRIAM
and HECTOR. Alarums.*]

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed,
believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the
other side, PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptisick, a whoreson rascally ptisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl: and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o'these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [*Tearing the letter.* The effect doth operate another way.— Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds; But edifies another with her deeds.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV. *Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a black-berry:—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx, I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire: I do not fly; but advantageous care Withdrew me from the odds of multitude: Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian! now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[*Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match? Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*]

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching

rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort lechery eats itself. I'll seek them.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *The same.*

Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid: Fellow, commend my service to her beauty; Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan, And am her knight by proof.

Serv.

I go, my lord.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon Hath Doreus prisoner:

And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam, Upon the pashed corse of the kings Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain; Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt; Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed, To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles; And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.— There is a thousand Hectors in the field: Now here he fights on Galathea his horse, And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot, And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls Before the belching whale; then is he yonder, And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge, Fall down before him, like the mower's swath: Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;

Dexterity so obeying appetite, That what he will, he does; and does so much, That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O; courage, courage, princes! great Achilles Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance: Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,

Together with his mangled Myrmidons. That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend, And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it, Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day Mad and fantastic execution; Engaging and redeeming of himself, With such a careless force, and forceless care As if that luck, in very spite of cunning, Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus [*Exit.*]

Dio.

Ay, there there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but
Hector. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI. *Another part of the Field.*

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show
thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What would'st thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou should'st
have my office,
Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what
Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face,
thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Dio-
med.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks; have
at you both. *[Exeunt, fighting.]*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my
my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee: Ha!—Have at
thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud
Trojan.

Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. *[Exit.]*

Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. *[Exit.]*

Enter one in sumptuous Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art
a goodly mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,

But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast,
abide?

Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII. *The same.*

Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myr-
midons;
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in
breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye!
It is decreed—Hector the great must die. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII. *The same.*

*Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting:
then THERSITES.*

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker
are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris,
'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo,
Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—ware
horns, ho! *[Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.]*

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards;
I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed,
bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every
thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite
another, and wherefore should one bastard?
Take heed the quarrel's most ominous to us:
if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he
tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IX. *Another part of the Field.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good
breath:

Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and
death; *[Puts off his helmet, and hangs
his shield behind him.]*

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to
set;

How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage,
Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the
man I seek. *[HECTOR falls.]*
So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—

On, Myrmidons ; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[A Retreat sounded.]

Hark ! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like,
 my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads
 the earth,

And, stickler like, the armies separate.

My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would
 have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[Sheaths his sword.]

Come tie his body to my horse's tail ;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE X. *The same.*

*Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS,
 NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, march-
 ing. Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark ! hark ! what shout is that ?

Nest. Peace, drums.

[Within.] Achilles !

Achilles ! Hector's slain ! Achilles !

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by
 Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be ;
 Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Agam. March patiently along :—Let one be
 sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are
 ended. *[Exeunt, marching.]*

SCENE XI. *Another part of the Field.*

Enter ÆNEAS and Trojans.

Æne. Stand ho ! yet are we masters of the
 field :

Never go home ; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector ?—The gods forbid !

Tro. He's dead ; and at the murderer's
 horse's tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful
 field.—

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with
 speed !

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy !

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
 And linger not our sure destructions on !

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so :
 I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death ;

But dare all imminence, that gods and men,
 Address their dangers in. Hector is gone !

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba ?

Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,

Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead :

There is a word will Priam turn to stone ;

Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,

Cold statues of the youth ; and, in a word,

Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away.

Hector is dead : there is no more to say.

Stay yet ;—You vile abominable tents,

Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,

Let Titan rise as early as he dare,

I'll through and through you !—And thou,
 great-siz'd coward !

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates ;

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,

That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.

Strike a free march to Troy !—with comfort go :

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[Exeunt ÆNEAS and Trojans.]

*As TROILUS is going out, enter from the
 other side, PANDARUS.*

Pan. But hear you, hear you !

Tro. Hence, broker lackey ! ignomy and
 shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name !

[Exit TROILUS.]

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching
 bones !—O world ! world ! world ! thus is the
 poor agent despised ! O traitors and bawds,
 how earnestly are you set a' work, and how
 ill requited ! Why should our endeavour be
 so loved, and the performance so loathed ?
 what verse for it ? what instance for it ?—Let
 me see :—

*Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
 Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting :
 And being once subdued in armed tail,
 Sweet honey and sweet note together
 fail.—*

*Good traders in the flesh, set this in your
 painted cloths.*

*As many as be here of pander's hall,
 Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's
 fall :*

*Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
 Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
 Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
 Some two months hence my will shall here
 be made :*

*It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
 Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss :
 Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases ;
 And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.*

[Exit.]

But have all intelligence, that gods and men,
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hector's fall?
Let him, that with a sword's edge he shall
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:
There is a word with Priam turn to stone;
Make wails and wiles of the maid and wife,
Gold stinks of the youth; and in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away.
Hector is dead: there is no more to say.
Stay yet;—I on the memorable toils,
Thus proudly fight upon our Iugyphian plains,
For this time as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou,
Great side's coward!
No space of earth shall suffer our two hates;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still;
That mould'st god's wrath with as fussy thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy!—With comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our forward woe.
[Exit Priam, Hector, and Trojans.]

At Troilus is going out, enter from the
other side, Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!
You'll hence, broken livery, ignominy and
shame.

Pursue thy life, and live with thy name!
[Exit Troilus.]

Pan. A goodly meeting for my aching
bones!—O world! world! this is the
poor agent despised! O traitors and bands,
how curiously are you set to work, and how
thoroughly! Why should our endeavours be
so loved, and the performance so loathed?
What virtue for it? What instance for it?—But
we see:—

I'll marry the humble bee hole's sting,
You'll be hatched his honey, and his sting;
And being once stung, he'll never let
I'll—
Good fellows in the house, set this in your
painted cloths.

As many as be here of Pandarus' hall,
Your eyes, heart out, creep out at Pandarus'
fall:

Or, if you cannot creep, yet give some ground,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Hector and sister, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall have
be made:

It should be now, but that my fear is this:—
Some galled horse of Hecuba's would hiss:
Will I'll seem, and seek about for ears;
And, at last time, beguile you my diseases.
[Exit.]

O, Myrindone; and cry you all again,
Achilles hold the night's Hector slain.
[A hollow sound.]

Hail! a retreat upon our Grecian part.
Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like
my lord.

Achilles! The dragon wing of night o'ercreeps
the earth.
And, sickler here, the minutes separate.

Myr. Half-suppl'd sword, that faintly would
have led,
Plead with this delay, but thus goes to bed—
[Achilles his sword.]

Come to his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Exit.]

SCENE X. The same.

Enter ACHILLES, AJAX, MENELAUS,
HECTOR, DIOMEDES, and others, watching.
[Sound of battle.]

Achilles. Hark! hark! what sound is that?
[Sound of battle.]
[Achilles.]

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!
Die! The prize is—Hector's slain, and by
Achilles.

Great Hector was as good a man as he;
Agam. March patiently along:—let one be
sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent:—
It is his death the gods have us belorded.
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are
ended.

[Achilles, watching.]
SCENE XI. Another part of the field.

Enter HECOR and Trojans.
Hec. Stand by! yet are we masters of the
field:

Never so home; here strive we out the night.
[Exit.]

Enter Troilus.
You, Hector is slain.

Ach. Hector!—The gods forbid!
You, Hector's dead; and in the murderer's
bosom's fall.

In beauty's sort, though through the shameful
field.
Thrown on, you heavens, effect your rage with
speed!

Sit gods upon your thrones, and smile at Troy:
I say, at once in your fatal places be mercy.
And hunger not our sons' destructions out!

Now, My lord, you do de-cention all the host:
You, You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of night, of heat, of death;

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Persons represented.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS,

LUCULLUS, } lords, and flatterers of

SEMPRONIUS, } Timon.

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.

APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian General.

FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.

FLAMINIUS,

LUCILIUS, } Timon's servants.

SERVILIUS, }

CAPHIS, } servants to Timon's Credi-

PHILOTUS, } tors.

TITUS,

LUCIUS,

HORTENSIUS, }

Two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of

Isidore; two of Timon's creditors.

CUPID and Maskers. Three Strangers.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.

PHRYNIA,

TIMANDRA, } mistresses to Alcibiades.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers,

Thieves, and Attendants.

Scene,—ATHENS; and the Woods adjoining.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Athens. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and
Others, at several Doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long: How goes
the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; t'other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd,
as it were,To an untirable and continue goodness:
He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon,
sir?Jew. If he will touch the estimate: But, for
that—Poet. When we for recompense have
prais'd the vile,It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer.

'Tis a good form.

[Looking at the Jewel.]

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some
dedication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i' the flint
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?Pain. A picture, sir.—And when comes your
book forth?Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excel-
lent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; Is't good?Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord's follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens:—Happy men!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great
flood of visitors.I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and
hugWith amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself

In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice

Infects one comma in the course I hold;

But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,

Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd
flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant
hill,

Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o'the
mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to
her:

Whose present grace to present slaves and ser-
vants

Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, me-
thinks,

With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on:

All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change
of mood,

Spurns down her late belov'd, all his depend-
ants,

Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip
down,

Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of
fortune

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To show lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended;
the Servant of VENTIDIUS talking with him.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is
his debt;

His means most short, his creditors most strait:

Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing to him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know
him

A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and
free him.

Ven. Ser. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his
ransome; [Exit.

And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,

But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour!

Enter an old Athenian.

Old. Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old. Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: What of him?

Old. Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man
before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old. Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this
thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from the first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old. Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin
else,

On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o'the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost;
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pry'thee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old. Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old. Ath. She is young, and apt:

Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old. Ath. If in her marriage my consent be
missing

I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old. Ath. Three talents, on the present; in
future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me
long;

To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter;
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my
promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never
may

That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and old Athenian.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live
your lordship!

Tim. I thank you! you shall hear from me
anon:

Go not away.—What have you there, my
friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me
your hand;

We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A meer satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those, which sell, would give; But you well
know,

Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believ't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the com-
mon tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be
chid?

Enter APPEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Ape-
mantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good mor-
row;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves
honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou
know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

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Apem. Thou knowest, I do; I call'd thee
by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am
not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's
brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by
the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apeman-
tus?

Apem. The best for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the
painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation;
What's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by
great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for
thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Ape-
mantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain dealing, which
will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now,
poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work,
where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay
thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flat-
tered, is worthy o'the flatterer. Heavens, that
I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate
a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—
Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods
will not!

Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god con-
found thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

H

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and
Some twenty horse, all of companionship.

Tim. Pray entertain them; give them guide
to us.— [*Exeunt some Attendants.*]
You must needs dine with me:—Go not you
hence,
Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's
done,
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your
sights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his company.

Most welcome, sir! [*They salute.*]

Apem. So, so: there!—
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst these
sweet knaves,
And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred
out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have say'd my longing, and I
feed
Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir:
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.*]

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still
omitt'st it.

2 Lord. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine
heat fools.

2 Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell
twice.

2 Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for
I mean to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding;
make thy requests to thy friend.

2 Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn
thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the
ass. [*Exit.*]

1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come,
shall we in,
And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2 Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of
gold,

Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall
we in?

1 Lord. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State in Timon's House.

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then comes dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd
the gods remember
My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose
help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not
dare

To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.*]

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs
none.

Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*]

1 Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have
you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus! you are welcome.

Apem. No,

You shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fye, thou art a churl; you have got a
humour there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:
They say, my lords, that *ira furor brevis est*,
But yond' man's ever angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon;
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an
Athenian; therefore welcome; I myself would
have no power: pr'ythee, let my meat make
thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me,
for I should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods; what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!

It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men :
Methinks they should invite them without
knives :

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't ; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and
pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him : it has been
prov'd.

If I
Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals ;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's danger-
ous notes :

Great men should drink with harness on their
throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart ; and let the health
go round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way !
A brave fellow !—he keeps his tides well.

Timon,
Those healths will make thee, and thy state,
look ill.

Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i'the mire :
This, and my food, are equals ; there's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf ;
I pray for no man, but myself :
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond ;
Or a harlot, for her weeping ;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping ;
Or a keeper, with my freedom ;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't ;
Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

[*Eats and drinks.*]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus !

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in
the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my
lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of
enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord,
there's no meat like them ; I could wish my
best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were
thine enemies then ; that then thou might'st
kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness,
my lord, that you would once use our hearts,
whereby we might express some part of
our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever
perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the
gods themselves have provided that I shall
have much help from you : How had you
been my friends else ? why have you that
charitable title from thousands, did you not
chiefly belong to my heart ? I have told more
of you to myself, than you can with modesty

speaking in your own behalf ; and thus far I
confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what
need we have any friends, if we should never
have need of them ? they were the most need-
less creatures living, should we ne'er have use
for them : and would most resemble sweet
instruments hung up in cases, that keep their
sounds to themselves. Why, I have often
wished myself poorer, that I might come
nearer to you. We are born to do benefits :
and what better or properer can we call our
own, than the riches of our friends ? O, what
a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like
brothers, commanding one another's fortunes !
O joy, e'en made a way ere it can be born !
Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks :
to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepest to make them drink,
Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in
our eyes,

And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho ! ho ! I laugh to think that babe
a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you moved
me much.

Apem. Much ! [Tucket sounded.]

Tim. What means that trump ?—How now ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are cer-
tain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies ? what are their wills ?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner,
my lord, which bears that office, to signify
their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon ;—and to all
That of his bounties taste !—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron ; and come
freely

To gratulate thy plenteous bosom : The ear,
Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table
rise ;

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all ; let them have
kind admittance :

Music, make their welcome. [Exit CUPID.]

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you
are belov'd.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of
Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their
hands, dancing, and playing.

Apem. Hey day, what a sweep of vanity
comes this way !

They dance ! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shews to a little oil, and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves ;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives,
that's not

Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their friend's
gift?

I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me : It has been
done ;

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON ; and, to shew their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much
grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind ;
You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device ;
I am to thank you for it.

1 Lady. My lord, you take us even at the
best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy ; and
would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
Attends you : Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exeunt CUPID and Ladies.]

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither,

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet !

There is no crossing him in his humour ; *[Aside.*
Else I should tell him,—Well,—i'faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he
could.

'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind ;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[Exit, and returns with the casket.]

1 Lord. Where be our men ?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 Lord. Our horses.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word
To say to you :—Look you, my good lord, I
must

Entreat you, honour me so much, as to
Advance this jewel ;

Accept, and wear it, kind, my lord.

1 Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of
the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word ; it does concern you
near.

Tim. Near ? why then another time I'll
hear thee :

I pr'ythee, let us be provided
To shew them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how.

[Aside.]

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. May it please your honour, the lord
Lucius,

Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly : let the
presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertained.—How now, what
news ?

3 Serv. Please you, my lord, that honour-
able gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your
company to-morrow to hunt with him ; and
has sent your honour two brace of grey-
hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him ; and let them be
receiv'd,

Not without fair reward.

Flav. *[Aside.]* What will this come to ?
He commands us to provide, and give great
gifts,

And all out of an empty coffer.—

Nor will he know his purse ; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,

Being of no power to make his wishes good ;
His promises fly so beyond his state,

That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word ; he is so kind, that he now

Pays interest for't ; his land's put to their books,
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,

Before I were forc'd out !

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,

Than such as do even enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord. *[Exit.]*

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own
merits :—

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 Lord. With more than common thanks I
will receive it.

3 Lord. O, he is the very soul of bounty !

Tim. And now I remember me, my lord,
you gave

Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on : it is yours, because you lik'd it.

2 Lord. I beseech you, pardon me, my
lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord ;
I know, no man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect :
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own ;
I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. None so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give ;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee : for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead ; and all the lands thou
hast

Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord,

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound,—

Tim. And so
Am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endear'd,—
 Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights.
 1 Lord. The best of happiness,
 Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord
 Timon!
 Tim. Ready for his friends.
 [Exeunt ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.]
 Apem. What a coil's here!
 Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!
 I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
 That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of
 dregs:
 Methinks, false hearts should never have
 sound legs.
 Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on
 court'sies.
 Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not
 sullen,
 I'd be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for,
 If I should be brib'd too, there would be none
 left
 To rail upon thee; and then thou would'st sin
 the faster.
 Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou
 wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:
 What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?
 Tim. Nay,
 An you begin to rail on society once,
 I am sworn not to give regard to you.
 Farewell; and come with better music. [Exit.]
 Apem. So;—
 Thou'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then,
 I'll lock
 Thy heaven from thee. O, that men's ears
 should be
 To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The same. A Room in a Senator's House.
 Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and
 to Isidore
 He owes nine thousand; besides my former
 sum,
 Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in
 motion
 Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
 If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
 And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
 If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more—
 Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
 Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
 And able horses; No porter at his gate;
 But rather one that smiles, and still invites
 All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
 Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
 Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; What is your pleasure?
 Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to
 lord Timon;
 Importune him for my monies; be not ceas'd
 With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
 Commend me to your master—and the cap
 Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him,
 sirrah,
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
 And my reliances on his fracted dates
 Have smit my credit: I love and honour him;
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger:
 Immediate are my needs; and my relief
 Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,

Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone
 Caph. I go, sir.
 Sen. I go, sir?—take the bonds along with
 you,
 And have the dates in compt.

Caph.

I will sir.

Sen.

Go.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Hall in Timon's House.
 Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his
 hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of ex-
 pense,
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,
 Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account
 How things go from him; nor resumes no care
 Of what is to continue; Never mind
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
 What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:
 I must be round with him now he comes from
 hunting.
 Fye, fye, fye, fye!

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE
 and VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro: What,
 You come for money?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is;—And yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth
 again,

My Alcibiades.—With me? What's your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens, here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off

To the succession of new days this month :
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own ; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore ;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,

And past,—

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord ;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath,—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on ;

[*Exeunt ALCIBIADES and Lords.*]

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither,
pray you ?

[*To FLAVIUS.*]

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour ?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business :
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner ;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends :
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit TIMON.*]

Flav. I pray, draw near.

[*Exit FLAVIUS.*]

Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with
Apemantus ; let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog !

Var. Serv. How dost, fool ?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow ?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No ; 'tis to thyself,—Come away.

[*To the Fool.*]

Isid. Serv. [*To VAR. SERV.*] There's the
fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art
not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now,

Apem. He last ask'd the question.—Poor
rogues, and usurers' men ! bawds between
gold and want !

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus ?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why ?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and
do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen ?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool : How
does your mistress ?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald
such chickens as you are. 'Would, we could
see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good ! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress'
page.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now,
captain ? what do you in this wise company ?
—How dost thou, Apemantus ?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth,
that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the
superscription of these letters ; I know not
which is which.

Apem. Canst not read ?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then,
that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon ;
this to Alcibiades. Go : thou wast born a
bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou
shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I
am gone. [*Exit Page.*]

Apem. Even so thou out-runn'st grace. Fool,
I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there ?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three
serve three usurers ?

All Serv. Ay, 'would they served us !

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever
hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men ?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to
his servant : My mistress is one, and I am her
fool. When men come to borrow of your
masters, they approach sadly, and go away
merry ; but they enter my mistress' house
merrily, and go away sadly : The reason of
this ?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account
thee a whoremaster, and a knave ; which not-
withstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool ?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something
like thee. 'Tis a spirit ; sometime, it appears
like a lord ; sometime, like a lawyer ; some-
time, like a philosopher, with two stones
more than his artificial one : He is very often
like a knight ; and, generally in all shapes,
that man goes up and down in, from four-
score to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man : as
much foolery as I have, so much wit thou
lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become
Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside ; here comes lord
Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come, with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher. [*Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.*]

Flav. 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt Serv.*]

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time, Had you not fully laid my state before me; That I might so have rated my expense, As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me, At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to: Perchance, some single vantages you took, When my indisposition put you back; And that unaptness made you minister, Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord! At many times I brought in my accounts, Laid them before you; you would throw them off,

And say, you found them in mine honesty. When, for some trifling present, you have bid me

Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you

To hold your hand more close; I did endure Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate, And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,

Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,

The greatest of your having lacks a half To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;

And what remains will hardly stop the mouth Of present dues: the future comes apace: What shall defend the interim? and at length How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word;

Were it all yours to give it in a breath, How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,

Call me before the exactest auditors, And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me, When all our offices have been oppress'd With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept

With drunken spilth of wine; when every room Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;

I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock, And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,

This night englutted! Who is not Timon's? What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon! Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,

The breath is gone whereof this praise is made: Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,

These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further: No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart; Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart; If I would broach the vessels of my love,

And try the argument of hearts by borrowing, Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use, As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,

That I account them blessings; for by these Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.

Within there, ho!—Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You, to lord Lucius,—

To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his Honour to-day;—You to Sempronius; Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,

That my occasions have found time to use them Toward a supply of money: let the request Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and lord Lucullus? humph! [*Aside.*]

Tim. Go you, sir, [*To another Serv.*] to the senators,

(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have

Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o'the instant

A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold, (For that I knew it the most general way,) To them to use your signet, and your name; But they do shake their heads, and I am here No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can it be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,

That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—

But yet they could have wished—they know not—but

Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—
'tis pity

And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly; These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:

Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—

Go to Ventidius,—[*To a Serv.*] 'Pr'ythee, [*To*
FLAVIUS,] be not sad,

Thou art true, and honest; ingeniously I speak,

No blame belongs to thee:—[*To Serv.*] Ventidius lately

Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents; Greet him
from me;

Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remem-
ber'd

With those five talents:—that had,—[*To FLAV.*
give it these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can
sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it; That
thought is bounty's foe;

Being free itself, it thinks all others so.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The same. A Room in LUCULLUS'S House.

FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is
coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men;
a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I
dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night.
Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very re-
spectively welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.
[*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honour-
able, complete, free-hearted gentleman of
Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and
master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is
well, sir: And what hast thou there under thy
cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box,
sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to
entreat your honour to supply; who, having
great and instant occasion to use fifty talents,
hath sent to your lordship to furnish him;
nothing doubting your present assistance
therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting,
says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman
'tis, if he would not keep so good a house.
Many a time and often I have dined with him,
and told him on't; and come again to supper
to him, of purpose to have him spend less:
and yet he would embrace no counsel, take
no warning by my coming. Every man has
his fault, and honesty is his; I have told him
on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the
wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee al-
ways wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a
towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—
and one that knows what belongs to reason:
and canst use the time well, if the time use
thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone,
sirrah.—[*To the Servant, who goes out.*]—
Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's
a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise;
and thou knowest well enough, although thou
comest to me, that this is no time to lend
money; especially upon bare friendship, with-
out security. Here's three solidares for thee;
good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st
me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so
much differ;

And we alive, that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee.

[*Throwing the money away.*]

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and
fit for thy master. [Exit LUCULLUS.]

Flam. May these add to the number that
may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?

O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he is sick to death, let not that part
of nature

Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.]

SCENE II. *The same. A public Place.*

Enter LUCIUS, with three strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,—

[*To LUCIUS.*]

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to furnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable? how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good

lordship: and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit SERVILIUS.*]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed; And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*]

1 Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 Stran. Ay, too well.

1 Stran. Why this

Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father, And kept his credit with his purse; Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks, But Timon's silver treads upon his lip; And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!) He does deny him, in respect of his, What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 Stran. Religion groans at it.

1 Stran. For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life, Nor came any of his bounties over me, To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest, For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue, And honourable carriage, Had his necessity made use of me, I would have put my wealth into donation, And the best half should have return'd to him, So much I love his heart: But, I perceive, Men must learn now with pity to dispense: For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in SEMPRONIUS'S House.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph!

'Bove all others?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus; And now Ventidius is wealthy too, Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these three Owe their estates unto him.

Serv.

O my lord,

They have all been touch'd, and found base metal; for

They have all denied him.

Sem.

How! have they denied him?

Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?

And does he send to me? Three? humph!—

It shows but little love or judgment in him.

Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,

Thrive, give him over; Must I take the cure upon me?

He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,

That might have known my place: I see no sense for't,
 But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
 For, in my conscience, I was the first man
 That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
 And does he think so backwardly of me now,
 That I'll requite it last? No: So it may prove
 An argument of laughter to the rest,
 And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.
 I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
 He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
 I had such a courage to do him good. But
 now return,
 And with their faint reply this answer join;
 Who bates mine honour, shall not know my
 coin. [Exit.]

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic; he crossed himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire.

Of such a nature is his politick love,
 This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
 Save the gods only: Now his friends are dead,
 Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their
 wards

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
 Now to guard sure their master.
 And this is all a liberal course allows;
 Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his
 house. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Servants to TIMON's Creditors, waiting his coming out.

Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius?

What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think,
 One business does command us all; for mine
 is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And sir
 Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
 What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine
 at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter
 with him:

You must consider, that a prodigal course
 Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
 I fear,
 'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
 That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
 Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange
 event.

Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
 For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
 Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
 And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels
 And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can
 witness:

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
 And now ingratitude makes it worse than
 stealth.

Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand
 crowns: What's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should
 seem by the sum,
 Your master's confidence was above mine;
 Else, surely, his had equal'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! sir, a word: 'Pray,
 is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; 'pray, signify
 so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows,
 you are too diligent. [Exit FLAMINIUS.]

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muf-
 fled so?

He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
 'Twere sure enough. Why then prefer'd you
 not

Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat
 Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile, and
 fawn

Upon his debts, and take down th' interest
 Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves
 but wrong,

To stir me up; let me pass quietly:

Believ't, my lord and I have made an end;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not,

'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves.

[Exit.

1 *Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know Some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, To repair some other hour, I should much Derive from it: for, take it on my soul, My lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him; He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:

And, if it be so far beyond his health, Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts, And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

Flam. [within.] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!—

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

The place, which I have feasted, does it now, Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?

1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [Exit.

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be call'd desperate ones, for a mad-man owes 'em. [Exeunt.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:

Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all: I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord, You only speak from your distracted soul; There is not so much left, to furnish out A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go, I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The same. The Senate-House.

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's

Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 *Sen.* Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues; For pity is the virtue of the law, And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood, Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth To those that, without heed, do plunge into it. He is a man, setting his fate aside, Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice; (An honour in him which buys out his fault,)

But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit, Seeing his reputation touch'd to death, He did oppose his foe;

And with such sober and unnoted passion He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent, As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox, Striving to make an ugly deed look fair: Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd

To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling Upon the head of valour; which, indeed, Is valour misbegot, and came into the world When sects and factions were newly born:

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer The worst that man can breathe; and makes his wrongs

His outsides; wear them like his raiment, carelessly;

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart, To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill, What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?

Alcib. My lord,—

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear; To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then under favour, pardon me,

If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threatenings? sleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And th' ass more captain than the lion; the
felon,

Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 Sen. What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, h'as done
fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with
'em, he

Is a sworn rioter: h'as a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough alone
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies,

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own
time,

And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receiv't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for law, he dies; urge it no
more,
On height of our displeasure: Friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My
lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen. How?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3 Sen. What?

Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has forgot
me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,

To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

1 Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me?
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens con-
tain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to
swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently.

[*Exeunt Senators.*]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough;
that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their
foes,

While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts;—All those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? ha! banishment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banished;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts,
'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

A magnificent Room in Timon's House.

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending.
Enter divers Lords, at several doors.

1 Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

2 Lord. I also wish it to you. I think, this
honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring,
when we encountered: I hope, it is not so low
with him, as he made it seem in the trial of
his several friends.

2 Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion
of his new feasting.

1 Lord. I should think so: He hath sent me
an earnest inviting, which many my near occa-
sions did urge me to put off; but he hath con-
jured me beyond them, and I must needs
appear.

2 Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my
importunate business, but he would not hear
my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to bor-
row of me, that my provision was out.

1 Lord. I am sick of that grief to, as I un-
derstand how all things go.

2 Lord. Every man here's so. What would
he have borrowed of you?

1 Lord. A thousand pieces.

2 Lord. A thousand pieces!

1 Lord. What of you?

3 Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—
And how fare you?

1 Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

Tim. [Aside.] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1 Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[The banquet brought in.]

2 Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

2 Lord. All covered dishes!

1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Lord. Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1 Lord. How do you? What's the news?

3 Lord. Alcibiades is banished: Hear you of it?

1 & 2 Lord. Alcibiades banished!

3 Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Lord. How? how?

2 Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 Lord. This is the old man still.

3 Lord. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 Lord. It does:—but time will—and so—

3 Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of

twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.]

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold, You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last; Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries, Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water in their faces.]

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long, Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,

Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,

Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks! Of man, and beast, the infinite malady

Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?

Soft, take thy physick first—thou too,—and thou;— [Throws the dishes at them,

and drives them out.]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast, Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [Exit.]

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

1 Lord. How now, my lords?

2 Lord. Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 Lord. Pish! did you see my cap?

4 Lord. I have lost my gown.

3 Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?

4 Lord. Did you see my cap?

2 Lord. Here 'tis.

4 Lord. Here lies my gown.

1 Lord. Let's make no stay.

2 Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

3 Lord. I feel't upon my bones.

4 Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the walls of Athens.*
Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o'the instant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes; bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
Large handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law: maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o'the brothel! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from the old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrow of our youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all),
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
Amen. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

*Athens. A Room in TIMON'S House.**Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.*

1 Serv. Hear you, master steward, where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1 Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2 Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads,
and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take
some; *[Giving them money.]*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word
more:

Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Exeunt Servants.]

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,

Since riches point to misery and contempt?

Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live

But in a dream of friendship?

To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,

But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?

Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;

Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,

When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!

Who then dares to be half so kind again?

For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.

My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,

Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes

Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!

He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat

Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to

Supply his life, or that which can command it.

I'll follow, and inquire him out:

I'll serve his mind with my best will;

Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. *The Woods.**Enter* TIMON.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares,
who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
So are they all; for every grize of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No,
gods,
I am noidle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this, will make black, white;
foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young;
coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods?
Why this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench; this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*]—Ha!
a drum?—Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,

When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

[*Keeping some gold.*]

Enter ALCIBIADES, with drum and fife, in warlike manner; PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there?
Speak.

Tim. A beast as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that
I know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phr. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light
to give:

But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform
none: If

Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee,
for

Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, con-
found thee,

For thou'rt a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy
miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had pros-
perity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed
time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of
harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom
the world

Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not,
that use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves

For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits

Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band: I have heard and griev'd,

How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here's some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep't, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all i'thy conquest; and

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That,

By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer My country.

Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one:

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He's an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit

matron;

It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

Set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse: Swear against objects;

Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor

babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy

soldiers:

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

Phr. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: Hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,

And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,

Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—

Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,

The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions: Be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert

you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;

Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats: Yet may your pains,

six months,

Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs

With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,

No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. & Timan. Well, more gold;—What then?—

Believ't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,

And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,

That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen,

That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,

Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee,

Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: Plague all;

That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more

gold:—

Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. & Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens.
Farewell, Timon;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it such. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—
Strike. [*Drum beats. Exeunt ALCIBIADES,*
PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's un-
kindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother,
thou, [*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite
breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is
puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth
shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conception's womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and
bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward
face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn
leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish
draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use
them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep
a dog
Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch
thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade?
this place?

This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseases'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these words,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy
knee,

And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: Thou was told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid
welcome,

To knaves and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my
likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away
myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being
like thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these
moss'd trees,

That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the
cold brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the crea-
tures,—

Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused
trunks,

To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er
I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold ha-
bit on

To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:

The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more mi-
serable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath pro-
ceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd
thyself

In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts
of men

At duty, more than I could frame employ-
ment;

That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare

For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou
hate men?

They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou
given?

If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she beggar, and compounded thee,
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of
men,

Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now;
Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*]

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*]

Tim. First mend my company, take away
thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by
the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'st thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou
wilt,

Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest:
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me,
Where feeds't thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or
rather, where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and
knew my mind!

Apem. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never
knewest, but the extreimity of both ends:
When thou wast in thy guilt, and thy per-
fume, they mocked thee for too much curio-
sity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art
despised for the contrary. There's a medlar
for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner,
thou should'st have loved thyself better now.
What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that
was belov'd after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest
of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some
means to keep a dog,

Apem. What things in the world canst thou
nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are
the things themselves. What would'st thou
do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy
power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the
men.

Tim. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the
confusion of men, and remain a beast with the
beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods
grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion,
the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the
lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the
fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, perad-
venture, thou wert accus'd by the ass: if thou
wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee:
and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the
wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness
would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst ha-
zard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the
unicorn, pride and wrath would confound
thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy
fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be kill'd
by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou would'st
be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard,
thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of
thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy
safety were remotion; and thy defence, ab-
sence. What beast could'st thou be, that
were not subject to a beast? and what a beast
art thou already, that seest not thy loss in
transformation?

Apem. If thou could'st please me with
speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon
it here: The commonwealth of Athens is be-
come a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that
thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter:
The plague of company light upon thee! I
will fear to catch it, and give way: When I
know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,
thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a
beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools
alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to
spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad
to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are
pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou
speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—
I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou would'st burst!

Tim. Away,

Thou tedious rogue ! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]

Apem. Beast !

Tim. Slave !

Apem. Toad !

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue !

[*APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.*
I am sick of this false world ; and will love
nought

But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave ;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily : make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*

'Twixt natural son and sire ! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars !

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate

wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible god,

That solder'st close impossibilities,

And mak'st them kiss ! that speak'st with

every tongue,

To every purpose ! O thou touch of hearts !

Think, thy slave man rebels ; and by thy

virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire !

Apem. 'Would 'twere so ;—

But not till I am dead !—I'll say thou hast
gold :

Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to ?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery !

Tim. Long live so, and so die !—I am quit.—

[*Exit APEMANTUS.*

More things like men ?—Eat, Timon, and
abhor them.

Enter Thieves.

1 Thief. Where should he have this gold ?
It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of
his remainder : The mere want of gold, and
the falling-from of his friends, drove him into
this melancholy.

2 Thief. It is noised, he hath a mass of
treasure.

3 Thief. Let us make the assay upon him ;
if he care not for't, he will supply us easily ;
If he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it ?

2 Thief. True ; for he bears it not about
him, 'tis hid.

1 Thief. Is not this he ?

Thieves. Where ?

2 Thief. 'Tis his description.

3 Thief. He ; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves ?

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too ; and women's sons.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that
much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much
of meat.

Why should you want ? Behold, the earth hath
roots ;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs :

The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips :

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want ? why

want ?

1 Thief. We cannot live on grass, on ber-
ries, water,

As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the
birds, and fishes ;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,

That you are thieves profess'd ; that you work

not

In holier shapes : for there is boundless theft

In limited professions. Rascal thieves,

Here's gold : Go, suck the subtle blood of the
grape,

Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,

And so 'scape hanging : trust not the physician ;

His antidotes are poison, and he slays

More than you rob : take wealth and lives
together ;

Do villany, do, since you profess to do't,

Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery :

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction

Robs the vast sea : the moon's an arrant thief,

And her pale fire she snatches from the sun ;

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

The moon into salt tears : the earth's a thief,

That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen

From general excrement : each thing's a thief ;

The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough
power

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves :
away ;

Rob one another. There's more gold : Cut
throats ;

All that you meet are thieves : To Athens, go,

Break open shops ; nothing can you steal,

But thieves do lose it : Steal not less, for this

I give you ; and gold confound you howsoever !

Amen. [*TIMON retires to his cave.*

3 Thief. He has almost charm'd me from
my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 Thief. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that
he thus advises us : not to have us thrive in
our mystery.

2 Thief. I'll believe him as an enemy, and
give over my trade.

1 Thief. Let us first see peace in Athens :
There is no time so miserable, but a man may
be true. [*Exeunt Thieves.*

Enter FLAVIUS.

Fla. O you gods !

Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord ?

Full of decay and failing ? O monument

And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd !

What an alteration of honour has

Desperate want made !

What viler thing upon the earth than friends,

Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends !

How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,

When man was wish'd to love his enemies :
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do !

He has caught me in his eye : I will present
My honest grief unto him ; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master !

TIMON comes forward from his cave.

Tim. Away ! what art thou ?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir ?

Tim. Why dost ask that ? I have forgot all men ;

Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not : I ne'er had honest man
About me, I ; all that I kept were knaves,
To serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep ?—Come nearer ;
—then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind ; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping :

Strange times, that weep with laughing, not
with weeping !

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and whilst this poor
wealth lasts,

To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and
now

So comfortable ? It almost turns
My dangerous nature wild. Let me behold
Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of wo-
man.—

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual-sober gods ! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one ;
No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—

How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself : But all, save thee,

I sell with curses.

Wethinks thou art more honest now, than wise ;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service :
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness : and as rich men
deal gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one ?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose
breast

Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late :
You should have fear'd false times, when you
did feast :

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely
love,

Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living : and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, That you had power and
wealth

To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so !—Thou singly ho-
nest man,

Here take :—the gods, out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and
happy :

But thus condition'd ; Thou shalt build from
men ;

Hate all, curse all : show charity to none ;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone ;
Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swal-
low them,

Debts wither them ; Be men like blasted
woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods !
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st
Curses, stay not ; fly whilst thou'rt bless'd and
free :

Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see
thee. [*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The same. Before Timon's Cave.

*Enter Poet and Painter ; TIMON behind,
unseen.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot
be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him ? Does
the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of
gold ?

Pain. Certain : Alcibiades reports it ; Phry-
nia and Timandra had gold of him : he like-
wise enriched poor straggling soldiers with
great quantity : 'Tis said, he gave unto his
steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been
but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else : you shall see him a
palm in Athens again, and flourish with the
highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender

our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o'the time: it opens the eyes of expectation; performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him: Then do we sin against our own estate, When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True; When the day serves, before black-corner'd night, Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light. Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold, That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple, Than where swine feed! 'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;

Settlest admired reverence in a slave: To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!

'Fit I do meet them. [*Advancing.*]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted, Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off, Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits! Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—What! to you!

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence

To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover

The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:

You that are honest, by being what you are, Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself, Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts, And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that I have gold; I am sure you have; speak truth: you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a counterfeit

Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed the best; Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction, [To the Poet. Why thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,

That thou art even natural in thine art.— But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends, I must needs say, you have a little fault: Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I, You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour, To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,

That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and your hear him cog, see him dissemble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him, Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd, That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well: I'll give you gold,

Rid me these villains from your companies: Hang them, or stab them; drown them in a draught,

Confound them by some course, and come to me,

I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company:—

Each man apart, all single and alone,

Tim. But yet I love my country ; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving country-
men,—

1 Sen. These words become your lips as
they pass through them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears like great tri-
umphers

In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them ;
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain

In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kind-
ness do them :

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades'
wrath.

2 Sen. I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in
my close,

That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it ; Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself :—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you
still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again : but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood ;
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover ; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—

Lips, let sour words go by, and language end :
What is amiss, plague and infection mend !
Graves only be men's works ; and death, their
gain !

Sun, hide thy beams ! Timon hath done his
reign. [Exit TIMON.

1 Sen. His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead : let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The Walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.

1 Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd ; are
his files
As full as thy report ?

Mess. I have spoke the least :
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring
not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient
friend ;—

Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,

And made us speak like friends :—this man
was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i'the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from TIMON.

1 Sen. Here come our brothers.

3 Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him
expect.—

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust : in and prepare ;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes, the snare.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The Woods.

Timon's Cave, and a tomb-stone seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sol. By all description this should be the
place.

Who's here ? speak, ho !—No answer ?—What
is this ?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span :
Some beast rear'd this ; there does not live a
man.

Dead, sure, and this his grave.—
What's on this tomb I cannot read ; the cha-
racter

I'll take with wax.

Our captain hath in every figure skill ;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days :
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Before the Walls of Athens.

*Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and
Forces.*

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious
town

Our terrible approach. [A Parley sounded.

Enter Senators on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice ; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and
breath'd

Our sufferance vainly : Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, *No more* : now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease ;
And pury insolence shall break his wind,
With fear and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble and young.

When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee ; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,

By humble message, and by promis'd means;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools
should fall

For private faults in them.

2 Sen. Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths,) take thou the destin'd
tenth;

And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square, to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 Sen. Throw thy glove;
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports;
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourself shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

The Senators descend, and open the Gates.

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead:
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'the sea:
And on his grave-stone, this insculpture; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impres-
sion

Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [Reads.] *Here lies a wretched corse
of wretched soul bereft:*

*Seek not my name: A plague consume you
wicked caitiffs left!*

*Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men
did hate:*

*Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and
stay not here thy gait.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brains flow, and those our drop-
lets which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead

Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:

Make war breed peace; make peace stint war;
make each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.

Let our drums strike. [Exeunt.]

CORIO LANUS.

Persons represented.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIO LANUS, a noble Roman.

TITUS LARTIUS, } generals against the
COMINIUS, } Volcians.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, friend to Coriolanus.

SICINIUS VELUTUS, } tribunes of the people
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }

Young MARCIUS, son to Coriolanus.

A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, general of the Volcians.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volcian guards.

VOLUMNIA, mother to Coriolanus.

VIRGILIA, wife to Coriolanus.

VALERIA, friend to Virgilia.

Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

Roman and Volcian Senators, Patricians,
Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Mes-
sengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other
Attendants.

SCENE, Partly in Rome ; and partly in the Territories of the Volcians and Antiates.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with
Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

1 Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear
me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [Several speaking at
once.]

1 Cit. You are all resolved rather do die,
than to famish ?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1 Cit. First you know, Caius Marcius is
chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn
at our own price. Is't a verdict ?

Cit. No more talking on't ; let it be done ;
away, away.

2 Cit. One word, good citizens,

1 Cit. We are accounted poor citizens ; the
patricians, good : What authority surfeits on,
would relieve us ; If they would yield us but
the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we
might guess, they relieved us humanely ; but
they think, we are too dear : the leanness that
afflicts us, the object of our misery, is an in-
ventory to particularize their abundance ; our
sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge
this with our pikes, ere we become rakes : for
the gods know, I speak this in hunger for
bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 Cit. Would you proceed especially against
Caius Marcius ?

Cit. Against him first ; he's a very dog to
the commonalty.

2 Cit. Consider you what services he has
done for his country ?

1 Cit. Very well ; and could be content to
give him good report for't, but that he pays
himself with being proud.

2 Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done
famously, he did it to that end : though soft
conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was
for his country, he did it to please his mother,
and to be partly proud ; which he is, even to
the altitude of his virtue.

2 Cit. What he cannot help in his nature,
you account a vice in him : You must in no
way say, he is covetous.

1 Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren
of accusations ; he hath faults, with surplus,
to tire in repetition. [Shouts within.] What
shouts are these ? The other side o'the city
is risen : Why stay we prating here ? To the
Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1 Cit. Soft ; who comes here ?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa ; one
that hath always loved the people.

1 Cit. He's one honest enough ; 'Would,
all the rest were so !

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in
hand ? Where go you
With bats and clubs ? The matter ? Speak, I
pray you.

1 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the
senate ; they have had inkling, this fortnight,
what we intend to do, which now we'll show
'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have
strong breaths ; they shall know, we have
strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

1 Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them

Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment: For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help.

Alack,
You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander

The helms o'the state, who care for you like fathers,

When you curse them as enemies.

1 Cit. Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture To scale't a little more.

1 Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o'the body, idle and inactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other
instruments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous
parts

That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 Cit. Your belly's answer: What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,

The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they—

Men. What then?—
Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then?
what then?

1 Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,

Who is the sink o'the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

1 Cit. The former agents, if they did complain, What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little,)

Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 Cit. You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend:

Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
*True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;*

*Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat
o'the brain;*

*And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior
veins,*

*From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: And though that all at
once,*

*You, my good friends, (this says the belly,)
mark me,—*

1 Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each;

*Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran.* What say you to't?

1 Cit. It was an answer: How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,

And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things
rightly,

Touching the weal of the common; you shall find,

No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?

You the great toe of this assembly?—

1 Cit. I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o'the lowest,
basest, poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead'st first to win some vantage.—

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,

The one side must have bale. Hail, noble
Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter you dis-
sentious rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1 Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee,
will flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have,
you curs,

That like nor peace, nor war? the one af-
frights you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts
you,

Where he should find you lions, finds you
hares;

Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues
him,

And curse that justice did it. Who deserves
greatness,

Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that

Which would increase his evil. He that de-
pends

Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!

Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate,

Him vile, that was your garland. What's
the matter,

That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,

Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their
seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof,
they say,

The city is well stor'd,

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know

What's done i'the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines; side factions,

and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,

And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's

grain enough?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry

With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as
high

As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly per-
suaded;

For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But I beseech
you,

What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd: Hang 'em!

They said, they were an hungry; sigh'd forth
proverbs;—

That, hunger broke stone walls: that, dogs
must eat;

That, meat was made for mouths; that the
gods sent not

Corn for the rich men only:—With these
shreds

They vented their complainings; which being
answer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,

And make bold power look pale,) they threw
their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o'the
moon,

Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar
wisdoms,

Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath?

The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time

Win upon power, and throw forth greater
themes

For insurrections arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mes. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have
means to vent

Our musty superfluity:—See our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other
Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS
VELUTUS.*

1 Sen. Marcius, 'tis true, that you have
lately told us;

The Volces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.

I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,

I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the
ears, and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him; he is a lion

That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face;
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the
other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O true bred!

1 Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where,

I know,

Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on:

Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;

Right worthy your priority.

Com. Noble Lartius!

1 Sen. Hence! To your homes, be gone.

[To the Citizens.]

Mar. Nay, let them follow:

The Volces have much corn; take these rats
thither,

To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful muti-
neers,

Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[*Exeunt* Senators, *COM.* *MAR.* *TIT.* and

MENEN. Citizens steal away.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this
Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the
people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird
the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him: he is
grown

Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he*
Had borne the business!

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come:

Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his
faults

To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than in singularity, he goes
Upon his present action.

Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Corioli. The Senate-House.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain
Senators.

1 Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?

What ever hath been thought of in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention! 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I
think,

I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*
They have press'd a power, but it is not
known

Whether for east, or west: The dearth is
great;

The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcus your old enemy,

(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)

And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,

These three lead on this preparation

Whether 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.

1 Sen. Our army's in the field:

We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when

They needs must show themselves; which in
the hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the dis-
covery,

We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,

Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:

If they set down before us, for the remove

Bring up your army; but I think you'll find

They have not prepared for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more.

Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.

If we and Caius Marcus chance to meet,

'Tis sworn between us, we shall never strike

Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 Sen. Farewell.

2 Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Rome. An Apartment in MARCIUS' House.

Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA: *They sit*
down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express
yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my
son were my husband, I should freelier re-
joice in that absence wherein he won honour,
than in the embracements of his bed, where
he would show most love. When yet he was
but tender-bodied, and the only son of my
womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd
all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's
entreaties, a mother should not sell him an
hour from her beholding; I,—considering how
honour would become such a person; that it

was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not. Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum; See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair; As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:

Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
*Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome:* His bloody brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,

Than gilt his trophy; The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,—

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What, are you sewing here! A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll

swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again; or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mamocked it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fye, you confine yourself most unreasonably; Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true: I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth: against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o'door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *Before Corioli.*

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news :—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell him, nor give him: lend you him, I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their larm, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee make us quick in work; That we with smoking swords may march from hence,

To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators, and Others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,

That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums
[*Alarums afar off.*]

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,

Rather than they should pound us up: our gates,

Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;
[*Other Alarums.*]

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volces enter and pass over the Stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.

Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight

With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts, Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come,

on my fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce, And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,

You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues—

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd Further than seen, and one infect another

Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese, That bear the shapes of men, how have you run

From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!

All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe, And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on;

If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,

As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum. The Volces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good seconds:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them, Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates, and is shut in.*]

1 Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 Sol. Nor I.

3 Sol. See, they

Have shut him in. [*Alarum continues.*]

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels, With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,

Clapp'd to their gates; he is himself alone, To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword, And, when it bows, stand up? Thou art left,

Marcius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art, Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier

Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and

The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds, Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world

Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1 Sol. Look, sir.

Lart. 'Tis Marcius:

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the city.*]

SCENE V. *Within the town. A Street.*

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2 Rom. And I this.

3 Rom. A murrain on't! I took this for silver,

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*]

Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with them.—
And hark, what noise the general makes!—
To him:—

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will
haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.

The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms

Misguide thy opposer's swords? Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than thou: she placeth highest? So farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!—

[*Exit MARCIUS.*

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near the Camp of Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS and forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought,
we are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have
struck,

By interims, and conveying gusts, we have
heard

The charges of our friends:—The Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts en-
countering,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long
is't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their
drums:

How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus:

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from
a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius'
tongue:

From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of
others,

But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile:
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the
other

Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your
trenches?

Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gen-
tlemen,

The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for
them!)

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did
budge

From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not
think—

Where is the enemy? Are you lords o'the
field?

If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on
which side

They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,

Their bands in the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius.
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the
vows
We have made to endure friends, that you
directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and
darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, [*Waving his hand*] to express
his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords;
take him up in their arms, and cast
up their caps.*]

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march:
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The Gates of Corioli.*

*TITUS LARTIUS, having set a guard upon
Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet
toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters
with a lieutenant, a party of soldiers,
and a scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep
your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, de-
spatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp con-
duct us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

*A field of battle between the Roman and
the Volcian Camps.*

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I
do hate thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;
Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor

More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot,

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's
slave,

And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,

And made what work I pleas'd; 'Tis not my
blood,

Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy re-
venge,

Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not 'scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Volces come to
the aid of Aufidius.*]

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by Marcius.*]

SCENE IX. *The Roman Camp.*

*Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish.
Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans;
at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm
in a scarf, and other Romans.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's
work,

Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;

Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be

frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the
dull Tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine
honours,

Shall say, against their hearts—*We thank the
gods,*

Our Rome hath such a soldier!—
Yet can'st thou to a morsel of this feast,

Having fully dined before.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power,
from the pursuit.*

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:

Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,

When she does praise me, grieves me. I have
done,

As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd

As you have been; that's for my country :
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech
you,
(In sign of what you are; not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear
me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and
they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the
horses.

(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,)
of all

The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[A long flourish. They all cry Marcius!
Marcius! cast up their caps and
lances: COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand
bare..

Mar. May these same instruments, which
you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trum-
pets shall

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and
cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing: When steel
grows

Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars! No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without
note,

Here's many else have done,—you shout me
forth

In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put
you.

(Like one that means his proper harm,) in
manacles,

Then reason safely with you.—Therefore be it
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the
which

My noble steed, known to the camp, I give
him
With all his trim belonging; and, from this
time,

For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—
Bear the addition nobly ever!

[Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.
All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank
you:—

I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that
now

Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 'tis yours.—What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But when Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries: 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [Exeunt.

SCENE X. The Camp of the Volces.

A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS
AUFIDIUS, bloody, with two or three
Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!

1 Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good
condition.

Auf. Condition?—

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition!—
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times
Marcius,

I have fought with thee; so often hast thou
beat me;

And would'st do so, I think, should we en-
counter

As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,

He is mine, or I am his : Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had ; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some
way ;

Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

I Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle : My valour's poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him ; for him
Shall fly out of itself : nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick : nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius : where I find him, were it

At home, upon my brother's guard, even there
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you
to the city ;

Learn, how 'tis held ; and what they are that
must

Be hostages for Rome.

I Sol. Will not you go ?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove :
I pray you,
('Tis south the city mills,) bring me word
thither

How the world goes ; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

I Sol. I shall, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rome. A Publick Place.

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have
news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad ?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the
people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their
friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love ?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him ; as the hungry
plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a
bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a
lamb. You two are old men ; tell me one
thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir,

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor,
that you two have not in abundance ?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored
with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now : Do you two know
how you are censured here in the city, I mean
of us o'the right hand file ? Do you ?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured ?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—
Will you not be angry ?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well,

Men. Why 'tis no great matter ; for a very
little thief of occasion will rob you of a great
deal of patience : give your disposition the
reins, and be angry at your pleasures ; at the
least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being
so. You blame Marcius for being proud !

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone :
for your helps are many ; or else your actions
would grow wondrous single : your abilities
are too infant-like, for doing much alone.

You talk of pride : O, that you could turn
your eyes towards the napes of your necks,
and make but an interior survey of your good
selves ! O that you could !

Bru. What then, sir ?

Men. Why, then you should discover a
brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy
magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough
too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patri-
cian, and one that loves a cup of hot wine
with not a drop of allaying Tyber in't ; said
to be something imperfect, in favouring the
first complaint : hasty, and tinder-like, upon
too trivial motion : one that converses more
with the buttock of the night, than with the
forehead of the morning. What I think, I
utter ; and spend my malice in my breath :
Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I
cannot call you Lycarguses) if the drink you
gave me, touch my palate adversely, I make
a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your
worships have delivered the matter well,
when I find the ass in compound with the
major part of your syllables : and though I
must be content to bear with those that say
you are reverend grave men ; yet they lie
deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If
you see this in the map of my microcosm,
follows it, that I am known well enough too ?
What harm can your bisson conspectuities
glean out of this character, if I be known well
enough too ?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well
enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves
nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor
knaves' caps and legs ; you wear out a good
wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause be-
tween an orange-wife and a fosset-seller ; and
then rejoin the controversy of three-pence
to a second day of audience.—When you are
hearing a matter between party and party,

if you chance to be pinched with the cholic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire to the back of the Scene.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALENTIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—Hoo! Marcius coming home?

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricotic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidinsed for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded? God save your good worships? [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*A Shout, and Flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him

He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears;

Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie; Which being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken Garland; with Captain, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honour follows, Coriolanus:

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

[*Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart; Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother,—

Cor. O! You have, I know, petition'd all the gods For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*]

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up; My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,

What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?

But O, thy wife,——

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,

That weep'st to see me triumph! Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady,
pardon. [To VALERIA.]

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O welcome home;

And welcome, general;—And you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,

And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy:
Welcome:

A curse begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,

We have some old crab-trees here at home,
that will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:

We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours:
[To his Wife and Mother.]

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy: only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On to the Capitol.

[Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state,
as before. The Tribunes remain.]

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the
bleared sights

Are spectacl'd to see him: Your prating nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,

While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks,
windows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing

In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff

To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in

Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,

Were silyly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,

I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,

During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his
honours

From where he should begin, and end; but will
Lose those that he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom
we stand,

But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new

honours;
Which that he'll give them, make as little

question

As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,

Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put

The napless vesture of humility;
Nor showing (as the manner is) his wounds

To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it,
rather

Than carry it, but by the suit o'the gentry to
him,

And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,

Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good
wills;

A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out

To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred

He still hath held them: that, to his power,
he would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders,
and

Disproportioned their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,

Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their

provand

Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows

For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested

At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people, (which time shall not

want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,

As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze

Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis
thought,

That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen

The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: The matrons flung their
gloves,

Ladies and maids their scarfs and handker-
chiefs,

Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and
shouts:

I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The Capitol.*

Enter two Officers to lay Cushions.

1 Off. Come, come, they are almost here:
How many stand for consulships?

2 Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of
every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 Off. That's a brave fellow; but he's ven-
geance proud, and loves not the common
people.

2 Off. 'Faith there have been many great
men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er
loved them; and there be many that they
have loved, they know not wherefore: so
that, if they love they know not why, they
hate upon no better a ground: Therefore,
for Coriolanus neither to care whether they
love or hate him, manifests the true know-
ledge he has in their disposition; and, out of
his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1 Off. If he did not care whether he had
their love, or no, he waved indifferently
'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm:
but he seeks their hate with greater devotion
than they can render it him: and leaves no-
thing undone, that may fully discover him
their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the
malice and displeasure of the people, is as
bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them
for their love.

2 Off. He hath deserved worthily of his
country: And his ascent is not by such easy
degrees as those, who, having been supple and
courteous to the people, bonnetted, without
any further deed to heave them at all into
their estimation and report: but he hath so
planted his honours in their eyes, and his
actions in their hearts, that for their tongues
to be silent, and not confess so much, were a
kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise
were a malice, that, giving itself the lie,
would pluck reproof and rebuke from every
ear that heard it.

1 Off. No more of him; he is a worthy man:
Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them
COMINIUS, the Consul, MENENIUS, CO-
RIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS,
and BRUTUS. *The Senators take their*
places; the Tribunes take theirs also by
themselves.

VOL. III.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore,
please you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 Sen. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us
think,

Rather our state's defective for requital,
Then we to stretch it out. Masters o'the
people,

We do request your kindest ears: and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off,
I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your
place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

1 Sen. Sit, Coriolanus: never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words disbench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from
words.

You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But,
your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head
i' the sun,

When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd.

[Exit CORIOLANUS.]

Men. Masters o'the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you
now see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,

L

Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed,
Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus

Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he
fought

Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrode
An o'er press'd Roman, and i' the consul's
view

Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's
feats,

When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupilage
Man-entered thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. For
this last,

Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword (death's
stamp)

Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet: now all's his:

When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the
honours
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world; he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.

1 Sen. Call for Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd

To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage:
please you,

That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:—
Pray you, go fit you to the custom: and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and
thus;—

Shew them the unaking scars which I should
hide,

As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only:—

Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[Flourish. Then exeunt Senators.]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the
people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He
that will require them,
As if he did condemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. The same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1 Cit. Once, if he do require our voices,
we ought not to deny him.

2 Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

3 Cit. We have power in ourselves to do
it, but it is a power that we have no power
to do: for if he shew us his wounds, and tell
us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into
those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he
tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him
our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude
is monstrous: and for the multitude to be in-
grateful, were to make a monster of the mul-
titude; of the which, we being members,
should bring ourselves to be monstrous mem-
bers.

1 Cit. And to make us no better thought
of, a little help will serve: for once, when we
stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not
to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversly coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o'the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—you may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known

The worthiest men have done it?

Cor. What must I say?—

I pray sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—my wounds!—

I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire them

To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!

I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by them.

Men. You'll mar all:

I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you

In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces, And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace,

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not

Mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir:

'Twas never my desire yet, To trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing,

We hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o'the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly?

Sir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to show you,

Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir;

What say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir:—

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd:

I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter. [*Exeunt two Citizens.*

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve, Than crave the hire which first we do deserve. Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here, To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear, Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:—

What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through:
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices,—

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more:
your voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go
without any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The
Gods give him joy, and make him good
friend to the people!

All. Amen, Amen.—

God save thee, noble consul!

[Exeunt Citizens.]

Cor. Worthy voices!

*Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and
SICINIUS.*

Men. You have stood your limitation; and
the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have dis-
charg'd:

The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There Coriolanus.

Cor. May I then change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing
myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you
along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[Exeunt CORIOL. and MENEN.]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you
chose this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve
your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy
notice,

He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly,

He flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did
not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us save yourself,
but says,

He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his
country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No; no man saw 'em.

[Several speak.]

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he
could show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he: *aged custom*,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore: When we granted that,
Here was,—*I thank you for your voices*,—
thank you,—

Your most sweet voices:—*now you have*
left your voices,

I have no further with you:—Was not
this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, you were ignorant to see't?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,

He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,

If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might

Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less

Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and

Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,

And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,

As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,

Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,

You should have ta'en the advantage of his
choler,

And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,

When he did need your loves; and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,

When he hath power to crush? Why, had
your bodies

No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,

On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sn'd-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him
yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,—

They have chose a consul, that will from them take

Their liberties; make them of no more voice Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking, As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble; And, on a safer judgment, all revoke Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride, And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not With what contempt he wore the humble weed; How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves, Thinking upon his services, took from you The apprehension of his present portance, Which gibingly, ungravely he did fashion After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd (No impediment between) but that you must Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him More after our commandment, than as guided By your own true affections: and that, your minds

Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do Than what you should, made you against the grain

To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you, How youngly he began to serve his country,

How long continued: and what stock he springs of,

The noble house o'the Marcians; from whence came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son, Who, after great Hostilius, here was king: Of the same house Publius and Quintus were, That our best water brought by conduits hither; And Censorinus, darling of the people, And nobly named so, being Censor twice, Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended, That hath beside well in his person wrought To be set high in place, we did commend To your remembrances: but you have found, Scaling his present bearing with his past, That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't, (Harp on that still,) but by our putting on: And presently, when you have drawn your number, Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so: almost all [*Several speak.* Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. Let them go on; This mutiny were better put in hazard, Than stay, past doubt, for greater: If, as his nature is, he fall in rage With their refusal, both observe and answer The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol: Come; we'll be there before the stream o'the people; And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own, Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The same. A Street.

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first: Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road

Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so, That we shall hardly in our ages see Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safeguard he came to me; and did curse

Against the Volces, for they had so vilely Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How oft had met you, sword to sword:

That, of all thing s upon the earth, he hated Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes

To hopeless restitution, so he might

Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there, To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home. [*To LARTIUS.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people, The tongues o'the common mouth. I do despise them;

For they do prank them in authority, Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous Go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

I Sen. Tribunes, give way: he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,

And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot, To curb the will of the nobility:—

Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,

Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late, When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd; Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By

you clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that, For which the people stir: If you will pass To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;

Or never be so noble as a consul,

Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.— this palt'ring

Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely I'the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—

Men. Not now, not now.

I Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,

I crave their pardons:—

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves: I say again,

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition, Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

I Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood, Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs Coin words till their decay, against those meazels

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o'the people, As if you were a god to punish, not

A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well,

We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep, By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind,

That shall remain a poison where it is, Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you

His absolute shall?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. Shall!

O good, but most unwise patricians, why, You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus

Given Hydra here to choose an officer, That with his peremptory shall, being but The horn and noise o'the monsters, wants not spirit

To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch, And make your channel his? If he have power, Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned, Be not as common fools; if you are not, Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,

If they be senators: and they are no less, When both your voices blended, the greatest taste

Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;

And such a one as he, who puts his shall, His popular shall, against a graver bench Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself, It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes, To know, when two authorities are up, Neither supreme, how soon confusion May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth

The corn o'the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute power,) I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed The ruin of the state.
Bru. Why, shall the people give One, that speaks thus, their voice?
Cor. I'll give my reasons, More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn Was not our recompence; resting well assur'd They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the war, Even when the navel of the state was touch'd, That would not thread the gates: this kind of service Did not deserve corn gratis: being i'the war, Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation Which they have often made against the senate, All cause unborn, could never be the native Of our so frank donation. Well, what then? How shall this bosom multiplied digest The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express What's like to be their words:—*We did request it;* *We are the greater poll, and in true fear, They gave us our demands:*—Thus we debase The nature of our seats, and make the rabble Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope The locks o'the senate, and bring in the crows To peck the eagles.—
Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over-measure.
Cor. No, take more: What may be sworn by, both divine and human, Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,— Where one part does disdain with cause, the other Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom, Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no Of general ignorance,—it must omit Real necessities, and give way the while To unstable slighness; purpose so barr'd, it follows, Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech you,— You that will be less fearful than discreet; That love the fundamental part of state, More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer A noble life before a long, and wish To jump a body with a dangerous physic That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state Of that integrity which should become it; Not having the power to do the good it would,

For the ill which doth control it.
Bru. He has said enough.
Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer As traitors do.
Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!— What should the people do with these bald tribunes? On whom depending, their obedience fails To the greater bench: In a rebellion, When what's not meet, but what must be, was law, Then were they chosen; in a better hour, Let what is meet, be said it must be meet, And throw their power i'the dust.
Bru. Manifest treason.
Sic. This a consul? no.
Bru. The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.
Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit BRUTUS.*] in whose name, myself Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator, A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee, And follow to thine answer.
Cor. Hence, old goat!
Sen. & Pat. We'll surety him.
Com. Aged sir, hands off.
Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones Out of thy garments.
Sic. Help, ye citizens.
Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a Rabble of Citizens.
Men. On both sides more respect.
Sic. Here's he, that would Take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.
Cit. Down with him, down with him! [*Several speak.*]
2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons! [*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*]
Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho! Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!
Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!
Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near: I cannot speak:—You, tribunes To the people,—Coriolanus, patience: Speak, good Sicinius.
Sic. Hear me, people;—Peace.
Cit. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak, speak, speak.
Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties: Marcius would have all from you; Marcius, Whom late you have nam'd for consul.
Men. Fye, fye, fye! This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
1 Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city, but the people?
Cit. True, The people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd

The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. *Ædiles* seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædi. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous

Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands
upon him,

And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here.

[*Drawing his sword.*]

There's some among you have beheld me
fighting;

Come, try upon yourselves what you have
seen me.

Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes,
withdraw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, Marcius! help,
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the
Ædiles, and the People, are all
beat in.*]

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone,
away,

All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 Sen. The gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house:
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech
you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as
they are,
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as
they are not,
Though call'd i'the porch o'the Capitol,)—

Men. Begone;

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself

Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the
two tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be
patch'd

With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt Cor. Com. and others.*]

1 Pat. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world;
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's
his mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must
vent;

And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*
Here's goodly work!

2 Pat. I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tyber!—What,
the vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

*Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the
Rubble.*

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian
rock

With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 Cit. He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on't.

[*Several speak together*]

Men. Sir,—

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havoc, where you should
but hunt

With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:—

As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:—

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He a consul!

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy
death?

Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he
hath,

By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his
country,

And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o'the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry: when he did love his
country:

It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was?

Bru. We'll hear no more:—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find,
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by
process;

Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?

Our Ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—
Come:—

Men. Consider this;—He has been bred
i'the wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill
school'd

In boulded language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

I Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way; the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,

Be you then as the people's officer:
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place:—We'll at-
tend you there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:—
Let me desire your company. [To the Senators.]

He must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

I Sen. Pray you, let's to him.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Room in Coriolanus's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; pre-
sent me

Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

I Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads,
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordnance stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you;
[To VOLUMNIA.]

Why did you wish me milder? Would you
have me

False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man
you are,
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dis-
pos'd

Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough,
something too rough;

You must return, and mend it.

I Sen. There's no remedy;

Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:

Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o'the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour
on,

Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do.

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well,

What then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard
you say,

Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and
tell me,

In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best
ends,

You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts
you to,

But with such words that are but rotes in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.

Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words.
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour: I am in this,

Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon
them,

For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with
them,)

Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such busi-
ness

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
That humble, as the ripest mulberry,

Now will not hold the handling: Or, say to
them,

Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were
yours:

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou had'st
rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and,
sir, 'tis fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:—
Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd
sconce? Must I

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:

Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should
grind it,

And throw it against the wind.—To the mar-
ket-place:—

You have put me now to such a part, which
never

I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast
said,

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me

Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be
turn'd,

Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice

That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take
up

The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd
knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't:

Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear

Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from
me;

But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home
belov'd

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm
yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let
us go;

Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that
he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favoured him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I' the right and strength o' the commons, be
it either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let
them,

If I say, fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;
Insisting on the old prerogative

And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun
to cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution

Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this
hint,

When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.—
[*Exit Ædile.*

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which
looks

With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
Senators and Patricians.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The
honour'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among
us!

Throng our large temples with the shows of
peace,

And not our streets with war!

I Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace,
I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this
present?

Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content

To suffer lawful censure for such faults

As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:

The warlike service he has done, consider;

Think on the wounds his body bears, which
show

Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,

That when he speaks not like a citizen,

You find him like a soldier: Do not take

His rougher accents for malicious sounds,

But, as I say, such as become a soldier,

Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,

That being pass'd for consul with full voice,

I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour

You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd
to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! Traitor?

Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the
people!

Call me their traitor?—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Cit. To the rock with him; to the rock with
him!

Sic. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him
speak,

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even
this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this
The promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know,

I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying; Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the pre-
sence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; In the name o'the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city:
In peril of precipitation

From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so,

It shall be so; let him away: he's banish'd,
And so it shall be.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends;—

Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can show from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is
banish'd,

As enemy to the people, and his country:
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath
I hate

As reek o'the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)
Making not reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENE-
NIUS, Senators, and Patricians.]

Ed. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy's banish'd! he is gone! Hoo!
hoo!

[*The People shout, and throw up their caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates;
come:—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The same. Before a Gate of the City.

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA,
MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young
Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears: a brief fare
well:—the beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mo-
ther,

Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;

That common chances common men could bear;

That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wound-
ed, craves

A noble cunning: you were used to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that comm'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I prythee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all
trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu:—Farewell, my wife! my
mother!

I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime
general

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad wo-
men,

'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you
wot well,

My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,)
your son

Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear
of us,

And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:—
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come,
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years

From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:—
Come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Street near the Gate.

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home: he's gone, and
we'll no further.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.
[Exit Ædile.]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and
MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met; The hoarded
plague o'the gods
Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you
should hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be
gone? [To BRUTUS.]

Vir. You shall stay too: [To SICIN.] I
would, I had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but
this fool.—

Was not a man my father? Had'st thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou
wise words;

And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what:—
Yet go:—

Nay but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for
Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknot himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go,
hear this:

As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far, my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,) Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll
sup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come
let's go:

Leave this faint paling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fye, fye, fye! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know
me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services
are, as you are, against them; Know you me
yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw
you: but your favour is well appeared by
your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I
have a note from the Volcian state, to find
you out there: You have well saved me a
day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange
insurrection: the people against the senators,
patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our
state thinks not so; they are in a most war-
like preparation, and hope to come upon
them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a
small thing would make it flame again. For
the nobles receive so to heart the banishment
of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in
a ripe aptness, to take all power from the
people, and to pluck from them their tri-
bunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell

you, and is almost mature for the violent
breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intel-
ligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now.
I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt
a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with
her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius
will appear well in these wars, his great op-
poser, Coriolanus, being now in no request of
his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortu-
nate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You
have ended my business, and I will merrily
accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell
you most strange things from Rome; all
tending to the good of their adversaries.
Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions,
and their charges, distinctly billeted, already
in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an
hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readi-
ness, and am the man, I think, that shall set
them in present action. So, sir, heartily well
met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I
have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Antium. Before Aufidius's House.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean Apparel, dis-
guised and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know
me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with
stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell.

[*Exit Citizen.*]

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now
fast sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and
exercise,

Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out

To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke
their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear
friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me:—
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service
is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.]

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cötus! my master calls for
him. Cötus! [Exit.]

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells
well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend?
Whence are you? Here's no place for you:
Pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertain-
ment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the
porter his eyes in his head, that he gives en-
trance to such companions? Pray, go you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you
talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on:
I cannot get him out o'the house: Pr'ythee,
call my master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow?
Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt
your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up
some other station; here's no place for you;
pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go!
And batten on cold bits. [Pushes him away.]

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee,
tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall.

[Exit.]

3 *Serv.* Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—
What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with
daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with
my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service than to
meddle with thy mistress:

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy
trencher, hence! [Beats him away.]

Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir; I'd have beaten him
like a dog, but for disturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst
thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy
name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [Unmuffling.]
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me,
dost not

Think me for the man I am, necessity

Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?
[Servants retire.]

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st
thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath
done

To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me: only that
name remains;

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of
hope,

Mistake me not, to save my life: for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i'the world
I would have voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge

Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those
mains

Of shame seen through thy country, speed
thee straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove

As benefits to thee; for I will fight

Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be

Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more
fortunes

Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present

My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool;

Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,

And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O, Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from
my heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things,
and say,

'Tis true; I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine

Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,

And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest

As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did

Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I love the maid I married: never man

Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,

Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I

tell thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,

Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since

Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,

Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy

Marcius,

Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all

From twelve to seventy; and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,

Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;

Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,

Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, Gods!
Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou
wilt have

The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set down,—

As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine
own ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,

To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall

Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;

Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand!
Most welcome!

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*
1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange al-
teration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have
strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind

gave me, his clothes made a false report of
him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned
me about with his finger and his thumb, as

one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there
was something in him: He had, sir, a kind

of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to
term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so: looking as it were,—
'Would I were hanged, but I thought there

was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: He is
simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is: but a greater soldier
than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him
to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* Faith, look you, one cannot tell
how to say that: for the defence of a town,

our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news;
news, you rascals.

1. 2. *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all
nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1. 2. *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to
thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general;
but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends;
he was ever too hard for him; I have heard

him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly,
to say the truth on't: before Corioli, he

scotched him and notched him like a car-
bonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given,
he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within,
as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at
upper end o'the table: no question asked
him by any of the senators, but they stand
bald before him: Our general himself makes

a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o'the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you sir,) show themselves, (as we term it,) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; muffled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Rome. A publick Place.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends

Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind.

Of late.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd, But with his friends: the common-wealth doth stand;

And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if

He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife

Hear nothing from him.

Enter Three or Four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good e'en to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours; we wish'd Coriolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time, Than when these fellows ran about the streets, Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent, O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,

Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne, Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,

If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome

Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,

There is a slave, whom we have put in prison, Reports,—the Volces with two several powers Are entered in the Roman territories; And with the deepest malice of the war Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius, Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment, Thrusts forth his horns again into the world: Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,

And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,

The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this:
Lest you should chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are
going
All to the senate house: some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his
raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst
Rome;

And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may
wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already,
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and
took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own
daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your
noses;—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement;
and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news?—

You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray,
your news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,—

Com. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron men; you that stood so
much

Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters!

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit: You have
made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and, who resist,
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can
blame him?

Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if
they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd
him even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, *Beseech you, cease*.—You have made
fair hands,

You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him;
but, like beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o'the city.

Com. But, I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;

And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip: as many cox-
combs,

As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth,
so did very many of us: That we did, we did
for the best: and though we willingly con-
sented to his banishment, yet it was against
our wills.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to
the Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else?

[*Exeunt COM. and MEN.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dis-
may'd;

These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go
home,

And show no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters,
let's home. I ever said, we were i'the wrong,
when we banish'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—Would, half my
wealth

Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter AUFIDIUS, and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in
him; but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore
meat,

Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proud-
lier

Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature

In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu.

Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou
sure,

When he shall come to his account, he knows
not

What I can urge against him. Although it
seems,

And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things
fairly,

And shows good husbandry for the Volcian
state;

Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard
mine,

Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll
carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits
down;

And the nobility of Rome are his:

The senators, and patricians, love him too:

The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people

Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty

To expel him thence. I think he'll be to
Rome,

As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it

By sovereignty of nature. First he was

A noble servant to them; but he could not

Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,

Which out of daily fortune ever taints

The happy man; whether defect of judgment,

To fail in the disposing of those chances

Which he was lord of; or whether nature,

Not to be other than one thing, not moving

From the casque to the cushion, but command-
ing peace

Even with the same austerity and garb

As he controll'd the war: but, one of these,

(As he hath spices of them all, not all,

For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,

So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,

To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues,

Lie in the interpretation of the time:

And power, unto itself most commendable,

Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair

To extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;

Rights by rights rouser, strengths by strengths

do fail.

Come, let's away. When Caius Rome is thine,

Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou

mine. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

*Rome. A public Place.**Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and Others.*

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him

In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o'that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbid all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i'the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why so: you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: He replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are
the grains:

You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse
your aid

In this so never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good
tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. I pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot,

With his unkindness? Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the
measure,
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pont upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyancers of our
blood

With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll
watch him

Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his
kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have
knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.]

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would
do,

He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:
So, that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's
hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

An advanced Post of the Volcian Camp before Rome. The Guard at their stations.

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1 *G.* Stay: Whence are you?

2 *G.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But,
by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 *G.* From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 *G.* You may not pass, you must return:
our general
Will no more hear from thence.

2 *G.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with
fire, before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 G. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your
name

Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have
read

His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that
verity

Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing: Therefore,
fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

1 G. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies
in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in
your own, you should not pass here: no,
though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live
chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name
is Menenius, always factionary on the party of
your general.

2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as
you say, you have,) I am one that, telling
true under him, must say, you cannot pass.
Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I
would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 G. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 G. Then you should hate Rome, as he
does. Can you, when you have pushed out
your gates the very defender of them, and, in
a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy
your shield, think to front his revenges with
the easy groans of old women, the virginal
palms of your daughters, or with the palsied
intercession of such a decayed dotant as you
seem to be? Can you think to blow out the
intended fire your city is ready to flame in,
with such weak breath as this? No, you are
deceived: therefore, back to Rome, and pre-
pare for your execution: you are condemned,
our general has sworn you out of reprieve and
pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were
here, he would use me with estimation.

2 G. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 G. My general cares not for you. Back,
I say,—go, lest I let forth your half pint of
blood:—back,—that's the utmost of your hav-
ing:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an
errand for you: you shall know now that I
am in estimation; you shall perceive that a

Jack gardant cannot office me from my son Co-
riolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with
him, if thou stand'st not i'the state of hanging,
or of some death more long in spectatorship,
and crueller in suffering; behold now pre-
sently, and swoon for what's to come upon
thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod
about thy particular prosperity, and love thee
no worse than thy old father Menenius does!
O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire
for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I
was hardly mov'd to come to thee; but being
assured, none but myself could move thee, I
have been blown out of your gates with sighs;
and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy
petitionary countrymen. The good gods as-
suage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon
this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath
denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My
affairs

Are servanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd
thee,

Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[*Gives a Letter.*

And would have sent it. Another word,
Menenius,

I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufi-
dus,

Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou be-
hold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFID.*

1 G. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 G. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power:
You know the way home again.

1 G. Do you hear how we are shent for
keeping your greatness back?

2 G. What cause do you think, I have to
swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor
your general: for such things as you, I can
scarce think there's any, you are so slight.
He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it
not from another. Let your general do his
worst. For you, be that you are, long; and
your misery increase with your age! I say to
you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

1 G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 G. The worthy fellow is our general: He
is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Tent of Coriolanus.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and Others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-
morrow

Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volcian lords, how
plainly

I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to
Rome,

Loved me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love, I have
(Though I show'd sourly to him,) once more
offer'd

The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded to: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, here-
after

Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

*Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOL-
LUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALE-
RIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd
mould

Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her
hand

The grand-child to her blood. But, out, af-
fection!

All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—

What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt,
and am not

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother
bows;

As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not*,—Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore
in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,

And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i'th' earth;
[*Kneels.*

Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd!

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and improperly
Show duty, as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*

Cor. What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curd'd by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st
prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i'th' wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and my-
self,

Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may
never

Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate

Again with Rome's mechanics:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us anything;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore
hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for
we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your
request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our
raiment,

And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither; since that thy sight,
which should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance
with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear
and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy
victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must
lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win: for either
thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade
thee
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread,
(Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's
womb,
That brought thee to this world.
Vir. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your
name
Living to time.
Boy. He shall not tread on me;
I'll run away, till I am bigger, but then I'll
fight.
Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*
Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might con-
demn us,
As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces
May say, *This mercy we have show'd*; the
Romans,
This we receiv'd; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*
For making up this peace! Thou know'st,
great son,
The end of war's uncertain: but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses:
Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was*
noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name re-
mains

To the ensuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to
me, son:

Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not
speak?

Think't thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak
you:

He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou,
boy:

Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in
the world

More bound to his mother; yet here he lets
me prate

Like one o'the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;

When she (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague
thee,

That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:

Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,

Than pity to our prayers. Down; an end:
This is the last;—So we will home to Rome,

And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,

But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength

Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volcian to his mother;

His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance:—Yet gives us our despatch;

I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother!
[*Holding VOLUMNIA by the Hands, silent.*

What have you done? Behold, the heavens
do ope,

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!

You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,

Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—

Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good

Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have
heard

A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?
Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing, to make

Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part

I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray
you,

Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy
and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune. [*Aside.*]

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*
Cor. Ay, by and by;

[*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Rome. A public Place.

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o'the Capitol:
yond' corner stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace
it with your little finger, there is some hope
the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may
prevail with him. But I say, there is no hope
in't; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon
execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can
alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub,
and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub.
This Marcius is grown from man to dragon;
he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more re-
members his mother now, than an eight year
old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe
grapes. When he walks, he moves like an
engine, and the ground shrinks before his
treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with
his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a
battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made
for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finish-
ed with his bidding. He wants nothing of a
god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark
what mercy his mother shall bring from him:
There is no more mercy in him, than there is
milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city
find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not
be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we
respected not them: and, he returning to break
our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to
your house;

The plebcians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news;—The ladies
have prevail'd,

The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt
of it?

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown-
tide,

As the recomforted through the gates. Why,
hark you;

[*Trumpets and Hautboys sounded, and
Drums beaten, all together. Shout-
ing also within.*]

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and lutes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you!

[*Shouting again.*]

Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well
to-day:

This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[*Shouting and Music.*]

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your ti-
dings: next

Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Going.*]

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators,
Patricians, and People. They pass over
the Stage.*

1 Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of
Rome:

Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers
before them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

All. Welcome, ladies!
Welcome!

[*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets.*
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Antium. A Public Place.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping

To purge himself with words: Despatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Enter Three or Four Conspirators of Aufidius' Faction.

Most welcome!

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain,
whilst

'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of
either

Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so
heighten'd,

He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him
way

In all his own desires: nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his design-
ments

In mine own person; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory,—

Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon
him.

At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and Trumpets sound, with
great Shouts of the People.*]

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like
a post,

And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,

VOL. III.

Whose children he hath slain, their base
throats tear,

With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage.

Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your
sword,

Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it,
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with Drums and Co-
lours; a Crowd of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have
brought home,

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: And we here de-
liver,

Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o'the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost
thou think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n
name

Coriolanus in Corioli?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o'the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart

Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart

Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—

Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,

Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion (Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that must bear

My beating to his grave;) shall join to thrust The lie unto him.

1 Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads, Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound! If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there, That like an eagle in a dovecote, I Flutter'd your voices in Corioli:

Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords, Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune, Which was your shame, by this unholy brag-gart,

'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for't.

[Several speak at once.

Cit. [Speaking promiscuously.] Tear him to pieces, do it presently. He killed my son;—my daughter;—He killed my cousin Marcus;—He killed my father.—

2 Lord. Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace. The man is noble, and his fame folds in This orb o'the earth. His last offence to us Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius, And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him, With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,

To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus,—

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;

Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours To call me to your senate, I'll deliver Myself your loyal servant, or endure Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body, And mourn you for him: let him be regarded As the most noble corse, that ever herald Did follow to his urn.

2 Lord. His own impatience Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame. Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone, And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up: Help, three o'the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—

Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully: Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one, Which to this hour bewail the injury, Yet he shall have a noble memory.—

Assist. [Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS. A dead March sounded.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Persons represented.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *triumvirs, after the*
 MARCUS ANTONIUS, } *death of Julius*
 M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } *Cæsar.*

CICERO, } *senators.*
 PUBLIUS, }
 POPILIUS LENA, }

MARCUS BRUTUS, } *conspirators against*
 CASSIUS, } *Julius Cæsar.*
 CASCA, }
 TREBONIUS, }
 LIGARIUS, }
 DECIUS BRUTUS, }
 METELLUS CIMBER, }
 CINNA, }

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS, *a sophist of Cnidos.*

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, *a poet. Another Poet.*

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *young Cato,*
 and VOLUMNIUS; *friends to Brutus*
 and Cassius.

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS; *servants to Brutus.*

PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius.*

CALPHURNIA, *wife to Cæsar.*

PORTIA, *wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE,—*during a great part of the Play, at Rome: afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippi.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a Rabble of Citizens.

Fla. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;

Is this a holiday? What! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk, Upon a labouring day, without the sign Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—You, sir; what trade are you?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But, what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 Cit. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience: which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave; thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What, mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow!

2 Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper

men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements, To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, Your infants in your arms, and there have sat The live-long day, with patient expectation, To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome: And when you saw his chariot but appear, Have you not made an universal shout, That Tyber trembled underneath her banks, To hear the replication of your sounds, Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way, That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? Be gone;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees, Pray to the gods to intermit the plague That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

See, wher their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Public Place.

Enter, in Procession, with Music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great Crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*]

Cæs.

Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*]

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.

[*Music ceases.*]

Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music.

Cry, Cæsar; Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs.

What man is that!

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What says't thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—
pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but BRU. and CAS.*]

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;

I'll leave you.

Cæs. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru.

Cassius,

Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look

I turn the trouble of my countenance

Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,

Of late, with passions of some difference,

Conceptions only proper to myself,

Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:

But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)

Nor construe any further my neglect,

Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,

Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cæs. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook
your passion,

By means whereof this breast of mine hath
buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cæs. 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,

That you have no such mirrors, as will turn

Your hidden worthiness into your eye,

That you might see your shadow. I have heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome,

(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,

And groaning underneath this age's yoke,

Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself

For that which is not in me?

Cæs. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to
hear:

And, since you know you cannot see yourself

So well as by reflection, I, your glass,

Will modestly discover to yourself

That of yourself which you yet know not of.

And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:

Were I a common laughèr, or did use

To stale with ordinary oaths my love

To every new protester; if you know

That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,

And after scandal them; or if you know

That I profess myself in banqueting

To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear,
the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him
well:—

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?* Upon the word,
Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.

The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of
Tyber

Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the
world,

Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Ro-
mans

Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on
Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the nar-
row world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that
Cæsar?

Why should that name be sounded more than
yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

[*Shout.*]

Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great
flood,

But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of
Rome,

That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.

O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have
brook'd

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jea-
lous;

What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from
Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is re-
turning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca, by the
sleeve,
And he will after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to day.

Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cas. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him
not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid:
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no
plays,

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA
stays behind.*]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would
you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd
to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you
not.

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath
chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him:
and being offer'd him, he put it by with the
back of his hand, thus; and then the people
fell a' shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice? What was the
last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by
thrice, every time gentler than other; and
at every putting by, mine honest neighbours
shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell the
manner of it: it was mere foolery. I did not
mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a
crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas
one of these coronets;—and, as I told you,
he put it by once; but, for all that, to my
thinking, he would fain have had it. Then
he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by
again: but, to my thinking, he was very
loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he
offer'd it the third time; he put it the third
time by: and still as he refused it, the rabble-

ment hooted, and clapped their chopped
hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps,
and uttered such a deal of stinking breath
because Cæsar refused the crown, that it
almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and
fell down at it: And for mine own part, I
durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips,
and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar
swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place,
and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-
sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
and honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that;
but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-
rag people did not clap him, and hiss him,
according as he pleased, and displeased them,
as they use to do the players in the theatre,
I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto
himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when
he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he
refused the crown, he plucked me ope his
doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—
An I had been a man of any occupation, if I
would not have taken him at a word, I would
I might go to hell among the rogues: and so
he fell. When he came to himself again, he
said, If he had done, or said any thing amiss,
he desired their worships to think it was his
infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I
stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave
him with all their hearts: But there's no heed
to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed
their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er
look you i' the face again: But those, that
understood him, smiled at one another, and
shook their heads; but, for mine own part,
it was Greek to me. I could tell you more
news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling
scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence.
Fare you well. There was more foolery yet,
if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind
hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewell, both. [*Exit CASCA.*]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to
be?

He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So he is now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will
leave you:

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you: or, if you will,
Come home with me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the
world. [*Exit BRUTUS.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; But he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein ob-
scurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanc'd at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from op-
posite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn,
and CICERO.*

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar
home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the
sway of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more won-
derful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him
well by sight,)

Held up his left hand, which did flame and
burn

Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,

Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me! And there were drawn

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they

saw

Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.

And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,

Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,

Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural;
For, I believe they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their
fashion,

Clear from the purpose of the things them-
selves.

Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-
morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this dis-
turbed sky

Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero.

[*Exit CICERO.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice,

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what
night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens me-
nace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so
full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night:

And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:

And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to
open

The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much
tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks
of life

That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,

And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:

But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,

Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men fools, and children calculate;

Why all these things change, from their or-
dinance,

Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,

That heaven hath infus'd them with these
spirits,

To make them instruments of fear and
warning,

Unto some monstrous state. Now could I,
Casca,

Name to thee a man most like this dreadful
night;

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and
roars

As doth the lion in the Capitol:

A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not,
Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are
dead,

And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-
morrow

Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:

And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger
then;

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most
strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:

So every bondmen in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant
then?

Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is
Rome,

What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate

So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief!

Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak
this

Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a
man,

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factions for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element,
Is favour'd, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes
one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait!
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus
Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night
is this?

There's two or three of us have seen strange
sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,
You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take
this paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall
find us.

Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[Exit CINNA.]

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's
hearts:

And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great
need of him,

You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The same. BRUTUS'S Orchard.*Enter* BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: What,
Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my
part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the
question,

It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
That;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: And, to speak truth of
Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the
quarrel

Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow
mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me
word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.
[*Opens the Letter, and reads.*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy-
self.*

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, —

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up:

Shall Rome, &c. Thus, must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe?

What! Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated then
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee

promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knock within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; some-
body knocks. [*Exit* LUCIUS.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

The genius, and the mortal instruments,

Are then in council; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the
door,

Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir; there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about
their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,

That by no means I may discover them

By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.

They are the faction, O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by
night,

When evils are most free! O, then, by day,

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,
conspiracy;

Hide in it smiles and affability:

For if thou path thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA,
METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest;
Good morrow, Brutus: Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all
night.

Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,

But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night.

Cas. Shall I entreat a word?

[*They whisper.*]
Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day
break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey
lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both
deceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward
the north,

He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by
one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of
men,

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny rage on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, add to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, coun-
trymen,

What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?

Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our perform-
ance,

Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound
him?

I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit ap-
pear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break
with him;

For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only
Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not
meet,

Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improves them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody,
Caius Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him:
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of
him:

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not
die;

For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
 Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no :
 For he is superstitious grown of late ;
 Quite from the main opinion he held once
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :
 It may be, these apparent prodigies,
 The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
 And the persuasion of his augurers,
 May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : If he be so resolv'd,
 I can o'ersway him : for he loves to hear,
 That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
 Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
 But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
 He says, he does ; being then most flattered.
 Let me work :
 For I can give his humour the true bent ;
 And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour : Is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
 Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;
 I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him :
 He loves me well, and I have given him
 reasons ;
 Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us : We'll
 leave you, Brutus :—
 And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all re-
 member
 What you have said, and shew yourselves
 true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and mer-
 rily :
 Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
 But bear it as our Roman actors do,
 With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy :
 And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*]

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
 Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
 Thou hast no figure, nor no fantasies,
 Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
 Therefore, thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore
 rise you now ?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
 Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have
 ungently, Brutus,
 Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at
 supper,

You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
 Musing, and sighing, with your arms across :
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :
 I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your
 head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;
 But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
 Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
 Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and,
 withal,

Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
 And, could it work so much upon your shape,
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my
 lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in
 health,

He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do :—Good Portia, go to
 bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical
 To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
 Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick ;
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night ?
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
 To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of : And, upon my knees,
 I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
 Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
 Have had resort to you : for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle
 Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
 Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you ? Am I yourself,
 But, as it were, in sort, or limitation ;
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
 And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in
 the suburbs

Of your good pleasure ? If it be no more,
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife ;
 As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know
 this secret.

I grant, I am a woman ; but, withal,
 A woman that lord Brutus took to wife :
 I grant, I am a woman ; but withal,
 A woman well-reputed ; Cato's daughter.
 Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so father'd, and so husbanded ?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them ;
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound
 Here, in the thigh : Can I bear that with pa-
 tience,

And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[Knocking within.]
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a
while;

And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste. [Exit PORTIA.]

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak
with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake
of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow, from a feeble
tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you close out,
brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief? Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Li-
garinus,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow be-
fore,

I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick
men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must
make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my
Caius,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,

To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in Cæsar's Palace.

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR,
in his Night-gown.*

Cas. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at
peace to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho! they murder Cæsar! Who's

within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cas. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [Exit.]

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you
to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cas. Cæsar shall forth: The things that
threaten'd me,

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they
shall see

The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and
seen,

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;

And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up
their dead:

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:

The noise of battle hurried in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;

And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the
streets,

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cas. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?

Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no co-
mets seen;

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death
of princes.

Cas. Cowards die many times before their
deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,

It seems to me most strange that men should
fear;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth
to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cas. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,

If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,

That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,

And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.

Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:

Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well ;
And for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar ;

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day :
Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser :
I will not come to-day : Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie ?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth ?

Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come ;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these doth she apply for warnings, portents,
And evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate :

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood : and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say :

And know it now : The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.

If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
*Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid ?

Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now,
Calphurnia ?

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—

Give me my robe, for I will go :—

Enter PUBLIVS, BRVTVS, LIGARIVS, METELLVS, CASCA, TREBONIVS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too ?—
Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock ?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See ! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up : —
Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within :—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna :—Now, Metellus.—What, Trebonius !

I have an hour's talk in store for you ;
Remember that you call on me to-day :
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will :—and so near will I be,
[*Aside.*
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me ;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORVS, reading a Paper.

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ; come not near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust not Trebonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber ; Decius Brutus loves thee not ; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you : Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee ! Thy lover, Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live ;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of BRVTVS.

Enter PORTIA and LVCIVS.

Por. I pry'thee, boy, run to the senate-house ;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :
Why dost thou stay ?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—

O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: And take good note,

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, knowest thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will croud a feeble man almost to death:

I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus!

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,

That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say, I am merry: come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIVS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish, your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[*Advances to CÆSAR.*

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and the Senators take their seats.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd : press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? what is now amiss, That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:— [Kneeling.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,

Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banish'd;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery,
Cæsar;

Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true fix'd, and resting quality,

There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,

They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:

So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehen-

sive;

Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of motion; and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;

That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[CASCA STABS CÆSAR IN THE NECK. CÆSAR
catches hold of his Arm. He is then

stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?*—Then, fall, Cæsar.

[Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,

Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend
of Cæsar's

Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing;—Publius, good cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the
people,

Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this
deed,

But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and
run,

As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,

And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of
life,

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans,

stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:

Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,

Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash. How many
ages hence,

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed
in sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:

Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of
Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me
kneel;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd
him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well
to friend.

Cas. I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome,
Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee
well.—

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death hour! nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords,
made rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech you, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,)

Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your
part,

To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Antony:

Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reve-
rence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any
man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you:—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—Now yours,
Metellus;

Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good
Trebonias.

Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me.
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:—

If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd,
brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters
stand,

Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie?

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius;
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was,
indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on
Cæsar.

Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,

You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:

And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do; Do not consent,
[*Aside.*

That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage, more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's
body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*

Ant. O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding
earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue!—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havoc*, and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to
Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is
coming:

And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—

O Cæsar!— [Seeing the Body.

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and
weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues
of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him
what hath chanc'd:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt, with CÆSAR'S Body.*

SCENE II. *The same. The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a Throng
of Citizens.*

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me au-
dience, friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay
here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare
their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citi-
zens. BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.*

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me
for my cause; and be silent that you may
hear: believe me for mine honour; and have
respect to mine honour, that you may believe:
censure me in your wisdom; and awake your
senses that you may the better judge. If
there be any in this assembly, any dear friend
of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to
Cæsar was no less than his. If then that
friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæ-
sar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæ-
sar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had
you rather Cæsar were living, and die all
slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all
free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for
him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as
he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was
ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his
love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his va-
lour; and death for his ambition. Who is
here so base, that would be a bondman? If

any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

[Several speaking at once.]

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, that you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy: nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and Others, with CÆSAR'S Body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen.—

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with Antony: Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair; We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus's sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus sake, He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain: We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil, that men do, lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all; all honourable men;)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious,

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world: now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar, I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's

wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will; Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?

I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the Pulpit.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look; in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;

See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it:
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell,
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged: revenge:
about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let
not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him,
we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me
not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and ho-
nourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full

well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor
dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspira-
tors.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear
me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble
Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know
not what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not:—I must tell you then:—

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true;—the will;—let's stay, and
hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's
seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge
his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tyber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never:—Come, away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any
thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the Body.*]

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art
afoot.

Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now,
fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he.

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's
house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit
him:

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of
Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the
people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The same. A room in ANTONY'S House.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated
at a Table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names
are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; Consent
you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I
damn him.

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

Enter CINNA, the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast
with Cæsar,

And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I go-
ing? Where do I dwell? Am I a married
man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every
man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly,
Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are
fools that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for
that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him
for his bad verses.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna;
pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn
him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands,
ho! fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn
all. Some to Decius' house, and some to
Casca's; some to Ligarius': away; go.

[*Exeunt.*]

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at
The Capitol. [*Exit LEPIDUS.*]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;

And took his voice who should be prick'd to
die,

In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than
you:

And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold.
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that,

I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:

A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations;
Which out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius,
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:

Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;

And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Before BRUTUS' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers; TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand here.

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a Letter to BRUTUS.]

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master,
Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius:
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect
enough;

But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. *[March within.]*

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done
me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine
enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
wrongs;

And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you
well:—

Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from
us,

Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our con-
ference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Within the tent of BRUTUS.

*LUCIUS and TITINIUS at some distance
from it.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth ap-
pear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such
a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his com-
ment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this cor-
ruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March
remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget my-
self;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no
further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure
all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your
proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I
budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day
forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own
part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong
me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus
have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have
tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my
love,

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry
for.

There is no terror Cassius in your threats:
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied
me;—

For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to
wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile
trash,

By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like
Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not; he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath
riv'd my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such
faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they
do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavins,
come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:

Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother:
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,

Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'd'st
him better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth
him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd
too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me
your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear
with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother
gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you
so. [Noise within.]

Poet. [Within.] Let me go in to see the
generals;

There is some grudge between them, 'tis not
meet

They be alone.

Luc. [Within.] You shall not come to
them.

Poet. [Within.] Nothing but death shall
stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; What do
you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should
be;

For I have seen more years, I am sure than
ye.

Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynick
rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow,
hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows
his time:

What should the wars do with these jigging
fools?

Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone.
[Exit Poet.]

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the com-
manders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Mes-
sala with you

Immediately to us.

[Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been
so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia
is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd
you so?—

O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark
Antony

Have made themselves so strong;—for with
her death

That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a
bowl of wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble
pledge:—

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[Drinks.]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good
Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No, more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,

Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same
tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of out-
lawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of
her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell: For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:

With meditating that she must die once, I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you, But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us: So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers, Doing himself offence; whilst we lying still, Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground, Do stand but in a forc'd affection; For they have grudg'd us contribution: The enemy, marching along by them, By them shall make a fuller number up, Come on refresh'd, new added and encourag'd; From which advantage shall we cut him off, If at Philippi we do face him there, These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,

That we have try'd the utmost of our friends, Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe: The enemy increaseth every day, We, at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; Omitted, all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat; And we must take the current when it serves, Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on; We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk, And nature must obey necessity; Which we will niggard with a little rest. There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night. Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*]

Farewell, good Messala;—

Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Cassius, Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother! This was an ill beginning of the night:

Never come such division 'tween our souls! Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt CAS. TIT. and MES.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the Gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily? Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men; I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me. Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so; I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Servants lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile, And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you

Bru. It does, my boy: I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;

I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept my lord already.

Bru. It is well done; and thou shalt sleep again;

I will not hold thee long: if I do live, I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*]

This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber! Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy, That plays the music?—Gentle knave, good night!

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee. If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument; I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night. Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd down,

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to
stare?

Speak to me, what thou art?

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well;
Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou
so cry'dst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see
any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Claud. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your
sleep?

Var. Claud. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Claud. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother
Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Claud. It shall be done, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery; thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have cou-
rage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:

The enemy comes on in gallant show,
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be down immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the
left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.
[*March.*]

*Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their
Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA,
and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and
talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of
battle?

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Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their
charge.

Make forth, the generals would have some
words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, country-
men?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give
good words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown!
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your
vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd
like hounds.

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank your-
self:

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing
make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;

I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou can'st not die by traitors,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honour-
able.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such
honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their
Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow;
and swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho!

Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness, that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us;

This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most faithful, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,

But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble
Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.

Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!

If we do meet again, why we shall smile;

If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed:

If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, lead on.—O, that a man
might know

The end of this day's business, ere it come!

But it sufficeth, that the day will end,

And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. The Field of Battle.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give
these bills

Unto the legions on the other side:

[*Loud Alarum.*]

Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too
early:

Who having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look,
Titinius;

Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in
him,

Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.
[Exit.]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[Exit PINDARUS.]

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there I shall end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [above.] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is

Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on.—
Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!—
Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—he's
ta'en—and, hark! [Shout.]
They shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward, that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner:
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep
thine oath!
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this
bosom.

Stand not to answer: Here take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art re-
veng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.]

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have
been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.
[Exit.]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the
ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds
are done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this
deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon con-
ceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus; Where art thou, Pin-
darus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[Exit MESSALA.]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give 't thee? Didst thou not hear
their shouts?

Aias, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
[Dies.]

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS,
young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and
LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his
body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [Low Alarums.]

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as
these?—

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe
more tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and Others.

Bru. Yet countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend:

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho.

[Charges the Enemy.]

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I; Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

[Exit, charging the Enemy, CATO is overpowered, and falls.]

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down? Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius; And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.

1 Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die; There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight:

[Offering Money.]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 Sold. We must not—A noble prisoner!

2 Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 Sold. I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus, is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough; I dare assure thee, that no enemy Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus: The gods defend him from so great a shame! When you do find him, or alive, or dead, He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you, A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe, Give him all kindness: I had rather have Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on, And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead: And bring us word unto Octavius' tent. How every thing is chanc'd. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord, He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[Whispering.]

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace, then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius!

[Whispers him.]

Dar. I do such a deed?

Cli. O, Dardanius!

Dar. O, Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief, That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why this, Volumnius: The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me Two several times by night: at Sardis, once; And, this last night, here in Philippi's fields. I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius. Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit: It is more worthy to leap in ourselves, Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius, Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;

Even for that our love of old, I pray thee, Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord. *[Alarum still.]*

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep; Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen, My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life, I found no man, but he was true to me. I shall have glory by this losing day, More than Octavius, and Mark Antony, By this vile conquest shall attain unto. So, fare you well, at once; for Brutus' tongue Hath almost ended his life's history: Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly.]

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.

[Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.]

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect; Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it; Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face, While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. *[He runs on his sword, and dies.]*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

Oct. According to his virtue, let us use him,
With all respect and rights of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—

So, call the field to rest: and let's away,

To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Persons represented.

M. ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,
SEXTUS POMPEIUS,
DOMITIUS ENOBARRUS,

} *triumvirs.*

VENTIDIUS,
EROS,
SCAROS,
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO,

} *friends of
Antony.*

MECÆNAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS,
THYREUS,
GALLUS,

} *friends to Cæsar.*

MENAS,
MENECRATES, } *friends of Pompey.*

VARRIUS,
TAURUS, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar.*
CANIDIUS, *lieutenant-general to Antony.*
SILIUS, *an Officer in Ventidius's army.*
EUPHRONIUS, *an Ambassador from An-*
tony to Cæsar.

ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIO-
MEDES; *attendants on Cleopatra.*

A Soothsayer. A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, *queen of Egypt.*

OCTAVIA, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to An-*
tony.

CHARMIAN, } *Attendants on Cleopatra.*
IRAS,

*Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other
Attendants.*

SCENE, *dispersed; in several parts of the Roman empire.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Philo. Nay, but this dotage of our general's,
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war,
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend,
now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they
come!

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA,
with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love, indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can
be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be lov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new
heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:—The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or
this;*

*Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.*

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, An-
tony.—

Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would
say?—Both?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays
shame,

When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The mes-
sengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide
arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,

[*Embracing.*

And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent Falsehood

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony

Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference
harsh :

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now : What sport to-
night ?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger ; but thine and all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets,
and note

The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;
Last night you did desire it :—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEOP. with their Train.*]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so
slight ?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I'm full sorry,
That he approves the common liar who
Thus speaks of him at Rome : But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room.

*Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a
Soothsayer.*

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most
any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas,
where's the soothsayer that you praised so to
the queen ? O that I knew this husband,
which, you say, must change his horns with
garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will.

Char. Is this the man ?—Is't you, sir, that
know things ?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly ; wine
enough,

Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you
are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Irás. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid !

Alex. Vex not his prescience ; be attentive.

Char. Hush !

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than
beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with
drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune !
Let me be married to three kings in a fore-
noon, and widow them all : let me have a
child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may
do homage : find me to marry me with Octavius
Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom
you serve.

Char. O excellent ! I love long life better
than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer
former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have
no names : Pr'ythee, how many boys and
wenches must I have ?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool ; I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are
privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-
night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Irás. There's a palm presages chastity, if
nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus pre-
sageth famine.

Irás. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot
soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful
prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—
Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Irás. But how, but how ? give me particu-
lars.

Sooth. I have said.

Irás. Am I not an inch of fortune better
than she ?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of for-
tune better than I, where would you choose
it ?

Irás. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend !
Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O,
let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet
Isis, I beseech thee ! And let her die too, and
give him a worse ! and let worse follow worse,
till the worst of all follow him laughing to his
grave, fifty-fold a cuckold ! Good Isis, hear
me this prayer, though you deny me a matter
of more weight ; good Isis, I beseech thee !

Irás. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that
prayer of the people ! for, as it is a heart-
breaking to see a handsome man loose wived,
so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave
uncuckolded ; Therefore, dear Isis, keep de-
corum, and fortune him accordingly !

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now ! if it lay in their hands to
make me a cuckold, they would make them-
selves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush ! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him.—*Enobarbus*,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, madam, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants.*]

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy, Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, What Worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward. —On:

Things, that are past, are done with me.— 'Tis thus;

Who tells me true though in his tale lie death, I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus (This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force, Extended Asia from Euphrates; His conquering banner shook, from Syria To Lydia, and to Ionia;

Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou would'st say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome: Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase: and taunt my faults

With such full license, as both truth and malice Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,

When our quick winds lie still: and our ills told us,

Is as our earring. Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*]

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear,—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia, thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 *Mess.* In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[*Gives a letter.*]

Ant. Forbear me.—

[*Exit Messenger.*]

There's a great spirit gone: Thus did I desire it: What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure, By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone; The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd

her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off; Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch.—How now! *Enobarbus*!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them: if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work: which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no

more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers

Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her love to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many of our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son: who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o'the world may danger: Much is
breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him:
what he does:—

I did not send you;—If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing: if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[Exit ALEX.]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love
him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross
him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to
lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish,
forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my
purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I
shall fall;

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's
some good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go;
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be
mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous
madness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for
your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued
staying,

Then was the time for words: No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliss in our brow's bent; none our parts so
poor,

But was a race of heaven: They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar!

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou should'st
know,
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pom-
peius

Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown
to strength,

Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd
Pompey,

Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should save
my going,

Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give
me freedom;
It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best:
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love:
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to
know

The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: Now, by the fire,
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which
stands

An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt: Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is
meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee,
Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurell'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Rome. An Apartment in Cæsar's House.

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and
Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and hence-
forth know,

It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor: From Alexandria
This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more man-
like

Than Cleopatra: nor the queen Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audi-
ence, or

Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You
shall find there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant it
is not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this be-
comes him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must
Antony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't: but, to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as
loud

As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in know-
ledge,

Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done: and
every hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd until he were:
And the ebb'd man ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth
love,

Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common
body,

Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,

Make the sea serve them ; which they ear and wound

With keels of every kind : Many hot inroads
They make in Italy ; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth
revolt :

No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen ; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassals. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow ; whom thou fought'st a-
gainst,

Though daintily brought up, with patience
more

Than savages could suffer : Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at : thy palate
then did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture
sheets,

The barks of trees thou browsed'st ; on the
Alps

It is reported, thou did'st eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on : And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now,)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome : 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field ; and, to that
end,

Assemble we immediate council : Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord : What you shall
know mean time

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir ;
I knew it for my bond. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha !
Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam ?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap
of time,
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him
Too much.

Cleo. O treason !

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, Eunuch ! Mardian !

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure ?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing ; I take
no pleasure

In aught an eunuch has : 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou af-
fections ?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed.

Mar. Not in deed, madam ; for I can do
nothing

But what in deed is honest to be done :
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now ? Stands he, or
sits he ?

Or does he walk ? or is he on his horse ?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony !
Do bravely, horse ! for wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st ?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old
Nile ?*

For so he calls me : Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison :—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time ? Broad fronted
Cæsar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch : and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my
brow ;

There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail !

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark An-
tony ?

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine
hath

With his tinct gilded thee.—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony ?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl ;—His speech sticks in my
heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster ; at whose foot
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms ; All the
east,

Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he
nodded,

And soberly did mount a termagant steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have
spoke

Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry ?

Alex. Like to the time o'the year between the extremes

Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him, Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:

He was not sad; for he would shine on those That make their looks by his: he was not merry;

Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay

In Egypt with his joy: but between both; O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad or merry, The violence of either thee becomes;

So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:

Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day When I forget to send to Antony,

Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—

Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian, Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis! Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth, If thou with Cæsar paragon again My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon, I sing but after you.

Cleo. My sallad days; When I was green in judgment:—Cold in blood,

To say, as I said then!—But, come, away: Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Messina. A Room in POMPEY'S House.

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey, That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves, Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers

Deny us for our good; so find we profit, By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well: The people love me, and the sea is mine; My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money, where

He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both, Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves, Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus, Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together,

Looking for Antony: But all charms of love Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts, Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,

Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite; That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,

Even till a Lethe'd dulness.—How now, Varius?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver: Mark Antony is every hour in Rome Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis A space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter A better ear.—Menas, I did not think, This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm

For such a petty war: his soldiership Is twice the other twain: But let us rear The higher our opinion, that our stirring Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope, Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together: His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar; His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think, Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas, How lesser enmities may give way to greater. Were't not that we stand up against them all, 'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;

For they have entertained cause enough To draw their swords: but how the fear of us May cement their divisions, and bind up The petty difference, we yet not know.

Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands. Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rome. A Room in the House of LEPIDUS.

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your
captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must
give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and
let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble part-
ners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest
terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir!

Cæs. Nay,
Then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are
not so;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I
should

Once name you derogately, when to sound
your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,

What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at
Rome

Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine
intent,

By what did here befall me. Your wife and
brother,

Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my
brother never

Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not
rather

Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a
quarrel,

As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he
fought,

Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which 'fronted mine own peace. As for my
wife,

I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o'the world is yours; which with a
snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had all such wives, that
the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdnes of policy too,) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself: which was as much,
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,

Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I re-
quir'd them;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound
me up

From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I
may,

I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my
power

Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no
further

The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoke, Mæcenas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love
for the instant, you may, when you hear no
more words of Pompey, return it again: you
shall have time to wrangle in, when you have
nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had al-
most forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore
speak no more.

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge
to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this
marriage,

All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their
dangers,

Would then be nothing: truths would be but
tales,

Where now half tales be truths: her love to
both,

Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and
never

Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword
'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. And where lies he?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
By land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
'Would we had spoke together? Haste we
for it:

Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* CÆSAR, ANTONY,
and LEPIDUS.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Me-
cænas!—my honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that mat-
ters are so well digested. You staid well
by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of
countenance, and made the night light with
drinking,

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars
were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own
person,

It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did
seem

To glow the delicate cheeks which they did
cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tender'd her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming Mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft
hands,

That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard
speak,

Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and
panted,

That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not;
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: Other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes
hungry

Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy
priests

Bless her, when she's riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Willst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in CÆSAR'S House.
*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between
them; Attendants and a Soothsayer.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will
sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night,
dear lady.—

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in
Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence,
nor you

Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see't in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hie you again to Egypt.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or
mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps
thee, is

Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; there-
fore

Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but
when to thee?

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural
luck,

He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre
thickens,

When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:
[*Exit Soothsayer.*

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, in hoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ven-
tidius,
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray
you, hasten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's
dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall
As I conceive the journey, be at mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Agr. Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRIS, and
ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Give me some music: music, moody
food

Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards:
Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mar-
dian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch
play'd,
As with a woman;—Come, you'll play with
me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though
it come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—

Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river:
there,

My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall
pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Phillipan. O! from Italy;

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead?

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he's well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah,
mark; We use

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with
snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou
speak'st:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than
ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence; fye upon *but yet*:
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He's friend with
Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st,
free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:

He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee! *[Strikes him down.]*

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence, *[Strikes him again.]*

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;

[She hales him up and down.]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,

Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam, I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,

And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst

Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage; And I will boot thee with what gift beside

Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[Draws a Dagger.]

Mess. Nay, then I'll run:—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. *[Exit.]*

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;

The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents' scape not the thunder-bolt.—

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures

Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;

Though I am mad I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike A meaner than myself; since I myself

Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good

To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message

An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell

Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,

If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst; So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made A cistern for scald snakes! Go, get thee hence; Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me

Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:

To punish me for what you make me do, Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,

That art not!—What? thou'rt sure of't?—Get thee hence:

The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome,

Are all too dear for me; Lie they upon thy hand,

And be undone by 'em! *[Exit Messenger.]*

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence,

I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter;—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.— *[Exit ALEXAS.]*

Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

T'other way he's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas

[To MARDIAN.]

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me,

Charmian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my

chamber. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI. Near Misenum.

Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one side, with Drum and Trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;

And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,

That first we come to words; and therefore have we

Our written purposes before us sent;

Which, if thou hast consider'd let us know

If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;

And carry back to Sicily much tall youth

That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,

The senators alone of this great world,

Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,

Wherefore my father should revengers want,

Having a son and friends: since Julius Cæsar,

Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,

There saw you labouring for him. What was it,

That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what

Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,

With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy: at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou can'st not fear us, Pompey, with
thy sails,
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou
know'st

How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present,) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and
thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are
agreed:

I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part;
and let us
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first,
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius
Cæsar

Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—He did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now;—How far'st thou,
soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand:
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LE-
PIDUS, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er
have made this treaty.—[*Aside.*—You and I
have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise
me: though it cannot be denied what I have
done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your
own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. Put
give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had
authority, here they might take two thieves
kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er
their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has
a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned
to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh
away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep it back
again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not
for Mark Antony here? Pray you, is he
married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

On board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.

Music. Enter Two or Three Servants, with a Banquet

1 Serv. Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A Sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MENCÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir: [To CÆSAR.] They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know, By the height, the lowness, or the mean, i' dearth,

Or foizon, follow: The higher Nilus swells, The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [Aside.]

Pom. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, [Aside.]

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [To MENAS aside.] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,

Rise from thy stool. [Aside.]

Pom. I think thou'rt mad. The matter? [Rises and walks aside.]

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, and, Although thou think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove :
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt have 't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,

Are in thy vessel : Let me cut the cable :
And, when we are p t off, fall to their throats :
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoke on't ! In me, 'tis villany :
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour ;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act : Being done unknown,

I should have found it afterwards well done ;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this, *[Aside.*
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more,—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,

Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[Pointing to the Attendant who carries off LEPIDUS.

Men. Why ?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man ; See'st not ?

Men. The third part then is drunk : 'Would it were all,

That it might go on wheels !

Eno. Drink thou ; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho !

Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o'the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer : but I had rather fast

From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor ! *[To ANTONY.*

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink ?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands ;
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense

In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud music ;—
The while, I'll place you : Then the boy shall sing ;

The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[Music plays. ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand.

SONG.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne :
In thy vats our cares be drown'd ;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd ;
Cup us, till the world go round ;
Cup us, till the world go round !*

Cæs. What would you more ?—Pompey, good night. Good brother,

Let me request you off : our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part ;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks : strong Enobarbe

Is weaker than the wine ; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks : the wild disguise hath almost

Antick'd us all. What needs more words ?
Good night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you o'the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir : give's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony,

You have my father's house,—But what ? we are friends :

Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—

[Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, and Attendants.

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums !—these trumpets, flutes ! what !—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows : Sound, and be hang'd,
sound out.

[A flourish of Trumpets, with Drums.

Eno. Ho, says 'a !—There's my cap.

Men. Ho !—noble captain !

Come. *[Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, as after Conquest, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers and Soldiers ; the dead Body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck ;
and now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body

Before our army :—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,

Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is
warm,

The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through
Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this,
Silius;

Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when him we serve's away.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his
favour.

Who does it the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius,
That without which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to
Antony!

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o'the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither
with what haste
The weight we must convey with us will
permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there;
pass along. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Rome. An Ante-Chamber in Cæsar's House.

Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey,
he is gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green-sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar.

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark
Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the non-
pareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæ-
sar;—go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with ex-
cellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he
loves Antony:

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards,
poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho,
his love

To Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their
beetle. So,— [Trumpets.]

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and
farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and
OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest
band

Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep
you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your
ends!

We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee
well;

The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be
cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house;
and—

Cæs. What,
Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor
can

Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down
feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [Aside to AGRIPPA.]

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he
a horse;

So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with
a rheum;

What willingly he did confound, he wail'd;
Believe it, till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses OCTAVIA.*]

Ant. Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.—Come
thou near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-
tongu'd, or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-
voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good:—he cannot like
her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue,
and dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;
Her motion and her station are as one:

She shows a body rather than a life;

A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceiv't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think, she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long,
or round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too,
They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what
colour?

Mess. Brown, madam: And her forehead is
as low

As she would wish it.

Cleo. There is gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That I so harry'd him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. O, nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and
should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long?

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet,
good Charmian:—

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Athens. A Room in Antony's House.

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey: made his will, and
read it

To public ear:
Spoke scanty of me: when perforce he could
not

But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent
me:

When the best hint was given him, he not took't
Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. O my good lord,
Believe not all: or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
And the good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, O, bless my lord and hus-
band!

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which
seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you re-
quested,
Yourself shall go between us; The mean time,
lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother; Make your soonest
haste;
So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most
weak,
Your reconciler! Wars'twixt you twain would
be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this
begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your
going;
Choose your own company, and command
what cost
Your heart has mind to. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars
upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old; What is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the
wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him
rivalry! would not let him partake in the glory
of the action: and not resting here, accuses
him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pom-
pey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: So the
poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps,
no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's An-
tony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus;
and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, *Fool,*
Lepidus!

And threatens the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigged.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domi-
tius;

My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:

But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Rome. A Room in Cæsar's House.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this:
And more;

In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they
exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now re-
ceiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answered.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger
gone.

I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change; for what I have
conquer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most
dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That, ever I should call thee, cast-away!

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have
you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus?

You come not

Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation
fainted,

Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are
come

A market maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostent of our love, which, left unshown
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea, and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My griev'd ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his
empire

Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o'the earth for war: He hath assem-
bled

Bocchus, the king of Lybia; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas:
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia, with a
More larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrongled,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make the ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,

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That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray
you,

Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Antony's Camp, near the Promontory of
Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these
wars;

And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not? Denounce against us, why
should not we

Be there in person?

Eno. [aside.] Well, I could reply:—

If we should serve with horse and mares toge-
ther,

The horse were merely lost; the mares would
bear

A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle An-
tony;

Take from his heart, take from his brain, from
his time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i'the
war,

And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done:

Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne?—You have heard on't,
sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of
men,

To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single
fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these
offers,

R

Which serve not for his 'vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress! in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey
fought:

Their ships are yare; yours, heavy. No disgrace

Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw
away

The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head
of Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is de-
scribed;

Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impos-
sible;

Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to
our ship;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the
Egyptians,

And the Phœnicians, go a ducking: we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and
ENOBARBUS.

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i'the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action
grows

Not in the power on't: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land

The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:

But we keep whole by land. This speed of
Cæsar's

Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distraction, as

Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls for Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour;
and throes forth,

Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. A Plain near Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and
Others.

Cæs. Taurus,—

Taur. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon' side
o'the hill,

In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land
army one way over the stage; and TAU-
RUS, the Lieutenant of Cæsar, the other
way. After their going in, is heard the
noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can
behold no longer:

The Antoniad, the Egyptian Admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cattle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon' ribbald-rid nag of
Egypt,

Whom leprosy o'ertake! i'the midst o'the
fight,—

When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The brize upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld: mine eyes
Did sicken at the sight on't, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mal-
lard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:

I never saw an action of such shame ;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack !

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts ? Why then,
good night
Indeed. [*Aside.*

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't ; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse ; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my
reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more
upon't,
It is 'asham'd to bear me !—Friends, come hi-
ther.

I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever :—I have a ship
Laden with gold ; take that, divide it ; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly ! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself ; and have in-
structed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends,
be gone ;

I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you : be gone :
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon :

My very hairs do mutiny ; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, begone ; you
shall

Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not
sad,

Nor make replies of loathness : take the hint
Which my despair proclaims ; let that be left
Which leaves itself : to the sea side straight-
way :

I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little : 'pray you now :—
Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore, I pray you :—I'll see you by and
by. [*Sits down.*

*Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by
CHARMIAN and IRAS.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him :—Com-
fort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do ! why, what else ?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno !

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir ?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye.

Char. Madam,—

Iras. Madam ; O good empress !—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes ;—He, at Philippi,
kept

His sword even like a dancer : while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius : and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended : he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war : Yet now—No
matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him ;
He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me :—O !

Eros. Most noble sir, arise ; the queen ap-
proaches ;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her ;
but

Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation ;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt ?
See,

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord !
Forgive my fearful sails ! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after : O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st ; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness ; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I
pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror ; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say ; one of them
rates

All that is won and lost : Give me a kiss ;
Even this repays me.—We sent our school-
master,

Is he come back ?—Love, I am full of lead :—
Some wine, within there, and our viands :—
Fortune knows,

We scorn her most, when most she offers
blows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

*Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.**Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and Others.**Cæs.* Let him appear that's come from Antony.—

Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster: An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither He sends so poor a pinion of his wing, Which had superfluous kings for messengers, Not many moons gone by.*Enter EUPHRONIUS.**Cæs.* Approach, and speak.*Eup.* Such as I am, I come from Antony: I was of late as petty to his ends, As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf To his grand sea.*Cæs.* Be it so; Declare thine office.*Eup.* Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted, He lessens his requests; and to thee sues To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,

A private man in Athens: This for him. Next Cleopatra does confess thy greatness; Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs, Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony, I have no ears to his request. The queen Of audience, nor desire, shall fail: so she From Egypt drive her all-disgrac'd friend, Or take his life there: This if she perform, She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.*Eup.* Fortune pursue thee!*Cæs.* Bring him through the bands.*[Exit EUPHRONIUS.]*

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch; From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,

[To THYREUS.]

And in our name, what she requires; add more, From thine invention, offers; women are not, In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure

The ne'er-touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning, Thyreus;

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.*Cæs.* Observe how Antony becomes his flaw; And what thou think'st his very action speaks In every power that moves.*Thyr.* Cæsar, I shall. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE XI.

*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.**Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.**Cleo.* What shall we do, Enobarbus?*Eno.* Think, and die.*Cleo.* Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?*Eno.* Antony only, that would make his will Lord of his reason. What although you fled

From that great face of war, whose several ranges

Frighted each other? why should he follow? The itch of his affection should not then Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point, When half to half the world oppos'd, he being The mered question: 'Twas a shame no less Than was his loss, to course your flying flags, And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.*Enter ANTONY with EUPHRONIUS.**Ant.* Is this his answer?*Eup.* Ay, my lord.*Ant.* The queen Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield Us up.*Eup.* He says so.*Ant.* Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head, And he will fill thy wishes to the brim With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?*Ant.* To him again; Tell him he wears the rose

Of youth upon him; from which the world should note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail

Under the service of a child, as soon As i'the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore

To lay his gay comparisons apart, And answer me declin'd, sword against sword, Ourselves alone: I'll write it: follow me.

*[Exeunt ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.]**Eno.* Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will

Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,

Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward To draw the inward quality after them, To suffer all alike. That he should dream, Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd

His judgment too.

*Enter an Attendant.**Att.* A messenger from Cæsar.*Cleo.* What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,

That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.*[Aside.]*

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make Our faith mere folly:—Yet, he, that can endure To follow with allegiance a fallen lord, Does conquer him that did his master conquer, And earns a place i'the story.

*Enter THYREUS.**Cleo.* Cæsar' will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has; Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know, Whose he is, we are; and that's Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.— Thus then, thou most renown'd; Cæsar entertains, Not to consider in what case thou stand'st, Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on: Right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he Does pity, as constrain'd blemishes, Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded, But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.* I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky, That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit ENOBARBUS.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar What you require of him? for he partly begs To be desir'd to give. It much would please him

That of his fortunes you should make a staff To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits, To hear from me you had left Antony, And put yourself under his shroud, The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger, Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt

To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel: Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course. Wisdom and fortune combating together, If that the former dare but what it can, No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in, Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place, As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!— What art thou fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!— Now gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd ho!

Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth, And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony, yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp, Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars! Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them So saucy with the hand of she here, (What's her name,

Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows, Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face, And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd, Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt Attend. with THYREUS.* You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha! Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome, Forborne the getting of a lawful race, And by a gem of women, to be abus'd By one that looks on feeders.

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever: But when we in our viciousness grow hard, (O misery on't!) the wise gods seel our eyes; In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us

Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours, Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have Luxuriously pick'd out:—For, I am sure, Though you can guess what temperance should be,

You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards, And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal, And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar The horned herd! for I have savage cause; And to proclaim it civilly, were like A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he: and begg'd he pardon?

1 *Att.* He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent. Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry

To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since

Thou hast been whipp'd for following him :
henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to
Cæsar,

Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am;
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;
When my good stars, that were my former
guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes, begone.

[Exit THYREUS.]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ay, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too

Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most
sealike.

Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou
hear, lady?

If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted,
breath'd,

And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but, now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:

I had thought, to have held it poor; but,
since my lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-
night I'll force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on,
my queen;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and
Attendants.]

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To
be furious,

Is, to be frightened out of fear; and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain

Restores his heart: When valour preys on
reason,

It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, reading a Letter; AGRIP-
PA, MECÆNAS, and Others.

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he
had power

To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to per-
sonal combat,

Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Bet our best heads

Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done;
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS,
CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and Others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better
fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight; or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, *Take all.*

Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants: let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
And thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have
serv'd me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which
sorrow shoots [Aside.

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men;

And all of you clapp'd up together in

An Antony; that I might do you service,

So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me
to-night:

Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;

May be, it is the period of your duty:

Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,

A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow

You'll serve another master. I look on you,

As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends

I turn you not away; but, like a master

Married to your good service, stay till death:

Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,

And the gods yield you for't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,

To give them this discomfort! Look, they
weep;

And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd; for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!

Grace grow where those drops fall! My
hearty friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense:

I spake to you for your comfort: did desire you

To burn this night with torches: Know, my
hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,

Where rather I'll expect victorious life,

Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,

And drown consideration. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter Two Soldiers, to their Guard.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is
the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare
you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Sold.* Nothing: What news?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour:
Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter Two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers,

Have careful watch.

3 *Sold.* And you: Good night, good night.

[The first Two place themselves at
their Posts.

4 *Sold.* Here we: [They take their Posts.]
and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,

And full of purpose.

[Music of Hautboys under the Stage.

4 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?

1 *Sold.* List, list!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Music i' the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs well,

Does't not?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should
this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom An-
tony lov'd,
Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk: let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

[They advance to another Post.

2 *Sold.* How now, masters?

Sold. How now?

How now? do you hear this?

[Several speaking together.

1 *Sold.* Ay; Is't not strange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have
quarter;

Let's see how't will give off.

Sold. [Several speaking.] Content: 'Tis
strange. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA; CHAR-
MIAN, and Others, attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine
armour, Eros!

Enter EROS, with Armour.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on:—

If fortune be not our's to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art

The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;

We shall thrive now.—See'st thou, my good fellow?

Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this, than thou: Despatch.—O
love,

That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and
knew'st

The royal occupation; thou should'st see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee;
welcome:

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike
charge:

To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

1 Off. A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.]

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

2 Off. The morn is fair.—Good morrow,
general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss; rebukable, *[Kisses her.]*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanick compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[Exeunt ANTONY; EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me,

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar
might

Determine this great war in single fight:

Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to
Antony!

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had
once prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Sold.

Had'st thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold.

Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant.

What say'st thou?

Sold.

Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros.

Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant.

Is he gone?

Sold.

Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after: do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men:—Eros, despatch.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, and Others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall.

[Exit AGRIPPA.]

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd
world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess.

Antony

Is come into the field.

Cæs.

Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself.

[Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.]

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold.

Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold.

Mock me not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: Best that you saf'd the bringer

Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have don't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [Exit Soldier.

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have
paid

My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows
my heart:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't,
I feel.

I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

Field of Battle between the Camps.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter
AGRIPPA, and Others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too
far:

Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS,
wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought
indeed!

Had we done so at first, we had driven them
home

With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I
have yet

Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advan-
tage serves

For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Under the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCA-
RUS, and Forces.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp; Run
one before,

And let the queen know of our guests.—To-
morrow,

Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought

Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all
Hectors.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful
tears

Wash the congealment from your wounds, and
kiss

The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy
hand; [To SCARUS.

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o'the
world,

Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and
all,

Through proof of harness to my heart, and
there

Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds. What,
girl? though grey

Do something mingle with our brown; yet
have we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;

Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,

As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold: it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it; were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;

Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe

them:

Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together;

And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,

With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;

That heaven and earth may strike their sounds
together,

Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX. CÆSAR'S Camp.

Sentinels on their Post. Enter ENOBARBUS.

1 Sold. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: The
night

Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

2 Sold. This last day was
A shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

3 Sold. What man is this?

2 Sold. Stand close, and list to him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record

Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace;
Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melan-
choly,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon
me;

That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being tried with grief, will break to
powder,

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,

Nobler than my revolt is infamous,

Forgive me in thine own particular;

But let the world rank me in register

A master-leaver, and a fugitive:

O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*]

2 *Sold.* Let's speak

To him.

1 *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he
speaks

May concern Cæsar.

3 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer
as his

Was never yet for sleeping.

2 *Sold.* Go we to him.

3 *Sold.* Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.

2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir?

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him.

Hark, the drums [*Drums afar off.*]

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

3 *Sold.* Come on then;

He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the Body.*]

SCENE X.

Between the two Camps.

*Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces,
marching.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in
the air;

We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,

Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;

They have put forth the haven: Further on,

Where there appointment we may best dis-
cover,

And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces, marching.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by
land,

Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,

And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder
pine does stand,

I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*]

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nest: the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look
grimly,

And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a Sea Fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betray'd me:

My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore!
'tis thou

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, begone.

Exit SCARUS.

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more;
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The
hearts

That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd
them home;

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss,—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his
love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy de-
serving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take
thee,

And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, to dolts; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit CLEO.*] 'Tis
well thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live: But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;

And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho!
[Exit.

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thes-
saly
Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you
are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence,
Mardian; and bring me how he takes my
death.—
To the monument.

[Exeunt.

SCENE XII.

The same. Another Room.

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dra-
gonish;

A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen
these signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with
a thought,
The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had
mine;

Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my
glory

Unto an enemy's triumph.—

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes
mingled

With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but
once:

And that she has discharg'd: What thou
would'st do,

Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was Antony! most noble Antony!

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided

Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Eros, unarm; the long day's task is
done,

And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st
hence safe,

Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck
off;— [Exit MARDIAN.

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my
sides!

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—

No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a
while.— [Exit EROS.

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now

All length is torture:—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further: Now all labour

Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: Seal then, and all is
done.—

Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for
me:

Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand
in hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts
gaze:

Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods

Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's

back
When ships made cities, condemn myself, to
lack

The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,

I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn,
Eros,

That, when the exigent should come, (which
now

Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of

Disgrace and horror, that, on my command

Thou then would'st kill me: do't; the time is come:

Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st. Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me! Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts, Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros, Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see

Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down

His corrigible neck, his face subdued To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn

Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once; Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee. [*Turning from him.*]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master, My captain, and my emperor! let me say, Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then:—[*Falls on his Sword.*] Thus do I escape the sorrow Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*]

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself! Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros

Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me A nobleness in record: But I will be

A bridegroom in my death, and run into't As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,

Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus [*Falling on his Sword.*]

I learn'd of thee. How! not yet dead? not dead?—

The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me.

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

1 Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an end

Of what I have begun.

2 Guard. The star is fallen.

1 Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

1 Guard. Not I.

2 Guard. Nor I.

3 Guard. Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings, Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit DERCETAS.*]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw (Which never shall be found,) you did suspect

She hath dispos'd with Cæsar, and th't your rage

Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;

But, fearingsince, how it might work, hath sent Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,

I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!

Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 Guard. Woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome Which comes to punish us, and we punish it

Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:

I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends, And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.*]

SCENE XIII.

The same. A Monument.

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. O, Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he
dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o'the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O thou sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—dark-
ling stand

The varying shore o'the world!—O Antony!
Antony, Antony!—Charmian, help; help, Iras;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace:
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not, dear
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, ser-
pents, have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demurring upon me.—But come, come, An-
tony,—

Help me, my women,—we must draw thee
up;—

Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!—How heavy
weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's
power,

The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee
up,

And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come,
come; [*They draw ANTONY up.*

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast
liv'd:

Quickened with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so
high,

That the false housewife Fortune break her
wheel,

Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety.
—O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust:
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o'the world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more. [*Dies.*

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
The crown o'the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys and
girls,

Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*She faints.*

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt!
Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman; and
commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you,
women?

What, what? good cheer! Why, how now,
Charmian?

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sirs, take
heart:— [*To the Guard below.*

We'll bury him: and then, what's brave,
what's noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come,
away:

This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come, we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bedring off AN-
TONY's body.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MÆCENAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and Others.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield ;
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit DOLABELLA.*]

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that ? and what art thou,
that dar'st
Appear thus to us ?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas ;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd : whilst he stood up, and
spoke,
He was my master ; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters : If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar ; If thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st !

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should
make

A greater crack : The round world should
have shook

Lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens :—The death of An-
tony

Is not a single doom ; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar ;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hir'd knife ; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did
lend it,

Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it ; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends ?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity : but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set
before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony !
I have followed thee to this ;—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies : I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,

Or look on thine ; we could not stall togethe^r
In the whole world : But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that
our stars,

Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good
friends,—

But I will tell you at some meeter season ;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are
you ?

Mes. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my
mistress,

Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction ;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart ;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her : for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mes. So the gods preserve thee ! [*Exit.*]

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius : Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame : give her what
comforts

The quality of her passion shall require ;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us : for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph : Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she
says,

And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit PROCULEIUS.*]

Cæs. Gallus, you go along.—Where's Do-
labella,

To second Proculeius ? [*Exit GALLUS.*]

Agr. Mec. Dolabella !

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed ; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent ; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war ;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings : Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A Room in the Monument.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life : 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar ;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will ; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds ;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;

Which sleeps, and never palates more the
dung;
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the Gates of the Monument,
PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of
Egypt;

And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [*Within.*] What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [*Within.*] Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell
him,

That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear no-
thing:

Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i'the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be sur-
priz'd;

[*Here PROCULEIUS, and two of the
Guard, ascend the monument by a
ladder placed against a window, and
having descended, come behind CLEO-
PATRA. Some of the Guard unbar
and open the gates.*

Guard her till Cæsar come,

[*To PROCULEIUS and the Guard.* [*Exit
GALLUS.*

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O, Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a dagger.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
[*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a
queen

Worth many babes and beggars.

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink,
sir;

If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll
ruin,

Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
[*To CLEOPATRA.*
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.
[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS, and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard
of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or
known.

You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their
dreams;

Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor
Antony;—

O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and
therein stuck

A sun, and moon; which kept their course,
and lighted

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd
arm

Crested the world: his voice was propertyed
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights

Were dolphin-like: they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and
islands were

As plates dropp'd from his pocket,

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be,
such a man

As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might
never

O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of your's, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.

Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would
you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will;
I know it.

Within. Make way there,—Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, ME-
CÆNAS, SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen
Of Egypt?

Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam.

[CLEOPATRA kneels.]

Cæs. Arise,
You shall not kneel:—
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o'the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall
find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis
yours: and we
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest,
shall

Hang in what place you please. Here, my good
lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and
jewels,

I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak,
my lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,

I had rather seel my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made
known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra? I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be
mine.

The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back?
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine
eyes,

Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less vil-
lain, dog!

O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is
this:

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness

To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by

Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,

That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,

Immoment toys, things of such dignity

As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart

For Livia, and Octavia, to induce

Their mediation; must I be unfolded

With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites
me

Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;
[To SELEUCUS.]

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance.—Wert thou
a man

Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit SELEUCUS.]

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are
misthought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknow-
ledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be
cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear
queen;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; And so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so: Adieu.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR, and his Train.*]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that
I should not

Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers CHARMIAN.*]

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is
done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit CHARMIAN.*]

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your com-
mand,

Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit DOL.*]
Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shall be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: Saucy lic-
tors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald
rhymers

Ballad us out of tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give
thee leave
To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and
all:

Wherefore's this noise?

[*Exit IRAS. A Noise within.*]

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an in-
strument [*Exit Guard.*]

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a
Basket.*

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*]
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not
be the party that should desire you to touch
him, for his biting is immortal; those, that do
die of it, do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died
on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too.
I heard of one of them no longer than yester-
day: a very honest woman, but something
given to lie; as a woman should not do, but
in the way of honesty: how she died of the
biting of it, what pain she felt.—Truly, she
makes a very good report o'the worm: But he
that will believe all that they say, shall never
be saved by half that they do: But this is most
fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell.

[*Clown sets down the Basket.*]

Clown. You must think this, look you, that
the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be
trusted, but in the keeping of wise people; for,
indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray
you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple

but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm. [Exit.]

Re-enter IRAS, with a Robe, Crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have

Immortal longings in me: Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.]
Have I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that
I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have. Come, mortal
wretch,

[To the asp, which she applies to her breast.]
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpolicied!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as
gentle,—

O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

[Applying another asp to her arm.]
What should I stay?—[Falls on a bed, and dies.]

Char. In this wild world?—So, fare thee
well.—

Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.
[Applies the asp.]

O, come; apace, despatch; I partly feel thee.

1 Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well:
Cæsar's beguil'd.

2 Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar:—call him.

1 Guard. What work is here?—Charmian,
is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier! [Dies.]

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, and Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their
deaths?

I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought
her figs;

This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood, and
spake:

I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

1 Guard. This is an aspick's trail: and these
fig-leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them: and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral;

And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [Exeunt.]

CYMBELINE.

Persons represented.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*
 CLOTEN, *son to the Queen by a former husband.*
 LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *a gentleman, husband to Imogen.*
 BELARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the name of MORGAN.*
 GUIDERIUS, *{ sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of POLYDORE and CADWAL, supposed sons to Belarius.*
 ARVIRAGUS, *{*
 PHILARIO, *friend to Posthumus, } Italians.*
 IACHIMO, *friend to Philario, }*
A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.
 CAIUS LUCIUS, *general of the Roman forces.*

A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.
 PISANIO, *servant to Posthumus.*
 CORNELIUS, *a physician.*
Two Gentlemen.
Two Gaolers.
 QUEEN, *wife to Cymbeline.*
 IMOGEN, *daughter to Cymbeline, by a former Queen.*
 HELEN, *woman to Imogen.*
Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Britain. *The Garden behind CYMBELINE'S Palace.*

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers; Still seem, as does the king's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow, That late he married,) hath referr'd herself Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: She's wedded;

Her husband banish'd; she imprisoned: all Is outward sorrow; though I think, the king Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the queen, That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier, Although they wear their faces to the bent Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her, (I mean that married her,—alack, good man!— And therefore banish'd) is a creature such As, to seek through the regions of the earth For one his like, there would be something failing

In him that should compare. I do not think, So fair an outward, and such stuff within, Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself; Crush him together, rather than unfold His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father

Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour, Against the Romans, with Cassibelan; But had his titles by Tenantius, whom He serv'd with glory and admir'd success: So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus: And had, besides this gentleman in question, Two other sons, who, in the wars o'the time, Died with their swords in hand; for which their father

(Then old and fond of issue,) took such sorrow, That he quit being; and his gentle lady, Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd As he was born. The king, he takes the babe To his protection; calls him Posthumus; Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber: Puts him to all the learnings that his time Could make him the receiver of; which he took, As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court, (Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd: A sample to the youngest; to the more mature, A glass that feated them; and to the graver, A child that guided dotards; to his mistress, For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;

By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their
nursery
Were stolen: and to this hour, no guess in
knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* Oow long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be
so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear: Here comes the
queen and princess. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and
IMOGEN.*

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find
me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-eyed unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what pa-
tience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections: though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.
[Exit QUEEN.]

Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest
husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,
(Always reserv'd my holy duty,) what
His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;

Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you
send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure:—Yet I'll move
him [Aside.]

To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends:
Pays dear for my offences. [Exit.]

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain thou here
[Putting on the Ring.]
While sense can keep it on! And sweetest,
fairest,

As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.]
Imo. O, the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence,
from my sight!
If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone! [Exit.]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth; thou heapest
A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation: I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way,
past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son
of my queen!

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I choose
an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad!

Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—
'Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter QUEEN.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together: you have done
[To the QUEEN.
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace; Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself
some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [Exit.

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fye!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What
news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend: he
takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Africk both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your
master?

Pis. On his command: He would not suffer
me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave
me. [Exit.

SCENE III. A public Place.

Enter CLOTEN, and Two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a
shirt; the violence of action hath made you
reek as a sacrifice: Where air comes out, air
comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome
as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift
it—Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No faith: not so much as his pa-
tience. [Aside.

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable
carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare
for steel if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt; it went o'
the backside the town. [Aside.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No; but he fled forward still, to-
ward your face. [Aside.

1 Lord. Stand you! You have land enough
of your own: but he added to your having;
gave you some ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans:
Puppies! [Aside.

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, till you had measured
how long a fool you were upon the ground. [Aside.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow,
and refuse me!

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true elec-
tion, she is damned. [Aside.

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her
beauty and her brain go not together: She's a
good sign, but I have seen small reflection of
her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the
reflection should hurt her. [Aside.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would
there had been some hurt done!

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been
the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [Aside.

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores
o'the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen!—happier therein than
I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
crack'd them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good

Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make
him swear

The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd
him,

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him: or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my
father,

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them
despatch'd.—

I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall,

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman,
a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in
Britain: he was then of a crescent note, ex-
pected to prove so worthy, as since he hath
been allowed the name of: but I could then
have looked on him without the help of ad-
miration; though the catalogue of his endow-
ments had been tabled by his side, and I to
peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less
furnished, than now he is, with that which
makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we

had very many there, could behold the sun
with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's
daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather
by her value, than his own) words him, I
doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those,
that weep this lamentable divorce, under her
colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it
but to fortify her judgment, which else an
easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar
without more quality. But how comes it, he
is to sojourn with you? How creeps ac-
quaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers toge-
ther; to whom I have been often bound for
no less than my life:—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so enter-
tained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen
of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.
I beseech you all, be better known to this
gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a
noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I
will leave to appear hereafter, rather than
story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Or-
leans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to
you for courtesies, which I will be ever to
pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kind-
ness: I was glad I did atone my countryman
and you; it had been pity, you should have
been put together with so mortal a purpose,
as then each bore, upon importance of so
slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a
young traveller: rather shunn'd to go even
with what I heard, than in my every action
to be guided by others' experiences: but, up-
on my mended judgment, (if I offend not to
say it is mended,) my quarrel was not alto-
gether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the ar-
bitrement of swords; and by such two, that
would, by all likelihood, have confounded one
the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was
the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention
in public, which may, without contradiction,
suffer the report. It was much like an argu-
ment that fell out last night, where each of us
fell in praise of our country mistresses: This
gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon
warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more
fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified,
and less attemptible, than any the rarest of
our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this
gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my
mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain: lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Britain. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground,
gather those flowers;
Make haste: Who has the note of them?

1 Lady.

I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.—

[Exeunt Ladies.]

Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam:

[Presenting a small Box.]

But I beseech your grace, (without offence; My conscience bids me ask;) wherefore you have

Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing death; But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I do wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been

Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,

That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,

(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet That I did amplify my judgment in

Other conclusions? I will try the forces

Of these thy compounds on such creatures as We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)

To try the vigour of them, and apply

Allayments to their act; and by them gather Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:

Besides, the seeing these effects will be Both noisome, and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him

[Aside.]

Will I first work; he's for his master,

And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—

Doctor, your service for this time is ended;

Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;

But you shall do no harm. [Aside.]

Queen. Hrak thee, a word.—

[To PISANIO.]

Cor. [Aside.] I do not like her. She doth think, she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,

And will not trust one of her malice with

A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has,

Will stupify and dull the sense awhile:

Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs;

Then afterward up higher: but there is

No danger in what show of death it makes,

More than the locking up the spirits a time,

To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd

With a most false effect: and I the truer,

So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,

Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.

[Exit.]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time

She will not quench; and let instructions enter Where folly now possesses? Do thou work;

When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,

I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then

As great as is thy master: greater; for

His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name

Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor

Continue where he is; to shift his being,

Is to exchange one misery with another;

And every day, that comes, comes to decay

A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,

To be depender on a thing that leans?

Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,

[The QUEEN drops a Box: PISANIO takes it up.]

So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up

Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:

It is a thing I made, which hath the king

Fivetimes redeem'd from death: I do not know

What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;

It is an earnest of a further good

That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how

The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.

Think what a chance thou changest on; but think

Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,

Who shall take notice of thee; I'll move the king

To any shape of thy preferment, such

As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,

That set thee on to this desert, am bound

To load thy merit richly. Call my women:

Think on my words. [Exit PISA.]—A sly and constant knave;

Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;

And the remembrancer of her, to hold

The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,

Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her

Of liegers for her sweet; and which she, after,

Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done:

The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,

Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;

Think on my words.

[Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.]

Pis. And shall do:

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,

I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you.

[Exit.]

SCENE VII.

Another Room in the same.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;

A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,

That hath her husband banish'd:—O, that husband!

My supreme crown of grief: and those repeated

Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,

As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable

Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be?
Fye!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly.

[Presents a Letter.]

Imo. Thanks, good sir.
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most
rich! *[Aside.]*

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness, be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. *[Reads.]—He is one of the noblest
note, to whose kindnesses I am most in-
finitely tied. Reflect upon him accord-
ingly, as you value your truest*

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given
them eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'the eye; for apes and
monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way,
and

Contemn with mows the other: Nor i'the
judgment;

For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i'the appetite;
Slutt'ry to such neat excellence oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus wraps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech
you, sir, desire *[To PISANIO.]*
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,

VOL. III.

To give him welcome. *[Exit PISANIO.]*

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health,
beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger
there

So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gailian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; while the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs,
cries, O!

*Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—
who knows*

*By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish
for*

Assured bondage?

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood
with laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But,
heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty to-
wards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much
In you,—which I count his, beyond all ta-
lents,—

Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me; What wreck discern you in
me,

Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I'the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your—But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; 'Pray
you,

(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek

T

To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's
soul

To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then,)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour;) then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike
my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double! to be
partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd
ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd
stuff,
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that
have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honour-
able,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound

His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!—

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect good-
ness

Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your
pardon.

I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended
god:

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judg-
ment

In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear
him

Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made
you,

Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: Take my power i'the
court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your
lord,
(The best feather of our wing) have mingled
sums,

To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and
jewels,

Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage; May it please
you

To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;

And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my
word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia

I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains ;
But not away to-morrow ?

Iach. O, I must, madam :
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please

To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night ;
I have outstood my time ; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you : You are very welcome.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Court before CYMBELINE's Palace.

Enter CLOTEN, and Two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck !
when I kissed the jack upon an up-cast, to be
hit away ! I had a hundred pound on't : And
then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up
for swearing ; as if I borrowed mine oaths
of him, and might not spend them at my
pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that ? You have
broke his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that
broke it, it would have ran all out. [*Aside.*]

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear,
it is not for any standers-by to curtail his
oaths : Ha ?

2 Lord. No, my lord ; nor [*Aside.*] crop
the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog !—I give him satisfac-
tion ? 'Would, he had been one of my rank !

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*]

Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in
the earth,—A pox on't ! I had rather not be
so noble as I am ; they dare not fight with me,
because of the queen my mother : every jack-
slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must
go up and down like a cock that nobody can
match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and capon too ; and
you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Say'st thou ?

1 Lord. It is not fit, your lordship should
undertake every companion that you give
offence to.

Clo. No, I know that : but it is fit I should
commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger, that's
come to court to-night ?

Clo. A stranger ! and I not know on't !

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and
knows it not. [*Aside.*]

1 Lord. There's an Italian come ; and 'tis
thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus ! a banish'd rascal ; and he's
another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of
this stranger ?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him ? Is
there no derogation in't ?

1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord,

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted ; therefore
your issues being foolish, do not derogate.

[*Aside.*]
Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian : What
I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night
of him. Come, go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN and first Lord.*]
That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass ! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain ; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st !
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd ;
A mother hourly coining plots ; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make ! The heavens hold
firm

The walls of thy dear honour ; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind ; that thou may'st
stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great
land ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber ; in one Part of it a Trunk.
IMOGEN reading in her Bed ; a Lady at-
tending.

Imo. Who's there ? my woman Helen ?

Lady. Please you, madam,

Imo. What hour is it ?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then : mine
eyes are weak :—

Fold down the leaf where I have left : To bed :
Take not away the taper, leave it burning ;
And if thou canst awake by four o'the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me
wholly. [*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods !
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye !

[*Sleeps.* *IACHIMO, from the Trunk.*]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-
labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest : Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed ! fresh lily !
And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch !
But kiss ; one kiss !—Rubies unparagon'd,

How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o'the
taper

Bows toward her; and would under-peep her
lids,

To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows: White and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my
design?

To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and such, pictures:—There the window:—
such

The adornment of her bed;—The arras, figures,
Why, such, and such:—And the contents o'the
story,—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—come off, come off;—

[Taking off her Bracelet.]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I'the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock,
and ta'en

The treasure of her honour. No more.—To
what end?

Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been read-
ing late

The tale of Tereus; here's the leaf turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!—that
dawning

May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[Clock strikes.]

One, two, three,—Time, time!

[Goes into the Trunk. The Scene closes.]

SCENE III.

An Ante-Chamber adjoining IMOGEN'S
Apartment.

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1 Lord. Your lordship is the most patient
man in loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd
up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient, after
the noble temper of your lordship; You are
most hot, and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning would put any man into
courage: If I could get this foolish Imogen,
I should have gold enough: It's almost morn-
ing, is't not?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am

advised to give her music o' mornings; they
say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her
with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue
too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll
never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-
conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air,
with admirable rich words to it,—and then let
her consider.

SONG.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus' gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will
consider your music the better: if it do not,
it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs,
and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaved
eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[Exeunt Musicians.]

Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.

2 Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad, I was up so late; for that's
the reason I was up so early: He cannot
choose but take this service I have done,
fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and
to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern
daughter?
Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but
she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king;
Who let's go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself
To orderly solicits; and be friended
With aptness of the season: make denials
Increase your services: so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from
Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: We must receive
him
According to the honour of his sender;

And towards himself his goodness forespent
on us

We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your
mistress,

Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come,
our queen.

[*Exeunt* Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mess.]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave
ho!—

[*Knocks.*
I know her women are about her; What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and
makes

Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer; and 'tis
gold

Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves
the thief;

Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true
man: What

Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.

By your leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's
pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your
good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report
of you

What I shall think is good?—The princess—

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet
hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too
much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with
me:

If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield,
being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me:
i'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy

To your best kindness; one of your great
knowing

Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere
my sin:

I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pro-
nounce,

By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you: which I had
rather

You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base
wretch,

(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold
dishes,

With scraps o'the court,) it is no contract,
none:

And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their
souls

(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o'the crown; and must not
soil

The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance,
than come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the airs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now,
Pisanio?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee pre-
sently:—

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my
woman

Search for a jewel, that too casually

Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's:
'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. -I do think,
I saw't this morning: Confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
Thnt I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [*Exit Pis.*]

Clo. You have abus'd me:—
His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*]

Clo. I'll be reveng'd:—
His meanest garment?—Well. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO's House.

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so
sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of
time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: in these fear'd
hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'er pays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their
courage

Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make
known

To their approvers, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo?

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you
by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer
made.

The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady

Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her
beauty

Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.

I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses
Your sword or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall
find

You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching,) It was
hang'd

With tapestry of silk and silver? the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was —

Post.

This is true;

And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars

Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o'the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: Her andirons
(I had forgot them,) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and
praise

Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel;
See!

And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsel her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me, and
said,

She priz'd it once.
Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take
this too; [Gives the Ring.

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;
love,

Where there's another man: The vows of
women

Of no more bondage be, to where they are
made,

Than they are to their virtues; which is no-
thing:—

O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being cor-
rupted,

Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my
ring;—

Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he
swears.

'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am
sure,

She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honourable:—They induced to
steal it!

And by a stranger?—No, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore
thus dearly.—

There, take thy hire: and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing,) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic; never count
the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,—

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her
limb-meal!

I will go there, and do't; i'the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something— [Exit.

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but
women

Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his
tools

Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, ven-
geance!

Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
 And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
 A prudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
 Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I
 thought her
 As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the
 devils!—
 This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—Was't not?—
 Or less,—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
 Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
 Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted: found no opposition
 But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
 The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm

It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
 All faults that may be nam'd, nay that hell
 knows,
 Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
 For ev'n to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them: Yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
 The very devils cannot plague them better.
 [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

*Britain. A Room of State in CYMBELINE'S
 Palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and
 Lords, at one Door; and at another,
 CAIUS LUCIUS, and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar
 with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remem-
 brance yet
 Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and
 tongues,
 Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this
 Britain,
 And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
 (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
 Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
 And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee
 lately
 Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
 Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
 Ere such another Julius. Britain is
 A world by itself; and we will nothing pay,
 For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
 Which then they had to take from us, to resume
 We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
 The kings your ancestors; together with
 The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
 As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
 With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;
 With sands, that will not bear your enemies'
 boats,
 But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of
 conquest

Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
 Of, *came, and saw, and overcame*: with shame
 (The first that ever touch'd him,) he was carried
 From off our coast, twice beaten; and his
 shipping,
 (Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd

As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof,
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
 (O, giglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come there's no more tribute to be
 paid: Our kingdom is stronger than it was
 at that time; and, as I said, there is no more
 such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked
 noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can
 gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I
 am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute?
 why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can
 hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put
 the moon in his pocket, we will pay him
 tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute,
 pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
 Till the injurious Romans did extort
 This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's
 ambition,
 (Which swell'd so much, that it did almost
 stretch

The sides o'the world,) against all colour, here
 Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
 Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of
 Cæsar

Hath too much mangled; whose repair and
 franchise,
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though Rome be therefore angry; (Mulmutius,
 Who was the first of Britain, which did put
 His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
 Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
 That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
 (Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
 Thyself domestic officers,) thine enemy:
 Receive it from me, then:—War, and con-
 fusion,
 In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look

For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance; I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which, not to read, would show the Britons
cold:

So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make
pastime with us a day, or two, longer: If you
seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall
find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat
us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the ad-
venture, our crows shall fare the better for
you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and
he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write
you not

What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus?

O, master! what a strange infection

Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian

(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed,) hath pre-
vail'd

On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:

She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,

More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults

As would take in some virtue.—O, my master!

Thy mind to her is now as low, as were

Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder
her?

Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her
blood?

If it be so to do good service, never

Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,

That I should seem to lack humanity,

So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The*

letter [Reading.]

That I have sent her, by her own command

Shall give thee opportunity:—O damn'd
paper!

Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless
bauble,

Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st

So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes,

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord?
Leonatus?

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,

That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—
(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of
them,

For it doth physic love;—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—
Bless'd be

You bees, that make these locks of counsel!
Lovers,

And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet

You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news,
gods!

[Reads.]

Justice, and your father's wrath, should

he take me in his dominion, could not be

so cruel to me as you, O the dearest of crea-

tures, would not even renew me with your

eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria,

at Milford-Haven. What your own love

will, out of this, advise you, follow. So,

he wishes you all happiness, that remains

loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in

love, LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou,
Pisanio?

He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs

May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true, Pisanio,

(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who
long'st,—

O, let me 'bate,—but not like me:—yet
long'st,—

But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond,) say, and speak
thick;

(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of
hearing,

To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,

Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,

How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-

going,
And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get
hence:

Why should excuse be born, or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,

How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution,
man,

Could never go so slow: I have heard of
riding wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf:—But this is
foolery:—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me,
presently,

A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,

Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Wales. *A mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such

Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys:
This gate

Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you

To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!

We house i'the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,

Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats.
Consider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessons, and sets off.

And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,

Have never wing'd from view o'the nest; nor know not

What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,

That have a sharper known: well corresponding

With your stiff age; but, unto us, it is

A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;

A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,

In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen
nothing:

We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o'the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies
i'the search;

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act: nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sey at the censure:—O, boys, this story

The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
With Roman swords: and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd
me;

And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in
one night,

A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my
leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (As I have told
you oft,)

But that two villains, whose false oaths pre-
vail'd

Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbe-
line,

I was confederate with the Romans; so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty
years,

This rock, and these demesnes, have been my
world:

Where I have liv'd at honest freedom: paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the
mountains;

This is not hunters' language:—He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o'the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;

And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the
valleys. [*Exeunt GUI. and ARV.*]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!

These boys know little, they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.

They think, they are mine: and, though
train'd up thus meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts
do hit

The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,

The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly
out

Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;
And thus I set my foot on his neck;* even
then

The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in
posture

That acts my words. The younger brother,
Cadwal,

(Once Arviragus,) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much
more

His own conceiving. Hark! the game is
rous'd!—

O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience,
knows,

Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as

Thou refts me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their
mother,

And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from
horse, the place

Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio!
Man!

Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks
that sigh

From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself

Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?

Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,

Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My hus-

band's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man;
thy tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath
played the strumpet in my bed; the testi-*

*monies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak
not out of weak surmises; from proof as*

strong as my grief, and as certain as I

expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pi-

*sanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not
tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine
own hands take away her life: I shall
give thee opportunities at Milford-Haven:
she hath my letter for the purpose: Where,
if thou fear to strike, and to make me cer-
tain it is done, thou art the pander to her
dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword?
the paper

Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose
tongue

Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and
states,

Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer,
madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep
charge nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—
Iachimo,

Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, me-
thinks,

Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath be-
tray'd him!

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good
seeming,

By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like
false Æneas,

Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's
weeping

Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: So, thou,

Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;

Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd,
From thy great fall.—Come, fellow, be thou
honest:

Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou
seest him,

A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit

The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not: 'tis empty of all things, but grief:

Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike,

Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-
slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's
my heart;
Something's afore't:—Soft, soft; we'll no
defence;

Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor
fools

Believe false teachers: Though those that are
betray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pry'thee, des-
patch:

The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy
knife?

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam.
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,

Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How
live?

Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing:
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I'the world's vo-
lume

Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest; Pry'thee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus: so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman it's pretty self,) to a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan: and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
(Tis in my ctoak-bag.) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you, in their
serving,

And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (which you'll make him
know,

If that this head have ear in music,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honour-
able,

And, doubling that, most holy. Your means
abroad

You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor suppliant.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short
farewell:

Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mis-
tress,

Here is a box; I had it from the queen;
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LU-
CIUS, and Lords.*

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke: and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that
office;
The due of honour in no point omit:—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.
Clo. Receive it friendly: but from this time
forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner; Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good
my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, and Lords.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it ho-
nours us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the em-
peror
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,

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Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he
moves

His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She, hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty:
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no
answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we
make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great
court

Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which
I fear,
Prove false!

[*Exit.*]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.
Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old ser-
vant,

I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.—
[*Exit CLOTEN.*]

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized
her;

Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none
Dare come about him.

U

Queen. All the better; May
This night forestall him of the coming day!

[*Exit Queen.*]

Clo. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and
royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite

Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore; But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is chok'd; and, in that
point,

I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing,
sirrah?

Come hither: Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady! In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she
miss'd?

He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a Letter.*]

Clo. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns } *Aside.*
by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Humph!

Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O
Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

[*Aside.*]

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't—Sir-
rah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do
me true service; undergo those employments,
wherein I should have cause to use thee, with
a serious industry,—that is, what villany soe'er
I bid thee do, to perform, it directly and
truly,—I would think thee an honest man:

thou shouldest neither want my means for thy
relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently
and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare for-
tune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not
in the course of gratitude but be a diligent fol-
lower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purse.
Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy
possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the
same suit he wore when he took leave of my
lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that
suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot
to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—
Even there thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill
thee.—I would these garments were come. She
said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now
belch from my heart,) that she held the very
garment of Posthumus in more respect than
my noble and natural person, together with
the adornment of my qualities. With that suit
upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill
him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my
valour, which will then be a torment to her
contempt. He on the ground, my speech of
insultment ended on his dead body,—and when
my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex
her, I will execute in the clothes that she so
praised,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot
her home again. She hath despised me re-
joicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the Clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-
Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that
is the second thing that I have commanded
thee: the third is, that thou shalt be a volun-
tary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and
true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—
My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would I had
wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*]

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true
to thee,

Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true.—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow,

flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's
speed

Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:

I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be
sick,

But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd
thee,

Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars
told me,

I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in
fulness

Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o'the false ones: Now I think on
thee,

My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness
ever

Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll
enter.

Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look
on't.

Such a foe, good heavens!

[*She goes into the Cave.*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVI-
RAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best wood-
man, and

Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our sto-
machs

Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be
here,

Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arr. I am weak with toil, yet strong in ap-
petite.

Gui. There is cold meat i'the cave; we'll
browze on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in:
[*Looking in.*]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:

Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took:

Good troth,

I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I
had found

Gold strew'd o'the floor. Here's money for my
meat:

I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arr. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you are angry:
Know if you kill me for me fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven, sir.

Bel. What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hun-
ger,

I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good
minds

By this rude place we live in. Well encoun-
ter'd!

'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat
it.—

Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In
honesty,

I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arr. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such as yours:—Most wel-
come!

Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends
If brothers?—'Would it had been so,
that they

Had been my father's sons! then had

my prize,

Been less; and so more equal bal-
lasting

To thee Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. 'Would I could free't!

Arr. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.

[*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (lay-
ing by

That nothing gift of differing multitudes,)
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me,
gods!

I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth,
come in:

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have
supp'd,

We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the
lark, less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. Rome.

Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's
writ;

That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business: He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 Sen.

Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 Sen.

With those legions
Which I have spoken of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant: The words of your com-
mission

Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.
[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Forest, near the Cave.

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they
should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly.
How fit his garments serve me! Why should
his mistress, who was made by him that made
the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving
reverence of the word) for 'tis said, a wo-
man's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must
play the workman. I dare speak it to my-
self, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and
his glass to confer: in his own chamber, I
mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn
as his; no less young, more strong, not be-
neath him in fortunes, beyond him in the ad-
vantage of the time, above him in birth, alike
conversant in general services, and more re-
markable in single oppositions: yet this im-
perseverant thing loves him in my despite.
What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head,
which now is growing upon thy shoulders,
shall within this hour be off; thy mistress en-
forced; thy garments cut to pieces before
thy face: and all this done, spurn her home
to her father: who may, haply, be a little
angry for my so rough usage: but my mother,
having power of his testines, shall turn all in-
to my commendations. My horse is tied up
safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose!
Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the
very description of their meeting-place; and
the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.]

SCENE II. Before the Cave.

*Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDE-
RIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

Bel. You are not well: [To IMOGEN.] re-
main here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here:
[To IMOGEN.]

Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting. I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not; yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you leave
me:

Stick to your journal course: the breach of
custom

Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort
To one not sociable; I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me
here:

I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason; the bier at
door,

And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain! [Aside.
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire
base:

Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and
grace.

I am not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—

'Tis the ninth hour o'the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures.
Gods, what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him;
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said,
hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field:—
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And so shalt be ever.

[*Exit IMOGEN.*
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he
hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our
roots in characters;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spur together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come; away.—
Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that
villain

Hath mock'd me: I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—
Hence.

Gui. He is but one: You and my brother
search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*

Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?

I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave, without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou?
Have not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art
some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder,
spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear;
the wise:

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer.

[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: You did mistake
him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of
favour

Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am ab-
solute,

'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear: But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's Head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had
none:

Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect, what: cut off one Clo-
ten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!)
they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to
lose,
But, that he swore, to take our lives? The law
Protects not us: Then why should we betender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his
humour

Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he
hearing,

(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we
fear,

If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have
ta'en

His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reckon. *[Exit.]*

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would Polydore, thou had'st not done't!
though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,

Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would,
revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek
us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. *[Exit.]*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. *[Solemn Music.]*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of
my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN as
dead, in his Arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish care
Might easilest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!

Jove knows what man thou might'st have made? but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

Arr. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his
right cheek

Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arr. O'the floor:
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept:
and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose
rudeness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed:
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arr. With fairest flowers,
While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose;
nor

The azure hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock
would,

With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers
are none,

To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arr. Say, where shall 's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arr. Be 't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the
ground,

As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing; I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arr. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less:
for Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: Though mean and
mighty, rotting

Together, have one dust; yet reverence,
(That angel of the world;) doth make distinction

Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was
princely;

And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arr. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[Exit BELARIUS.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head
to the east;

My father hath a reason for't.

Arr. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arr. So,—begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o'the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arr. Fear no more the frown o'the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arr. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;

Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;

Arr. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!

Arr. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Arr. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of
CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: Come
lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers, but about mid-
night, more:

The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'the
night,

Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their
faces:—

You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you
strow.—

Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them
again;

Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[Exit BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and
ARVIGARUS.

Imo. [Awaking.] Yes, sir, to Milford-Ha-
ven; Which is the way?—

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far
thither?

'Ods pittikins!—can it be six miles yet?
I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lay down
and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses! [Seeing the body.]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;

This bloody man the care on't.—I hope, I dream;

For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper, And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing, Which the brain makes offumes. Our very eyes

Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,

I tremble still with fear: but if there be Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity

As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it! The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is

Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt. A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!

I know the shape of his leg; this is his hand; His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;

The brawns of Hercules; but his Jovial face— Murder in Heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—

Pisanio, All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks, And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,

Conspir'd with that irregular devil, Cloten, Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,

Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pi-

sanio— From this most bravest vessel of the world Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,

Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart, And left this head on.—How should this be?

Pisanio? 'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant,

pregnant! The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious

And cordial to me, have I not found it Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it

home: This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!— Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,

That we the horridier may seem to those Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia, After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending

You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships: They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners, And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,

That promise noble service; and they come Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,

Sienna's brother. Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'the wind.

Luc. This forwardness Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers

Be muster'd: bid the captains look to't.— Now, sir,

What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night, the very gods show'd me a vision: (I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence,) Thus:—

I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd From the spongy south to this part of the west,

There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends, (Unless my sins abuse my divination) Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so, And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,

Without his top? The ruin speaks, that some time

It was a worthy building.—How! a page!— Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather: For nature doth abhor to make his bed

With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.— Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.— Young one,

Inform us of thy fortunes; for it seems, They crave to be demanded: Who is this,

Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he, That, otherwise than noble nature did,

Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?

What art thou? Imo. I am nothing: or if not, Nothing to be were better. This was my master,

A very valiant Briton, and a good, That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas! There are no more such masters: I may wander

From east to occident, cry out for service, Try many, all good, serve truly, never Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth! Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope

They'll pardon it. Say you, sir? Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele. Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:

Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name. Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,

Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure, No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters, Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner

Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me. Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when

With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have
strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daisie plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: Come, arm him.—Boy, he is prefer'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis
with her.

A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness of which her life's in danger:—
Heavens,

How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from
thee

By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: But, for my
mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your
highness,

Hold me your loyal servant.

1 Lord. Good, my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.

For Cloten,—
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time's troublesome:
We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
[*To PISANIO.*]

Does yet depend.

1 Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and
queen!—

I am amaz'd with matter.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more
you're ready:

The want is, but to put those powers in motion,

That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw:
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*]

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true,
to be true.

These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o'the king, or I'll fall in
them.

All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not
steer'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. Before the Cave.

*Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVI-
RAGUS.*

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to
lock it

From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us,
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not
muster'd

Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would
be death

Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their
eyes

And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not
wore him

From my remembrance. And, besides the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,

Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and

venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go :
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with
you, boys:

If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie :
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood
thinks scorn, [Aside.

Till it fly out, and show them princes born.
[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

*A Field between the British and Roman
Camps.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody hand-
kerchief.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee ;
for I wish'd
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You mar-
ried ones,

If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than them-
selves,

For wrying but a little?—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones,—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I
never

Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me wretch, more worth your vengeance.

But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's
love,

To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse;
And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.
But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought
hither

Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good
heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant; so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and, thus unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habits show.
Gods put the strength o' the Leonati in me!

To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within.

[Exit.

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter, at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and
the Roman Army; at the other side, the
British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS
following it, like a poor soldier. They
march over, and go out. Alarums. Then
enter again in skirmish, IACHIMO and
POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and dis-
armeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my
bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me: Or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours,
borne

As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.
[Exit.

*The battle continues; the Britons fly;
CYMBELINE is taken: then enter to his
rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and AR-
VIRAGUS.*

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage
of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.

Gui. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!
*Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons:
They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt.
Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMO-
GEN.*

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save
thyself:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hook-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made
the stand?

Post. I did:
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame beto you, sir, for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having
work

More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some
falling

Merely through fear; that the strait pass was
damm'd

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and
wall'd with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaugh-
ter;

With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards!

Stand;

Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and
may save,

But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—
These three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing,) with this word, *stand,*
stand,

Accommodated by the place, more charming,
With their own nobleness, (which could have
turn'd

A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some,
turn'd coward

But by example (O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles;
slaves,

The strides they victors made: and now our
cowards

(Like fragments in hard voyages,) became
The life o' the need; having found the back-
door open

Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they
wound!

Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their
friends

O'erborne i' the former wave: ten, chas'd by
one,

Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:

Two boys, an old man, twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Roman's
bane.

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell, you are angry.
[Exit.]

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O no-
ble misery!

To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their
honours

To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him
groan;

Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly
monster,

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft
beds,

Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I
will find him:

For being now a favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take; For me, my ransome's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter Two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is
taken:

'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were
angels.

2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront with them.

1 Cap. So 'tis reported:

But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is there?

Post. A Roman:

Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds Had answer'd him.

2 Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog! A leg of Rome shall not return to tell What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his service

As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, attended: BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.

SCENE IV. A Prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and Two Gaolers.

1 Gaol. You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you;

So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 Gaol. Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,

I think, to liberty: Yet am I better Than one that's sick o' the gout: since he had rather

Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd By the sure physician, death; who is the key To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd

More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods, give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt, Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?

So children temporal fathers do appease; Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?

I cannot do it better than in gyves, Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take No stricter render of me, than my all.

I know, you are more clement than vile men, Who of their broken debtors take a third,

A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again On their abatement; that's not my desire:

For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:

'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;

Though light, take pieces for the figure sake: You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,

If you will take this audit, take this life, And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!

I'll speak to thee in silence. [*He sleeps.*]

Solemn Music. Enter, as an Apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man, attired like a Warrior; leading in his hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to POSTHUMUS, with Music before them. Then, after other Music, follow the Two Young

Leonati, Brothers to POSTHUMUS, with Wounds, as they died in the Wars! They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder master, show Thy spite on mortal flies:

With Mars fall out, with Juno chide, That thy adulteries

Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well, Whose face I never saw?

I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd Attending Nature's law.

Whose father then (as men report, Thou orphans' father art,)

Thou should'st have been, and shielded him From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid, But took me in my throes;

That from me was Posthumus ript, Came crying 'mongst his foes,

A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry, Moulded the stuff so fair,

That he deserv'd the praise o' the world, As great Sicilius' heir.

1 Bro. When once he was mature for man, In Britain where was he

That could stand up his parallel; Or fruitful object be

In eye of Imogen, that best Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,

To be exil'd and thrown

From Leonati's seat, and cast From her his dearest one,

Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo, Slight thing of Italy,

To taint his nobler heart and brain With needless jealousy;

And to become the geck and scorn O' the other's villany?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came, Our parents, and us twain,

That, striking in our country's cause, Fell bravely, and were slain;

Our fealty, and Tenantius' right, With honour to maintain.

1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath To Cymbeline perform'd:

Then Jupiter, thou king of gods, Why hast thou thus adjourn'd

The graces for his merits due; Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out; No longer exercise,

Upon a valiant race, thy harsh And potent injuries:

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good, Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help! Or we poor ghosts will cry

To the shining synod of the rest,

Against thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you
ghosts,

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress;

No care of yours it is, you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our god-head will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and
fade!—

He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is
enter'd

His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a
grandsire, and begot

A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: But (O scorn!)
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were
born.

And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not
why.

What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O,
rare one!

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads.*] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to
himself known, without seeking find,
and be embraced by a piece of tender*

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*air; and when from a stately cedar shall
be lopped branches, which, being dead
many years, shall after revive, be jointed
to the old stock; and freshly grow; then
shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain
be fortunate, and flourish in peace and
plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be
ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the
spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But
the comfort is, you shall be called to no more
payments, fear no more tavern bills; which
are often the sadness of parting, as the pro-
curing of mirth: you come in faint for want
of meat, depart reeling with too much drink;
sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry
that you are paid too much; purse and brain
both empty: the brain the heavier for being
too light, the purse too light, being drawn of
heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall
now be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord!
it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no
true debtor and creditor but it; of what's
past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your
neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the
acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to
live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not
the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep
your sleep, and a hangman to help him to
bed, I think, he would change places with his
officer: for, look you, sir, you know not
which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then;
I have not seen him so pictur'd: you must
either be directed by some that take upon
them to know; or take upon yourself that,
which I am sure you do not know; or jump
the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how
you shall speed in your journey's end, I
think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none
want eyes to direct them the way I am going,
but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a
man should have the best use of eyes, to see
the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's
the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your
prisoner to the king.

X

Post. Thou bringest good news;—I am called to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and Messenger.*]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart, That the poor soldier, that so richly fought, Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw Such noble fury in so poor a thing; Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living, But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am The heir of his reward; which I will add To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain.

[*To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*]

By whom, I grant, she lives; 'Tis now the time To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir, In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen: Further to boast, were neither true nor modest, Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees: Arise, my knights o'the battle: I create you Companions to our person, and will fit you With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces:—Why so sadly Greet you our victory? you look like Romans, And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king! To sour your happiness, I must report The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician Would this report become? But I consider,

By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life; Which, being cruel to the world, concluded Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd, I will report, so please you: These her women Can trip me, if I err: who, with wet cheeks, Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only

Affected greatness got by you, not you: Married your royalty, was wife to your place; Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this: And, but she spoke it dying, I would not Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love

With such integrity, she did confess Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life, But that her flight prevented it, she had Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend! Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had

For you a mortal mineral; which, being took, Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring, By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,

By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to O'ercome you with her show: yes, and in time, (When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work

Her son into the adoption of the crown. But failing of her end by his strange absence Grew shameless desperate; open'd, in despite Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so, Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes Were not in fault, for she was beautiful; Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart, That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious,

To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter! That it was folly in me, thou may'st say, And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all.

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss Of many a bold one, whose kinsmen have made suit,

That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter

Of you their captives, which ourself have granted;

So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,

We should not, when the blood was cool,
have threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the
gods

Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer;
Augustus lives to think on't: And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd! never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your
highness

Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me.—
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor
wherefore,

To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: alack,
There's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st
on? speak,

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your
vassal,

Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart.
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak
freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse
apart.]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One said another
Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele:—What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us
not; forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress:

[*Aside.*

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.]

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side:
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*To IACH.*]
step you forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak
to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may
render

Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him?

[*Aside.*

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken
that

Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter
that which

Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more
may grieve thee,

As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear
more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my
false spirits

Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew
thy strength:

I had rather thou should'st live while nature
will,

Than die ere I hear more: strive man, and
speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O' would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Post-
humus,

(What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Among'st the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man

Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye:—

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This
Posthumus,
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom he prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His mistress picture; which by his tongue
being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it
begins.

He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with
him

Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus
quench'd

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus and thus; averring notes
Of chamber hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,—

Post. Ay, so thou dost,
[Coming forward.]

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou king, send out
For tortures ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o'the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set

The dogs o'the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villany less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord: hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou
scornful page,
There lie thy part. [Striking her: she falls.]

Pis. O, gentlemen, help, help,
Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Post-
humus!

You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help,
help!—

Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress?

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to
strike me

To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;

Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O Gods!—

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius!

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All the offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

There was our error.

Gui. This is sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded
lady from you?

Think, that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [Embracing him.]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir.

[Kneeling.]

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I
blame ye not:

You had a motive for't.

[To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.]

Cym. My tears that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and 'long of her
it was,

That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord
Cloten,

Upon my lady's missing, came to me.
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth,
and swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,

I had a feign'd letter of my master's
Then in my pocket: which directed him

To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,

Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate

My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my

lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he
did me

Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke
me

With language that would make me spurn
the sea,

If it could roar so to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here.

To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd,

and must
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,

As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens

Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;
[To the Guard.]

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent

As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:

But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger is
Ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—
By leave;—Thou hadst, great king, a sub-

ject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;

And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy: Here's
my knee;

Ere I rise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,

These two young gentlemen, that call me
father,

And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,

And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old
Morgan,

Am that Belarius whom you sometime ba-
nish'd:

Your pleasure was my mere offence, my
punishment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes

(For such, and so, they are,) these twenty
years

Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as

Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these

children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;

Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty

Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd

Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious
sir,

Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—

The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy

To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service, that you three have done, is more

Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish

A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true, Guiderius;
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star:
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp;
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bless'd may you
be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle
brother,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce
abridgement

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how
liv'd you?

And when came you to serve our Roman
captive?

How parted with your brothers? how first
met them?

Why fled you from the court? and whither?
These

And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be de-
manded;

And all the other by-dependancies.

From chance to chance; but nor the time,
nor place,

Will serve our long intergatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;

And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.

[To BELARIUS.]

Imo. You are my father too; and did re-
lieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and
grac'd

The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd;—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again: [Kneeling.
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'be-
seech you,

Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princess.—Good my
lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, me-
thought,

Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it; let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,—
Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.
Sooth. [Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp
shall, to himself unknown, without seeking
find, and be embraced by a piece of tender
air; and when from a stately cedar shall
be lopped branches, which, being dead many
years shall after revive, be jointed to the
old stock, and freshly grow; then shall
Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be for-
tunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[To CYMBELINE.]

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier* I divine,
Is this most constant wife: who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.
Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,

Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin:—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her and
hers,)
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do
tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,

From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o'the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely
eagle,

The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their
nostrils
From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town
march:

And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a
peace. [Exeunt.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter the Captain.

The Captain of the Romans, appearing, the
British and Roman soldiers stand, as in the
Roman camp, before the British camp, and
the British soldiers, as in the British camp,
stand before the Roman camp.

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British and Roman soldiers stand, as in the
Roman camp, before the British camp, and
the British soldiers, as in the British camp,
stand before the Roman camp.

In clearing for the Roman camp,
Caius Lucius, appearing, the
British and Roman soldiers stand, as in the
Roman camp, before the British camp, and
the British soldiers, as in the British camp,
stand before the Roman camp.

The Captain of the Romans, appearing, the
British and Roman soldiers stand, as in the
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the British soldiers, as in the British camp,
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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Persons represented.

SATURNINUS, son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.

BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, general against the Goths.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, tribune of the people; and brother to Titus.

LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS, } sons to Titus Andronicus.

YOUNG LUCIUS, a boy, son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, son to Marcus the tribune.

ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.

ALARBUS,

CHIRON, } sons to Tamora.

DEMETRIUS,

AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.

Goths, and Romans.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.

LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse, and a black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Rome; and the country near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Rome. Before the Capitol.

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his Followers, on the other; with Drum and Colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right, Defend the justice of my cause with arms; And, countrymen, my loving followers, Plead my successive title with your swords: I am his first-born son, that was the last That wore the imperial diadem of Rome; Then let my father's honours live in me, Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,—

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son, Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome, Keep then this passage to the Capitol; And suffer not dishonour to approach The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate, To justice, continence, and nobility: But let desert in pure election shine; And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS aloft, with the crown.

Mar. Princes that strive by factions, and by friends, Ambitiously for rule and empery,— Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand A special party, have, by common voice,

In election for the Roman empery, Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius For many good and great deserts to Rome A nobler man, a braver warrior, Lives not this day within the city walls: He by the senate is accited home, From weary wars against the barbarous Goths; That, with his sons, a terror to our foes, Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms. Ten years are spent, since first he undertook This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons In coffins from the field; And now at last, laden with honour's spoils, Returns the good Andronicus to Rome, Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms. Let us entreat,—By honour of his name, Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed, And in the Capitol and senate's right, Whom you pretend to honour and adore,— That you withdraw you, and abate your strength; Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should, Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affirm In thy uprightness and integrity, And so I love and honour thee and thine, Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons, And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all, Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament, That I will here dismiss my loving friends; And to my fortunes, and the people's favour, Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of BASSIANUS.*]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward
in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of SATURNINUS.*
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.
[*SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and
exeunt with Senators, MARCUS, &c.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter a Captain, and Others.

Cap. Romans, make way; The good Andro-
nicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Flourish of Trumpets, &c. enter MUTIUS
and MARTIUS: after them, two Men bear-
ing a Coffin covered with black; then
QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them, TITUS
ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with
ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON,
and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and
People, following. The Bearers set down
the Coffin, and TITUS speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning
weeds!

Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rights that we intend!—
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my
sword.

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*The Tomb is opened.*
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the
Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,

Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren;—Gracious con-
queror,

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon
me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths be-
held

Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are
gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS,
and MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.*

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was
queen.)

To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and
MUTIUS, with their Swords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have
perform'd

Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feeds the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the
sky.

Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the Coffins laid
in the Tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;

Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here, are no
storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;

My noble lord and father, live in fame!

Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears

I render, for my brethren's obsequies;

And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy

Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:

O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,

Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly re-
serv'd

The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—

Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,

And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS,
BASSIANUS, and Others.*

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother
Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.

Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,

That in your country's service drew your
swords:

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,

That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,

And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,

Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,

Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,

This palliament of white and spotless hue;

And name thee in election for the empire,

With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:

Be *candidatus* then, and put it on.

And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,

Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:

What! should I don this robe, and trouble you?

Be chosen with proclamations to-day;

To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,

And set abroad new business for you all?

Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,

And buried one and twenty valiant sons,

Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,

In right and service of their noble country:

Give me a staff of honour for mine age,

But not a sceptre to control the world:

Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the
empire.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst
thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romans, do me right;—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them
not

Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—

Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the
good

That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to
thee

The people's hearts, and wean them from them-
selves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,

But honour thee, and will do till I die;

My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,

I will most thankful be: and thanks, to men

Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes
here,

I ask your voices, and your suffrages;

Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,

And gratulate his safe return to Rome,

The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I
make,

That you create your emperor's eldest son,

Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,

Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,

And ripen justice in this common-weal:

Then if you will elect by my advice,

Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor!*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,

Patricians, and plebeians, we create

Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;

And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*

[*A long Flourish.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done,

To us in our election this day,

I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,

And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:

And, for an onset, Titus, to advance

Thy name, and honourable family,

Lavinia will I make my emperess,

Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,

And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:

Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please
thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this
match,

I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:

And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—

King and commander of our common-weal,

The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate

My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;

Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:

Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,

Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!

How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,

Rome shall record; and, when I do forget

The least of these unspeakable deserts,

Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an
emperor; [To TAMORA.]

To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change
of cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of
Goths.—

Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let
us go:

Ransomeless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and
drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is
mine. [Seizing LAVINIA.]

Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my
lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

[The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show.]

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius
live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt? Where is the empe-
ror's guard?

Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd! By whom?

Bas. By him, that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[Exeunt MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with
LAVINIA.]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence
away,

And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.]

Tit. Follow my lord, and I'll soon bring her
back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy!

Barr'st me my way in Rome?

[TITUS kills MUTIUS.]

Mut. Help, Lucius, help.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more
than so,

In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:
My sons would never so dishonour me:

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will: but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [Exit.]

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her
not,

Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:

I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,

Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words
are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that chang-
ing piece

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded
heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen
of Goths,—

That, like the stately Phoebe 'mongst her
nymphs,

Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee emperess of Rome.

Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my
choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome
I swear,

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon:—Lords,
accompany

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[Exeunt SATURNINUS, and his Followers;
TAMORA, and her Sons; AARON and
Goths.]

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and
MARTIUS.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast
done!

In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Gives Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:

Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he come's not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? What villain was it spoke that word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mar. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*MARCUS and the Sons of TITUS kneel.*]

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—
The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*MUTIUS is put into the Tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with
thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary
dumps,—

How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not then beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, attended; TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and AARON: At the Other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and Others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;

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God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,

Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,

Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,

My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?

But let the laws of Rome determine all;

Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;

But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,

Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give your grace to know,

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,

Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;

That, in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath

To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:

Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;

That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,

A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;

'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What! madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; The gods of Rome
forefend,

I should be author to dishonour you!

But, on mine honour, dare I undertake

For good lord Titus' innocence in all,

Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;

Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,

Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—

My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:

You are but newly planted in your throne;

Lest then the people, and patricians too,

Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,

And so supplant us for ingratitude,

(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)

Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:

I'll find a day to massacre them all,

And raze their faction, and their family,

The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,

To whom I sued for my dear son's life;

And make them know, what 'tis to let a

queen

Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in

vain.—

Aside.

Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevailed.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to
his highness,
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must
all be friends:

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's
here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two
brides,

You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace
bonjour.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot: and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.—

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph
long

Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made emperess.

To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis;—this queen,
Thy syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit
wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd:
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all:
And so in this to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not
keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, un-
advis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your
friends?

Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I
have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave?

[*They draw.*]

Aar. Why, how now, lords?
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns:
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I; till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his
throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—

Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.—

Nôw by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,

This petty brabble will undo us all.—

Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous It is to jut upon a prince's right?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,

Without controlment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware!—an should the empress know

This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;

I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome

How furious and impatient they be,

And cannot brook competitors in love?

I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths

Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore may be won;

She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.

What, man! more water glideth by the mill

Than wots the miller of; and easy it is

Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:

Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,

Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

[*Aside.*

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,

And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch, or so

Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too;

Then should not we be tired with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,

To square for this? Would it offend you then That both should speed?

Chi. P'faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me,

So I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that you jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do

That you affect; and so must you resolve;

That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,

You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste

Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than lingering languishment

Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop;

The forest walks are wide and spacious;

And many unfrequented plots there are,

Fitted by kind for rape and villany:

Single you thither then this dainty doe,

And strike her home by force, if not by words:

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,

To villany and vengeance consecrate,

Will we acquaint with all that we intend;

And she shall file our engines with advice,

That will not suffer you to square yourselves,

But to your wishes' height advance you both.

The emperor's court is like the house of fame,

The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:

The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;

There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns:

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream

To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,

Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Forest near Rome. A Lodge seen at a distance. Horns, and cry of Hounds heard.

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters, &c. MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,

The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:

Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,

And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,

And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,

That all the court may echo with the noise.

Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,

To tend the emperor's person carefully:

I have been troubled in my sleep this night,

But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Horns wind a Peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty;—

Madam, to you as many and as good!—

I promis'd your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords

Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport:—Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting. [To TAMORA.]

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where
the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the
plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse
nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A desert Part of the Forest.

Enter AARON, with a Bag of Gold.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I
had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany;
And so repose, sweet gold for there unrest,
[Hides the Gold.]
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st
thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the
hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince of Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodi-
ous birds,
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your
desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in
thee,

This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day:
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll:—
Now question me no more, we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me
than life!

Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus
comes:

Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [Exit.]

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal
emperess,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-
day!

'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cim-
merian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly
steed,

And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note
of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him
noted long:

Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our
gracious mother,
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is :

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful misletoe.

Here never shines the sun, here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,

Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
Nor sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But straight they told me, they would bind
me here

Unto the body of a dismal yew ;
And leave me to this miserable death.

And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

That ever ear did hear to such effect.
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed :
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,

Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.
[Stabs BASSIANUS.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show
my strength. [Stabbing him likewise.

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall
know, my boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's
wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs
to her ;

First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw :
This minion stood upon her chastity,

Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your

mightiness :
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an ennuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust,
Tam. But when you have the honey you

desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make
that sure.—

Come, mistress, now perforce, we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's
face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with
her.

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but
a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam : Let it be your
glory

To see her tears: but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach
the dam?

O do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee :
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to

marble ;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike ;
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

[To CHIRON.

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove
myself a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch
a lark :

Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now!)
The lion mov'd with pity, did endure

To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,

The whilst their own birds famish in their
nests ;

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away
with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee: for my father's
sake,

That gave thee life, when well he might have
slain thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Had thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless:—

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;

But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore away with her, and use her as you

will ;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this

place :
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long ;

Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then; fond wo-
man, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one
thing more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,

And tumble me into some loathsome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:

Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of
their fee :

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away, for thou hast staid us here too
long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah,
bestly creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth:—
Bring thou her husband;

[Dragging off LAVINIA.
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.
[Exeunt.

Tam. Farewell, my sons; see that you
make her sure :

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come, on, my lords; the better foot
before:

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it
bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; wer't
not for shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[MARTIUS falls into the pit.

Quin. What, art thou fallen? What subtle
hole is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing
briers;

Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?

A very fatal place it seems to me:—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the
fall?

Mart. O, brother, with the dismallest
object

That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [Aside.] Now will I fetch the king
to find them here:

That he thereby may give a likely guess,

How these were they that made away his
brother.

[Exit AARON.

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and
help me out

From this unhallow'd and blood-stain'd hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;

My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true divining
heart,

Aaron and thou look down into this den,

And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassion-
ate heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold

The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:

O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now

Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap like to a slaughter'd lamb,

In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know
'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear

A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,

Which, like a taper in some monument,

Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,

And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:

So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,

When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.

O, brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—

If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—

Out of this fell devouring receptacle,

As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help
thee out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.

I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without
thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not
loose again,

Till thou art here aloft, or I below:

Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[Falls in.

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is
here,

And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.

Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;

Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,

To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost
but jest:

He and his lady both are at the lodge,

Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;

'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him
all alive,

But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS
ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.*

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with
killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother, Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search
my wound;

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal
writ.

[Giving a letter.

The complot of this timeless tragedy;

And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold

In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [Reads.] *An if we miss to meet him
handsomely,—*

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus'tis, we mean,—

Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;

*Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy
reward*

Among the nettles at the elder tree,

*Which overshades the mouth of that same
pit,*

Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

*Do this, and purchase us thy lasting
friends.*

O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,

That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of
gold.

[Showing it.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [To Titus.] fell curs
of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life ;—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison ;
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be proved in them,—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—

Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:

For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:

Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,

That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk
with them. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE V. *The same.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash:

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.]

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?

Cousin, a word; Where is your husband?

If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;

And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee;
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—

As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,

Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?

O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!

Sorrow conceal'd, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind;

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.

O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,

And make the silken strings delight to kiss
them;

He would not then have touch'd them for his
life:

Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made,

He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell
asleep,

As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind:

For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant

meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's

eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with

thee;
O, could our mourning ease thy misery?

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

Enter Senators, Tribunes and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the place of Execution: TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

For these, these tribunes, in the dust I write
[*Throwing himself on the ground.*]
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the Prisoners.*]

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears, I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear son's blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death,
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:

Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,

They would not mark me: or, if they did mark,

All bootless to them, they'd not pity me.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;

Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,

For that they will not intercept my tale:

When I do weep, they humbly at my feet

Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;

And, were they but attired in grave weeds,

Rome could afford no tribune like to these,

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones:

A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:

For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.

Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her:—

Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;

And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage:
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,

Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he, that wounded her,

Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,

Environ'd with a wilderness of sea ;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by
wave,

Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;
And here, my brother, weeping at my woes ;
But that, which gives my soul the greatest
spurn,

Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have maddened me ; What shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so ?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears ;
No tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :
Thy husband he is dead ; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by
this:—

Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her !
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks ; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they
kill'd her husband :

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be
joyful,

Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—

Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips ;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease :
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some foun-
tain ;

Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd ? Like meadows, yet not
dry

With miry slime left on them by a flood ?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb
shows

Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?
What shall we do ? Let us, that have our
tongues,

Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for,
at your grief,

See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece :—good Titus,
dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother, well
I wot,

Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with
thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy
cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark ! I understand her
signs :

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say

That to her brother which I said to thee ;
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this ?
As far from help as limbo is from bliss !

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor,
Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy
sons,

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king : he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive ;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor ! O, gentle Aaron !
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise ?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand :

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off ?

Luc. Stay, father ; for that noble hand of
thine,

That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent : my hand will serve the
turn :

My youth can better spare my blood than you ;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers'
lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not de-
fended Rome,

And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle ?
O, none of both but are of high desert :
My hand hath been but idle ; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death ;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall
go along,

For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more ; such wither'd
herbs as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought
thy son,

Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mo-
ther's care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you ; I will spare my
hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them
both ;

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be ho-
nest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so :—
But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass.

[*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off TITUS's hand.*]

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife: what shall be,
is despatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villany

[*Aside.*

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to
heaven,

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:

If any power pities wretched tears,

To that I call;—What, wilt thou kneel with
me? [To LAVINIA.

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear
our prayers;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting
bosoms.

Mar. O! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no
bottom?

Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth
o'erflow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln
face?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?

I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow:

She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:

Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;

Then must my earth with her continual tears

Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:

For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,

But like a drunkard must I vomit them.

Then give me leave; for losers will have leave

To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

*Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a
hand.*

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou re-
paid

For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.

Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;

And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent
back:

Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:

That woe is me to think upon thy woes,

More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!

These miseries are more than may be borne!

To weep with them that weep doth ease some
deal,

But sorrow flouted at his double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so
deep a wound,

And yet detested life not shrink thereat!

That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to

breathe! [LAVINIA kisses him.

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is com-
fortless,

As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have
an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery: Die, An-
dronicus;

Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons'
heads;

Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;

Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight

Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,

Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs:

Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand

Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal

sight

The closing up of our most wretched eyes!

Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with
this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:

Besides this sorrow is an enemy,

And would usurp upon my watry eyes,

And make them blind with tributary tears;

Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?

For these two heads do seem to speak to me;

And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,

Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,

Even in their throats that have committed

them,

Come, let me see what task I have to do.—

You heavy people, circle me about;

That I may turn me to each one of you,

And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.

The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a

head;

And in this hand the other will I bear:

Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;

Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between

thy teeth.

As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;

Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:

Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:

And, if you love me, as I think you do,

Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.*

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble

father:

The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!

Farewell, proud Rome, till Lucius come again,

He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.

Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;

O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs,
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturninus and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Titus's House. A Banquet set out.

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS, a Boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—

Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!
[*To LAVINIA.*]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;

Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;

That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life!
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
Lest we remember still, that we have none.—

Fye, fye, how frantically I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—

Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs,—
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,

Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks:—

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:

Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,

But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.*]
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny;
A deed of death, done on the innocent,

Becomes not Titus' brother: Get thee gone;
I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the air?

Poor harmless fly!
That with his pretty buzzing melody,

Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black ill-favour'd fly,

Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,

For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;

Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.—

There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah!—

Yet I do think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,

That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,

He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet: and go read with thee

Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,

And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The same. Before Titus's House.

Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young LUCIUS, LAVINIA running after him.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia

Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear
thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do
thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome,
she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by
these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth
she mean:

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.
Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee
thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to
fear;

Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books,
and fly;

Causeless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet
aunt;

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[LAVINIA turns over the Books which
LUCIUS has let fall.]

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what
means this?

Some book there is that she desires to see:—
Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them,
boy.—

But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was
more than one

Confederate in the fact:—Ay, more there
was:—

Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis;
My mother gave't me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see, how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her:—

What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see; note how she quotes
the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet
girl,

Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy
woods?—

See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a
den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are
none but friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit
down by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here;—Look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.

[*He writes his Name with his Staff, and
guides it with his Feet and Mouth.*
Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this
shift!—

Write thou, good niece; and here display, at
last,

What God will have discover'd for revenge!
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows
plain,

That we may know the traitors and the truth!
[*She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and
guides it with her Stumps, and writes.*

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath
writ?

Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Ta-
mora

Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. *Magne Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I
know,

There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.

My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's
hope;

And swear with me,—as with the woful feere,
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves,
abroad,

And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what
say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full
oft

For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armory;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou
not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms,
grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another
course.

Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir: and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.]

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man
groan,

And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield:

But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS,
at one Door; at another Door, young LU-
CIUS, and an Attendant, with a Bundle
of Weapons, and Verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad
grandfather.

VOL. III.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I
may,

I greet your honours from Andronicus;—
And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

[*Aside.*

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: What's the
news?

Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that's the
news,

For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May
it please you,

My grandsire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armory,

To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;

And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody

villains. [*Exeunt* Boy and Attendant.]

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written
round about?

Let's see;

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.*

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace:—right,
you have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath

found their guilt;
And sends the weapons wrapp'd about

with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the

quick. } *Aside.*

But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.

But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—
And now, young lords, was't not a happy star

Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman
dames

At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.
Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say
amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thou-
sand more,

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the
gods

For our beloved mother in her pains.
Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given
us o'er. [*Aside. Flourish.*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flou-
rish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Z

Enter a Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child in her Arms.

Nur. Good morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?
Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is: and what with Aaron now?
Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;—
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean, she's brought to bed.
Aar. Well, God Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?
Nur. A devil.
Aar. Why then she's the devil's dam; a joyful issue.
Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our cline.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.
Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.
Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?
Aar. Done! that which thou Canst not undo.
Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.
Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.
Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!
Chi. It shall not live.
Aar. It shall not die.
Nur. Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.
Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.
Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point;
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.
Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
[Takes the Child from the Nurse and draws.
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-lin'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue:

For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the emperess from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;

The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world, do I prefer;

This maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:

Fye, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart!

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer:

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;

As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*

He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;

And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,

He is enfranchised and come to light:

Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice;
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[They sit on the Ground.]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords; When we all join in league,

I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,

The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,

The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.

But, say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia, the midwife, and myself,
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The emperess, the midwife, and yourself:

Two may keep counsel, when the third's away

Go to the empress; tell her, this I said:—

[*Stabbing her.*]

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou this?

Aar. O, lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy: Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours? A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no, And now be it known to you my full intent. Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman, His wife but yesternight was brought to bed; His child is like to her, fair as you are: Go pack with him, and give the mother gold, And tell them both the circumstance of all; And how by this their child shall be advanc'd And be received for the emperor's heir, And substituted in the place of mine, To calm this tempest whirling in the court; And let the emperor dandle him for his own. Hark ye, lords, ye see, that I have given her

physic, [*Pointing to the Nurse.*]

And you must needs bestow her funeral; The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms: This done, see that you take no longer days, But send the midwife presently to me. The midwife, and the nurse, well made away, Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora, Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI. bearing off the Nurse.*]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms, And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—

Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;

For it is you that puts us to our shifts:

I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots, And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,

And cabin in a cave; and bring you up To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A public Place.

Enter TITUS, bearing Arrows, with Letters at the ends of them; with him MARCUS, young LUCIUS, and other Gentlemen, with Bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is the way:—

Sir boy, now let me see your archery; Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:

Terras Astræa reliquit:

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.

Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;

Happily you may find her in the sea;

Yet there's as little justice as at land:—

No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it; 'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade, And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:

Then, when you come to Pluto's region,

I pray you, deliver him this petition:

Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid;

And that it comes from old Andronicus,

Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—

Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,

What time I threw the people's suffrages

On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—

Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,

And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;

This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case, To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,

By day and night to attend him carefully;

And feed his humour kindly as we may,

Till time beget some careful remedy,

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.

Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war

Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,

And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters? What,

Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord: but Pluto sends you word

If you will have revenge from hell, you shall: Marry, for Justice she is so employ'd,

He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or some where else.

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.

I'll dive into the burning lake below, And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—

Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;

No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclop's size:

But metal, Marcus; steel to the very back;

Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear:

And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell, We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,

To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs: Come, to this gear. You are a good archer,

Marcus. [*He gives them the Arrows.*]
Ad Jovem, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem*.—

Ad Martem, that's for myself;—

Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here, to Mercury:

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid:

O' my word, I have written to effect;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;

Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done!

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,

The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock That down fell both the ram's horns in the court; And who should find them but the empress' villain?

She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose

But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy.

Enter a Clown, with a Basket and two Pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters? Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the imperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the emperor:

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.

Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward, I'll be at hand, sir: see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration; For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—

And when thou hast given it to the emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let's go:—Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords and Others; SATURNINUS with the Arrows in his Hand, that TITUS shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne, Troubled, confronted thus: and, for the extent Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?

My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods, However these disturbers of our peace Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,

But even with law, against the wilful sons Of old Andronicus. And what an if

His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,

Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,

His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?

And now he writes to heaven for his redress:

See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;

This to Apollo; this to the god of war:

Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!

What's this, but libelling against the senate,

And blazoning our injustice every where?

A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?

As who would say, in Rome no justice were.

But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies

Shall be no shelter to these outrages:

But he and his shall know, that justice lives

In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,

He'll so awake, as she in fury shall

Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine, Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts, Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age, The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons, Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,

Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,

For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all: [*Aside.*]

But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,

Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,

Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port,

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? would'st thou speak with us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give you good den:—I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here.

[*SATURNINUS reads the Letter.*]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*]

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know from whence this same device proceeds; May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons, That died by law for murder of our brother, Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:

For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;

Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause;

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under conduct

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?

These tidings nip me; and I hang the head

As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms,

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:

'Tis he the common people love so much;

Myself hath often over-heard them say,

(When I have walked like a private man,)

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully, And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius: And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean thereby;

Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,

He can at pleasure stint their melody:

Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.

Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,

I will enchant the old Andronicus,

With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,

Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;

When as the one is wounded with the bait,

The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will: For I can smooth and fill his aged ear

With golden promises; that were his heart

Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,

Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—

Go thou before, be our ambassador;

[*To ÆMILIUS.*]

Say, that the emperor requests a parley

Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,

Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:

And if he stand on hostage for his safety,

Bid him demand what pledge will please him best,

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[*Exit ÆMILIUS.*]

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;

And temper him with all the art I have,

To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.

And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,

And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Plains near Rome.

Enter LUCIUS, and Goths, with Drum and Colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,

I have received letters from great Rome,

Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,

And how desirous of our sight they are.

Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,

Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs; And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath, Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;

Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,

Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,

Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—

Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,

Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—

And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.

But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in his Arms.

2 Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!

*Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,*

*They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,—*

*For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe*

*Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
With this my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him.*

Surpris'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,

To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,

That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey

This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? No; not a word?

A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder brought, which AARON is obliged to ascend.*]

Aar. Lucius, save the child;
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:

If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; But vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; and, if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee,
Lucius,

'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;

For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,

Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason; villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god;

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,

And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath;—For that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;

To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou shalt vow

By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,

To that which thou shalt hear of me anon,
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus:
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them;
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set:
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corse of Bassianus lay:

I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swoounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And, for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and
never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous
deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand
more.

Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse,)
Wherein I did not some notorious ill;

As kill a man, or else devise his death;

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;

Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself:

Set deadly enmity between two friends;

Make poor men's cattle break their necks;

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,

And bid the owners quench them with their
tears.

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their
graves,

And set them upright at their dear friends'
doors,

Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;

And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,

Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.

Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,

As willingly as one would kill a fly;

And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,

But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must
not die
So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a
devil,

To live and burn in everlasting fire;

So I might have your company in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him
speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from
Rome,

Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.—

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from
Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of
the Goths,

The Roman emperor greets you all by me:

And, for he understands you are in arms,

He craves a parley at your father's house,

Willing you to demand your hostages,

And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1 Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his
pledges

Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,

And we will come.—March away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rome. Before Titus's House.

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS,
disguis'd.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiti-
ment,

I will encounter with Andronicus;

And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,

To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs,

Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,

To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;

Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,

And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock.*]

Enter TITUS, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?

Is it your trick, to make me ope the door;

That so my sad decrees may fly away,

And all my study be to no effect?

You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,

See here, in bloody lines I have set down;

And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace
my talk,

Wanting a hand to give it action?

Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou would'st
talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson
lines;

Witness these trenches, made by grief and
care;

Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;

Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well

For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:

Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:

I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,

By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.

Come down, and welcome me to this world's
light;

Confer with me of murder and of death:

There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,

No vast obscurity, or misty vale,

Where bloody murder, or detested rape,

Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;

And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,

Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent
to me,

To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and
welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.

Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder,
stands;

Now give some'surance that thou art Revenge,

Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;

And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,

And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfal in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder; therefore call'd so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are!

And you the empress! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,

I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit Titus, from above.]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:

Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For, well, I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain, that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand, that hath done thee wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap,

To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor:
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house: and he shall feast with them.

This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again.
[Exit.]

Tam. Now, will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and murder stay with me;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
[Aside.]

And tarry with him, till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices.
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

[Aside.]
Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

[Exit TAMORA.]

Tit. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—

Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, and Others.

Pub. What's your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. Th' empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much
deceiv'd;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

*[Exit TITUS.—PUBLIUS, &c. lay hold
on CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.]*

Chi. Villains, forbear: we are the empress'
sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are
commanded.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a
word:

Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them
fast.

*Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVI-
NIA; she bearing a Bason, and he a
Knife.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes
are bound;—

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to
me;

But let them hear what fearful words I ut-
ter.—

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd
with mud;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that,
more dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth
hold

The bason, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with
me,

And calls herself, Revenge, and thinks me
mad,—

Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daugh-
ter,

And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
[He cuts their Throats.]

Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.

Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[Exeunt, bearing the dead Bodies.]

SCENE III.

The same. A Pavilion, with Tables, &c.

*Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with
AARON, Prisoner.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's
mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

I Goth. And ours, with thine, befall what
fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous
Moor,

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter
forth

The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd
slave!—

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[Exeunt Goths, with AARON. Flourish.]
The trumpets show, the emperor is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with
Tribunes, Senators, and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns
than one?

Luc. What boots it thee, to call thyself a
sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break
the parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to
Rome:

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take
your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

*[Hautboys sound. The Company sit
down at Table.]*

*Enter TITUS, dressed like a Cook, LAVINIA,
veiled, young LUCIUS, and Others. TITUS
places the Dishes on the Table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord: welcome,
dread queen:

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart,
you were.

My lord the emperor resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash Virginus,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and de-
flour'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!

Sat. Because the girl should not survive
her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason, mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[*He kills LAVINIA.*]

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and
unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have
made me blind.

I am as woful as Virginus was:
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage:—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did
the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please
your highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only
daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in
that pie;

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp
point.

[*Killing TAMORA.*]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed
deed.

[*Killing TITUS.*]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father
bleed?

There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Kills SATURNINUS. A great Tumult.*]

The People in confusion disperse.

MARCUS, LUCIUS, and their Par-
tizans ascend the Steps before TITUS's
House.

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons
of Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Lest Rome herself be hane unto herself;
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.

But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*To LUCIUS.*] as
erst our ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's
Troy;

Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil
wound.—

My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance: even i'the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration:
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him
speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to
you,

That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murder'd our emperor's bro-
ther;

And they it were that ravished our sister;
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel
out,

And sent her enemies unto the grave.

Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood:
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.

Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft; methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise them-
selves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak; Behold
this child,

[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of
an Attendant.*]

Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.

Now you have heard the truth, what say you,
Romans?

Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak; and, if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of
Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail;
Rome's royal emperor!

LUCIUS, &c. *descend.*

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;
[*To an Attendant.*

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail;
Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I go-
vern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task;—
Stand all aloof,—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kisses Titus.*

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd
face,

The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and
learn of us
To melt in showers: Thy grandsire lov'd thee
well:

Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;

In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender
spring,

Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and
woe:

Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all
my heart

Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

1 Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with
woes;

Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and fa-
mish him;

There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,

For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and
fury dumb?

I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the em-
peror hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.

As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of
prey:

Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done to Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate.

[*Exeunt.*

That graphic people, even the most sensitive—

stand all about, but really draw you back
for nature puts me to a heavy test;—

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Persons represented.

ANTIOCHUS, <i>King of Antioch.</i>	<i>A Pandar, and his Wife. BOULT, their</i>
PERICLES, <i>Prince of Tyre.</i>	<i>servant.</i>
HELICANUS, } <i>two Lords of Tyre.</i>	GOWER, <i>as chorus.</i>
ESCANES, }	<i>The daughter of Antiochus.</i>
SIMONIDES, <i>King of Pentapolis.</i>	DIONYZA, <i>wife to Cleon.</i>
CLEON, <i>governor of Tharsus.</i>	THAISA, <i>daughter to Simonides.</i>
LYSIMACHUS, <i>governor of Mitylene.</i>	MARINA, <i>daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.</i>
CERIMON, <i>a Lord of Ephesus.</i>	LYCHORIDA, <i>nurse to Marina. DIANA.</i>
THALIARD, <i>a Lord of Antioch.</i>	<i>Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors,</i>
PHILEMON, <i>servant to Cerimon.</i>	<i>Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.</i>
LEONINE, <i>servant to Dionyza. Marshal.</i>	

SCENE—dispersedly in various countries.

That the reader may know through how many regions the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is necessary to observe, that *Antioch* was the metropolis of Syria; *Tyre*, a city of Phœnicia in Asia; *Tharsus*, the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; *Mitylene*, the capital of Lesbos, an island in the *Ægean* sea; and *Ephesus*, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia.

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song of old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy ales;
And lords and ladies of their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
*Purpose to make men glorious;
Et quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This city then, Antioch the great
Built up for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria;
(I tell you what mine authors say:)
This king unto him took a pheere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:
Bad father! to entice his own
To evil, should be done by none.
By custom, what they did begin,
Was, with long use, account no sin.

VOL. III.

The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play fellow:
Which to prevent, he made a law,
(To keep her still, and men in awe,)
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your
eye
I give, my cause who best can justify.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.

Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul Embolden'd with the glory of her praise, Think death no hazard, in this enterprise.

[*Music.*]

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,

For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,) Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence, The senate-house of planets all did sit.
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face, the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
A countless glory, which desert must gain:
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,

That without covering, save yon field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught

My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.
I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,

Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the daughter of ANTIOCHUS.*

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,
Scorning advice.

Ant. Read the conclusion then;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous!

In all, save that, I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.

[*He reads the Riddle.*]

*I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed:*

*I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last: but O you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?

Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[*Takes hold of the hand of the princess.*

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings:
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken;

But, being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,

For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king.

Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.

Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;
For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself:
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts

Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is wrong'd

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.

Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will:

And if Jovestray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.

All love the womb that their first beings bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the meaning;—

But I will gloze with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince of Tyre,

Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;

If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son :
And until then, your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt* ANTIOCHUS, *his daughter,*
and Attendants.

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father ;) *Per.*
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed ;
And both like serpents, ye, who though they
feed

On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame :
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the
which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner :
And therefore instantly this prince must die ;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends on us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and
our mind

Partakes her private actions to your secrecy ;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold ;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must
kill him ;

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord?

'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough ;

Lest your breath cool yourself, telling your
haste.

Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

[*Exit* Messenger.

Ant. As thou

Wilt live, fly after ; and, as an arrow, shot
From a well-experienced archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
Unless thou say, prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I
Can get him once within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure : so farewell to your high-
ness. [*Exit.*

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Tyre. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, *and other*
Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us : Why this change
of thoughts?

The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can
breed me quiet!

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes
shun them,

And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here ;
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.

Then it is thus : the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care ;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.

And so with me ;—the great Antiochus
(Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great can make his will his act,)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to
silence ;

Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him :
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be
known ;

With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state ;
Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought
offence :

Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and de-
fend them,)

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred
breast!

2 Lord. And keep your mind, till you return
to us,

Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give ex-
perience tongue.

They do abuse the king, that flatter him :
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that breath gives heat and stronger
glowing ;

Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,

Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life:
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares
o'erlook

What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou

Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,

How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven,
from whence

They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life.

Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself;

Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prythee rise;
Sit down, sit down; thou art no flatterer:

I thank thee for it; and high heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults
hid!

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,

What would'st thou have me do?

Hel. With patience bear
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;

Who minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.

Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of
death,

I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear,) as black as incest;

Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou
know'st this,

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,

Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and being
here,

Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.

I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:

And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)
That I should open to the listening air,

How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—

To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done
him;

When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,

Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:

Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it)——

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood
from my cheeks,

Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;

And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given
me leave to speak,

Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,

Who, either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,

Or Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,

Day serves not night more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in absence—

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the
earth,

From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and
to Tharsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can
bear it.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack
both:

But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,

Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Tyre. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court.
Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do not,
I am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow,
and had good discretion, that being bid to ask
what he would of the king, desired he might
know none of his secrets. Now do I see he
had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man
be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of
his oath to be one.—Hush, here come the
lords of Tyre.

*Enter HELICANUS, ESCANNES, and other
Lords.*

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers
of Tyre,

Further to question of your king's departure.
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How! the king gone! [*Aside.*]

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

Thal. What from Antioch?

[*Aside.*

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not,

Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:

And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, would correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive [*Aside.*
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,
He scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.—
But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come

With message unto princely Pericles;
But, since my landing, as I have understood
Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Tharsus. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to
quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher
rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our
woes

Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;
that,

If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak, help me with
tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have govern-
ment,
(A city, on whom plenty held full hand,)
For riches, strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd
the clouds,

And stranger ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jett'd and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this
our change,
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea,
and air,

Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abun-
dance,

As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
Those palates, who not yet two summers
younger,

Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
Those mothers who, to nouse up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness
it.

Cle. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in
haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neigh-
bouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their
power,

To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear: for, by the sem-
blance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us
peace,

And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to
repeat,
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, what need we
fear?

The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there.

Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,

And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [Exit.]

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;

If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets!
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships you happily may think,
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,

With bloody views, expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,
And give them life, who are hunger-starv'd,
half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise;
We do not look for reverence, but for love.
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,)

Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast
here a while,

Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
Prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity,
I'll show you those in trouble's reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation
(To whom I give my benison,)
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:
And, to remember what he does,
Gild his statue glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb show.

Enter at one door PERICLES, talking with CLEON; all the train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman with a Letter to PERICLES; PERICLES shows the Letter to CLEON; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c. severally.

Gow. Good Helicane hath staid at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours; forth he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre;
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And hid intent, to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest:
He knowing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;

For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes: what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower; this long's the text.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.

Pentapolis. An open Place by the Sea Side.

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of
heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly
man

Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you;
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me
breath

Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your wat'ry grave;
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilche!

2 *Fish.* Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What Patch-breech, I say!

3 *Fish.* What say you, master?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now! come
away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.

3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the

poor men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 *Fish*. Alas, poor souls, it griev'd my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish*. Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say, they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish*. Why as men do a'land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a'the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 *Fish*. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 *Fish*. Why, man.

3 *Fish*. Because he should have swallow'd me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind—

Per. Simonides?

3 *Fish*. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea These fishers tell the infirmities of men; And from their watery empire recollect All that may men approve, or men detect! Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 *Fish*. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—

2 *Fish*. What a drunken knave was the sea; to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,

In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball For them to play upon, entreats you pity him; He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 *Fish*. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 *Fish*. Can'st thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 *Fish*. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure: for here's nothing to be got now a-days, unless thou can'st fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;

But what I am, want teaches me to think on; A man shrunk up with cold: my veins are chill, And have no more of life, than may suffice To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help; Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish*. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish*. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fish*. But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

2 *Fish*. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipp'd, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*]

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 *Fish*. Hark you, sir! do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 *Fish*. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 *Fish*. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so call'd, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since from his subjects

He gains the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 *Fish*. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Did but my fortunes equal my desires, I'd wish to make one there.

1 *Fish*. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.

Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net.

2 *Fish*. Help, master, help; here's a fish, hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turn'd to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses, Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself; And, though it was mine own, part of mine heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, (even as he left his life,)

Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death; (and pointed to this brace:)

For that it sav'd me, keep it: in like necessity,

Which gods protect thee from! it may defend thee.

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd, they giv't
again:

I thank thee for't; my shipwreck's now no ill
Since I have here my father's gift by will.

1 *Fish*. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat
of worth,

For it was sometime target to a king;

I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,

And for his sake, I wish the having of it;

And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's
court,

Where with't I may appear a gentleman;

And if that ever my low fortune's better,

I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your
debtor.

1 *Fish*. Why, wilt thou tourney for the
lady?

Per. I'll shew the virtue I have borne in
arms.

1 *Fish*. Why, do ye take it, and the gods
give thee good on't!

2 *Fish*. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas
we that made up this garment through the
rough seams of the waters: there are certain
condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if
you thrive, you'll remember from whence
you had it.

Per. Believe't, I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in
steel;

And spite of all the rupture of the sea,

This jewel holds his bidding on my arm;

Unto thy value will I mount myself

Upon a courser, whose delightful steps

Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—

Only, my friend, I am yet unprovided

Of a pair of bases.

2 *Fish*. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have
my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll
bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will;
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE II.

*The same. A Public Way, or Platform,
leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the
side of it, for the reception of the King,
Princess, Lords, &c.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and
Attendants.*

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the
triumph?

1 *Lord*. They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our
daughter,

In honour of whose births these triumphs are,

Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord*.]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.

'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll
perform.

*Enter a Knight: he passes over the Stage,
and his Squire presents his shield to the
Princess.*

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer
himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned
father;

And the device he bears upon his shield

Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun;

The word, *Lux tua vita mihi*.

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life
of you. [*The second Knight passes*.]

Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;

And the device he bears upon his shield

Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:

The motto thus in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura*

que per fuerça.

[*The third Knight passes*.]

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third, of Antioch;

And his device, a wreath of chivalry;

The word, *Me pompa provexit apex*.

[*The fourth knight passes*.]

Sim. What's the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turn'd upside

down;

The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit*.

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his

power and will,

Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes*.]

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with

clouds;

Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried:

The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides*.

[*The sixth Knight passes*.]

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which

the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems a stranger; but his pre-

sent is

A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;

The motto, *In hac spe vivo*.

Sim. A pretty moral;

From the dejected state wherein he is,

He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord*. He had need mean better than his

outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend:

For, by his rusty outside, he appears

To have practis'd more the whipstock, than
the lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he
comes

To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour
rust

Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us
scan

The outward habit by the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming; we'll with-
draw

Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts, and all cry, The mean
knight.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Hall of State. A Banquet
prepared.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights,
and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,

To say you are welcome, were superfluous.

To place upon the volume of your deeds,

As in a title-page, your worth in arms,

Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,

Since every worth in show commends itself.

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:

You are my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;

To whom this wreath of victory I give,

And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my
merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is
yours;

And here, I hope, is none that envies it.

In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,

To make some good, but others to exceed;

And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen
o'the feast,

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your
place:

Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good
Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days; ho-
nour we love,

For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 *Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are
gentlemen,

That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit, sir; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of
thoughts,

These cates resist me, she not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen

Of marriage, all the viands that I eat

Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat;

Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but

A country gentleman;

He has done no more than other knights have
done;

Broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me, like to my fa-
ther's picture,

Which tells me, in that glory once he was;

Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,

And he the sun, for them to reverence.

None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,

Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;

Where now his son's a glow-worm in the
night,

The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;

Whereby I see that time's the king of men,

For he's their parent, and he is their grave,

And gives them what he will, not what they
crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

1 *Knight.* Who can be other in this royal
presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto
the brim,

(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)

We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile;

Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melan-
choly,

As if the entertainment in our court

Had not a show might countervail his worth.

Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it

To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter;

Princes, in this, should live like gods above,

Who freely give to every one that comes

To honour them: and princes, not doing so,

Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but
kill'd

Are wonder'd at.

Therefore to make's entrance more sweet,
here say,

We drink this standing bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me

Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;

He may my proffer take for an offence,

Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not
please me better. [*Aside.*

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to
know,

Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk
to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your
life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge
him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles:

My education being in arts and arms;)—
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the seas, has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other
revels.

Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well per-
form'd.

Come, sir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are,
my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be
deny'd

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*
Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best. [*To PERICLES.*] Pages and
lights, conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings:
Yours, sir,

We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
For that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, no, my Escanes; know this of
me,—

Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;
For which, the most high gods not minding
longer,

To withhold the vengeance that they had in
store,

Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated, and his daughter with
him,

In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their bodies even to loathing; for they so
stunk,

That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no
guard

To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1 Lord. See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, has respect with him but he.

2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve without
reproof.

3 Lord. And curst be he that will not se-
cond it.

2 Lord. Follow me then: Lord Helicane,
a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: Happy day,
my lords.

1 Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to
the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the
prince you love.

1 Lord. Wrong not yourself then, noble
Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his
breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,
Or, dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

2 Lord. Whose death's indeed the strongest
in our censure:

And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof,)
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to
reign,

We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. Try honour's cause, forbear your suf-
frages:

If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you
To forbear choice i'the absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous
worth;

Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will
not yield;

And, since, lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll
clasp hands;

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

*Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.**Enter SIMONIDES, reading a Letter, the Knights meet him.**1 Knight.* Good-morrow to the good Simonides.*Sim.* Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,

That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,

Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord?*Sim.* 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd, And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 Knight. Though loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [*Exeunt.*]*Sim.* So

They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light.

Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine;

I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't, Not minding whether I dislike or no!

Well, I commend her choice;

And will no longer have it be delay'd.

Soft, here he comes:—I must dissemble it.

*Enter PERICLES.**Per.* All fortune to the good Simonides!*Sim.* To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you,

For your sweet music this last night: my ears, I do protest, were never better fed

With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend; Not my desert.*Sim.* Sir, you are music's master.*Per.* The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.*Sim.* Let me ask one thing. What do you think, sir, of

My daughter?

Per. As of a most virtuous princess.*Sim.* And she is fair too, is she not?*Per.* As a fair day in summer; wondrous fair.*Sim.* My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;

Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master, And she'll your scholar be; therefore look to it.

Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.*Sim.* She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.*Per.* What's here!

A letter, that she love's the knight of Tyre?

'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life. [*Aside.*]

O, seek not to intrap, my gracious lord,

A stranger, and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter, But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art

A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, sir.

Never did thought of mine levy offence;

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.*Per.* Traitor!*Sim.* Ay, traitor, sir.*Per.* Even in his throat, (unless it be the king,)

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage. [*Aside.*]*Per.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts, That never relish'd of a base descent.

I came unto your court, for honour's cause,

And not to be a rebel to her state;

And he that otherwise accounts of me,

This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No!—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

*Enter THAISA.**Per.* Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,

Resolve your angry father, if my tongue

Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe

To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had, Who takes offence at that would make me glad?*Sim.* Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?— I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll

tame you;

I'll bring you in subjection.—

Will you, not having my consent, bestow

Your love and your affections on a stranger?

(Who, for aught I know to the contrary,

Or think, may be as great in blood as I.) [*Aside.*]

Hear therefore, mistress; frame your will to mine,—

And you, sir, hear you.—Either be rul'd by me, Or I will make you—man and wife.—

Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too.—

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—

And for a further grief,—God give you joy!

What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.*Per.* Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.*Sim.* What, are you both agreed?*Both.* Yes, please your majesty.*Sim.* It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed; Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout ;
No din but snores, the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole ;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
As the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded ;—Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eche ;
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb show.

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES, at one door, with Attendants ; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter. PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES ; the Lords kneel to the former. Then enter THAISA with child, and LYCHORIDA. SIMONIDES shows his daughter the letter ; she rejoices : she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart. Then SIMONIDES, &c. retire.

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coignes,
Which the world together joins,
Is made, with all due diligence,
That horse, and sail, and high expense,
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre
(Fame answering the most strong inquire,)
To the court of king Simonides
Are letters brought ; the tenour these ;
Antiochus and his daughter's dead ;
The men of Tyrus, on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none :
The mutiny there he hastes t'appease ;
Says to them, if king Pericles
Come not, in twice six moons, home,
He obedient to their doom,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravish'd the regions round,
And every one with claps 'gan sound,
Our heir apparent is a king :
Whodream'd,whothought of such a thing?
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre :
His queen, with child, makes her desire
(Which who shall cross?) along to go ;
(Omit we all their dole and woe ;)
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow ; half the flood
Hath their keel cut ; but fortune's mood
Varies again ; the grizzled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.

The lady shrieks, and, well-a-need !
Doth fall in travail with her fear :
And what ensues in this fell storm,
Shall, for itself, itself perform.
I nill relate ; action may
Conveniently the rest convey :
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost prince appears to speak. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on a ship at sea.

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke
these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell ; and thou,
that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep ! O still thy
deaf'ning,
Thy dreadful thunders ; gently quench thy
nimble,
Sulphureous flashes !—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen ?—Thou storm, thou !
venomously
Wilt thou spit all thyself ?—The seaman's
whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida !—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat ; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails !—Now, Lychorida—

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing
Too young for such a place, who if it had
Conceit would die as I am like to do.
Take in your arms this piece of your dead
queen.

Per. How ! how, Lychorida !

Lyc. Patience, good sir ; do not assist the
storm.

Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter ; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods !
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away ? We, here
below,

Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honour with yourselves.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life !
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe :
Quiet and gentle thy conditions !
For thou'rt the rudeliest welcom'd to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what fol-
lows !

Thou hast as chiding a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb ; even at the first,

Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good
gods
Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would, it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins there; thou wilt
not, wilt thou? Blow and split thyself.

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, and the brine and
cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard;
the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will
not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still
hath been observed; and we are strong in
earnest. Therefore briefly yield her; for she
must overboard straight.

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretch-
ed queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had,
my dear,
No light, no fire; the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale,
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy
corpse,

Lying with simple shells. Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink, and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the sattin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Exit* Lychorida.]

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the
hatches, chaulk'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what
coast is this?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou
reach it?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus.
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.

Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some per-
sons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

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Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a
night as this,

Till now I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you re-
turn;

There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothe-
cary,

And tell me how it works. [*To* PHILEMON.

[*Exeunt* PHILEMON, Servant, and those
who had been shipwrecked.]

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good morrow, sir.

2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

1 *Gent.* Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook, as the earth did quake;

The very principals did seem to rend,

And all to topple; pure surprise and fear

Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so
early:

'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer.

O, you say well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lord-
ship, having

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

It is most strange,

Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer.

I held it ever,

Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches; careless heirs

May the two latter darken and expend;

But immortality attends the former,

Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever

Have studied physic, through which secret art,

By turning o'er authorities, I have

(Together with my practice,) made familiar

To me and to my aid, the blest infusions

That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;

And I can speak of the disturbances

That nature works, and of her cures; which
give me

A more content in course of true delight

Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,

Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,

To please the fool and death.

2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus
pour'd forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves

Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:

And not your knowledge, personal pain, but
even

Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never—

Enter Two Servants with a chest.

Serv. So; lift there.

Cer.

What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest;
'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set 't down, let's look on it.

2 Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
It is a good constraint of fortune, that
It belches upon us.

2 Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis chaulk'd and bitum'd!—
Did the sea cast it up?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open;
Soft, soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.
O you most potent god! what's here? a corse!

1 Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and
entreasur'd
With bags of spices full! A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me i'the characters!

[Unfolds a scroll.]

Here I give to understand, [Reads.
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)
I, king Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-
night.

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look, how fresh she looks!—They were
too rough,
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within:
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpressed spirits. I have heard
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was recover'd.

*Enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and
fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.
The vial once more;—How thou stirr'st, thou
block?—

The music there.—I pray you, give her air:—
Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breaths out of her; she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1 Gent. The heavens, sir,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair
creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [She moves.

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world
is this?

2 Gent. Is not this strange?

1 Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours;
Lend me your hands: to the next chamber
bear her.

Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!

[Exeunt carrying THAISA away.]

SCENE III.

Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LY-
CHORIDA, and MARINA.*

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs
be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they
hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought
her hither,

To have bless'd mine eyes!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord:
Your grace, that fed my country with your
corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon
you,)

Must in your child be thought on. If neglect
Should therein make me vile, the common
body,

By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me
credit,
Without your vows. Till she be married,
madam,

By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show will in't. So I take my
leave.

Good madam, make me blessed in your
care

In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the
edge o'the shore;

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune;
and

The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no
tears,

Lychorida, no tears:

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain
jewels,

Lay with you in your coffer: which are now
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.

That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my yearning time; but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say: But since king Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you
speak,

Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift
small. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles at Tyre,
Welcom'd to his own desire.
His woful queen leave at Ephess,
To Dian there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But alack!
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage fight; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk
With fingers, long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needl wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises which are paid as debts,

And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.

Tharsus. An open Place near the Sea-shore.

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn
to do it:

'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing i'the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not con-
science,

Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly
creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her. Here Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death. Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a Basket of Flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed, To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues, The purple violets, and marigolds, Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave, While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid, Born in a tempest, when my mother died, This world to me is like a lasting storm, Whirling me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone! How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not

Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's chang'd

With this unprofitable woe! Come, come; Give me your wreath of flowers. Ere the sea mar it, Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there, Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come;

Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you; I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come; I love the king your father, and yourself, With more than foreign heart. We every day Expect him here: when he shall come, and find

Our paragon to all reports, thus blasted, He will repent the breadth of his great voyage; Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en

No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you, Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve That excellent complexion, which did steal The eyes of young and old. Care not for me; I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go; But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you, Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least; Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while; Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood: What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—
[Exit DIONYZA.]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,

But cry'd, *good seamen!* to the sailors, galling His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes; And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-tackle

Wash'd off a canvas-climber: *Ha!* says one, *Wilt out?* and, with a dropping industry, They skip from stem to stern: the boatswain whistles,

The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. And when was this?

Mar. It was when I was born: Never was waves nor wind more violent.

Leon. Come, say your prayers speedily.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer, I grant it: Pray! but be not tedious, For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth, I never did her hurt in all my life; I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn To any living creature: believe me, la, I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly: I trod upon a worm against my will, But I wept for it. How have I offended, Wherein my death might yield her profit, or My life imply her danger?

Leon. My commission Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.

You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately, When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:

Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now: Your lady seeks my life: come you between, And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn, And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain! [LEONINE runs away.]

2 *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

[Exit Pirates with MARINA.]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roving thieves serve the great pirate Valdes; And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go: There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead, And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further; Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,

Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be
slain. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.

Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul't.

Boul't. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, what-e'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true: 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards, as I think I have brought up some eleven—

Boul't. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they are too unwholesome o' conscience. The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boul't. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market. [Exit BOULT.]

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger; therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling:—but here comes Boul't.

Enter the Pirates, and BOULT, dragging in MARINA.

Boul't. Come your ways. [To MARINA.]—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boul't. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boul't, has she any qualities?

Boul't. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boul't?

Boul't. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. [Exit PANDER and Pirates.]

Bawd. Boul't, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity! and cry, *He that will give most, shall have her first.* Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boul't. Performance shall follow.

[Exit BOULT.]

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!

(He should have struck, not spoke!) or that these pirates,

(Not enough barbarous,) had not overboard thrown me, to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boul't's returned.

Enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boul't. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I pry'thee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boul't. 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boul. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i'the hams?

Bawd. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boul. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither; here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boul. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boul. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of her's must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i'faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boul. 'Faith some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boul. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boul. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boul, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have: you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boul. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana?
Pray you, will you go with us? [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion.

I think

You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the spacious world,

I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o'the earth,
I'the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou hast poison'd too!

If thou had'st drunk to him, it had been a kindness

Becoming well thy feat: what canst thou say,

When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,

To foster it, nor ever to preserve.

She died by night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?

Unless you play the impious innocent,
And for an honest attribute, cry out,
She died by foul play.

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think
The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how cow'd a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow
From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then:

Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,

Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did disdain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: None would look on her,

But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough;

And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness,
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,

And even yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face,
Seize with an eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;

But yet I know you'll do as I advise.

[Exeunt.]

Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA at THARSUS.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't;
Making, (to take your imagination,) From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,
To learn of me, who stand i'the gap to teach you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
(Attended on by many a lord and knight,) To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind, Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have brought
This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought; So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,)
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone. Like notes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb show.

Enter at one door, PERICLES, with his Train; CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERICLES the tomb of MARINA; whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on Sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then CLEON and DIONYZA retire.

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'ershow'r'd,
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.
[*Reads the inscription on MARINA'S monument.*
*The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter.
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;*

Marina was she call'd; and at her birth, Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o'the earth:

Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,

Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:

Wherefore she does, (and swears she'll never stint,)

Make raging battery upon shores of flint.

No visor does become black villainy,
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By lady fortune; while our scenes display
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel.

Enter, from the Brothel, Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

2 Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 Gent. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 Gent. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The same. A Room in the Brothel.

Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fye, fye upon her: she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

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Bawd. Now, the gods to bless your honour.

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By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads the inscription on MARINA'S monument.]

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On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;*

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Hath Thetis birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:

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No visor does become black villainy,
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And bear his courses to be ordered
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Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now? How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to bless your honour.

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou would'st say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but —

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you;—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

[*To MARINA, whom she takes aside.*]

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[*Exeunt Bawd, PANDER, and BOULT.*]

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof from more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;

If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.

Mar. For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune Hath plac'd me here within this loathsome sty, Where, since I came, diseases have been sold Dearer than physic,—O that the good gods Would set me free from this unhallow'd place, Though they did change me to the meanest bird

That flies i'the purer air!

Lys. I did not think

Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou could'st.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:

Persever still in that clear way thou goest, And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten

That I came with no ill intent; for to me The very doors and windows savour vilely. Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—Hold; here's more gold for thee.—

A curse upon him, die he like a thief, That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st from me,

It shall be for thy good.

[*As LYSIMACHUS is putting up his Purse, BOULT enters.*]

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house,

But for this virgin that doth prop it up, Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away!

[*Exit LYSIMACHUS.*]

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole

household, let me be gelded like a spaniel.
Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures; away with her.—Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit Bawd.*]

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art,

Since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend

Of hell would not in reputation change:

Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coy-strel

That hither comes inquiring for his tib;

To the choleric fisting of each rogue thy ear

Is liable; thy very food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest.
Empty

Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth;

Serve by indenture to the common hangman;

Any of these ways are better yet than this:

For that which thou professest, a baboon,

Could he but speak, would own a name too dear.

O that the gods would safely from this place
Deliver me! Here, here is gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain aught by me,

Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,

With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;

And I will undertake all these to teach.

I doubt not but this populous city will

Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of.

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,

And prostitute me to the basest groom

That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women.

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent; therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances

Into an honest house, our story says.

She sings like one immortal, and she dances

As goddess-like to her admired lays:

Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her needl composes

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;

That even her art sisters the natural roses:

Her incle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:

That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;

And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;

Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast

Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
God Neptune's annual feast to keep; from whence

Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich ex-
pense;

And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight;
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:

Where, what is done in action, more, if
might,

Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.
[Exit.]

SCENE I.

*On board PERICLES' Ship, off Mitylene. A
close Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain
before it; PERICLES within it, reclined
on a couch. A Barge lying beside the
Tyrian Vessel.*

*Enter Two Sailors, one belonging to the Ty-
rian Vessel, the other to the Barge; to
them HELICANUS.*

Tyr. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus? he
can resolve you.

[To the Sailor of Mitylene.

O here he is.—
Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come on board. What is your
will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentle-
men.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard;
I pray you,
To greet them fairly.

[The Gentlemen and the Two Sailors de-
scend, and go on board the Barge.

*Enter, from thence LYSIMACHUS and Lords;
the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the Two Sailors.*

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve
you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's
triumphs,

Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, sir, what is your place?

Lys. I am governor of this place you lie
before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king:

A man, who for this three months hath not
spoken

To any one, nor taken sustenance,

But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then?

Hel. You may indeed, sir,
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, sir: [PERICLES discover-
ed.] this was a goodly person,
Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve
you! Hail,

Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1 Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I
durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She, all as happy as of all the fairest,
Is, with her fellow maidens, now within
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—

Exit Lord, in the Barge of LYSIMACHUS.

Hel. Sure all's effectless; yet nothing we'll
omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your
kindness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
further,

That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it:—
But see, I am prevented.

*Enter, from the Barge, Lord, MARINA, and
a young Lady.*

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel. A gallant lady.

Lys. She's such, that were I well assur'd she
came

Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous-artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,

Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous!

[*MARINA sings.*

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear:—

Per. Hum! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on, comet-like: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be hath endur'd a grief
Might equal your's, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.* [Aside.]

Per. My fortunes — parentage — good parentage —
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so.
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
You are like something that—What country-woman?

Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dea est wife was like this maid, and such a one

My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel like,
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,

The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which

You make more rich to owe?

Mar. Should I tell my history,
'T would seem likeliest disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st

Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st

Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st

From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,

If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing indeed I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling

Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient;
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name Marina,
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
No motion?—Well; speak on. Where were you born?

And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull asleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be.
My daughter's buried. [Aside.] Well:—where were you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best
I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—
How came you in these parts? where were
you bred?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus
leave me;

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But now, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you
weep? It may be,

You think me an impostor; no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my gracious lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come
hither,

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
(As in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect,)
My drown'd queen's name, thou art the heir
of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end,
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art
my child.

Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus,
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel and justify in know-
ledge,

She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, sir.
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.

O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what
music?—

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter,—But what
music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?

The music of the spheres: list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him
way.

Per. Rarest sounds!

Do ye not hear?

Lys. Music? My lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly music:

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eye-lids; let me rest.

[*He sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head;

[*The Curtain before the Pavilion of
PERICLES is closed.*]

So leave him all.—Well, my companion-
friends,

If this but answer to my just belief,

I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS,
MARINA, and Attendant Lady.

SCENE II. *The same.*

PERICLES on the Deck asleep; DIANA ap-
pearing to him as in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie
thee thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met toge-
ther,

Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:

Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.

Awake, and tell thy dream.

[*DIANA disappears.*]

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and
MARINA.

Hel. Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to
strike

The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee
why.

[*To* HELICANUS.
Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. With all my heart, sir; and when you
come ashore,

I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her,

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.
Per. Come, my Marina. [Exeunt.]

Enter GOWER, before the Temple of DIANA at Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
 More a little, and then done.
 This, as my last boon, give me,
 (For such kindness must relieve me,)
 That you aptly will suppose
 What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
 What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
 The regent made in Mitylin,
 To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,
 That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
 To fair Marina; but in no wise,
 Till he had done his sacrifice,
 As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
 The interim, pray you, all confound.
 In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd
 And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
 At Ephesus, the temple see,
 Our king, and all his company.
 That he can hither come so soon,
 Is by your fancy's thankful boon. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

The Temple of Diana at Ephesus: THAISA standing near the Altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail Dian! to perform thy just command,
 I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
 Who, frighted from my country, did wed
 The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.
 At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
 A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
 Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
 Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen
 years
 He sought to murder; but her better stars
 Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
 Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard
 us,
 Where, by her own most clear remembrance,
 she
 Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!—
 You are—you are—O royal Pericles!—
 [She faints.]

Per. What means the woman? she dies!
 help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
 If you have told Diana's altar true,
 This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
 I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'er-joy'd!

Early, one blustering morn, this lady was
 Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and
 Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and
 plac'd her

Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you
 to my house,

Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
 Recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
 Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
 But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
 Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
 Like him you are: Did you not name a tem-
 pest,

A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,
 And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.—
 When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
 The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[Shows a ring.]

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your
 present kindness
 Makes my past miseries sport: You shall do
 well,

That on the touching of her lips I may
 Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried
 A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
 Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
 [Kneels to THAISA.]

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy
 flesh, Thaisa;
 Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
 For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did
 fly from Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute.
 Can you remember what I call'd the man?
 I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:
 Embrace him, dear Thaisa: this is he.
 Now do I long to hear how you were found;
 How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,
 Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man
 Through whom the gods have shown their
 power; that can
 From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
 The gods can have no mortal officer
 More like a god than you. Will you deliver
 How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.
 Beseech you, first go with me to my house,

Where shall be shown you all was found
with her;

How she came placed here within the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pare Diana!
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer
My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,

Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament, that makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good
credit,
Sir, that my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet
there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following
days;

Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antioch, and his daughter, you
have heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and
keen,)

Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy
at last.

In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and ho-
nour'd name

Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them; although not done, but
meant.

So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has
ending. [*Exit GOWER.*]

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Persons represented.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

PARIS, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.*

MONTAGUE, } *heads of two houses, at va-*
CAPULET, } *riance with each other.*

An old Man, *uncle to Capulet.*

ROMEO, *son to Montague.*

MERCUTIO, *kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.*

BENVOLIO, *nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.*

TYBALT, *nephew to Lady Capulet.*

Friar LAURENCE, *a Franciscan.*

Friar JOHN, *of the same order.*

BALTHAZAR, *servant to Romeo.*

SAMPSON, } *servants to Capulet.*
GREGORY, }

ABRAM, *servant to Montague.*

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

Chorus. Boy; Page to Paris; PETER;
an Officer.

Lady MONTAGUE, *wife to Montague.*

Lady CAPULET, *wife to Capulet.*

JULIET, *daughter to Capulet.*

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE, during the greater part of the Play, in Verona: once, in the fifth Act, at Mantua.

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge, break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean,
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A public Place.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with Swords and Bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move, is—to stir; and to be va-

liant, is—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hast been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.

Gre. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. *[They fight.]*

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do.

[Beats down their Swords.]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward. *They fight.*

Enter several Partizans of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens with Clubs.

1 Cit. Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, in his gown; and Lady CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me,

Enter MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—Will they not hear?—What ho! you men, you beasts,—

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage With purple fountains issuing from your veins, On pain of torture, from those bloody hands Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,

And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word, By thee, old Capulet and Montague, Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets; And made Verona's ancient citizens Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments, To wield old partizans, in hands as old, Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:

If ever you disturb our streets again, Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time, all the rest depart away: You, Capulet, shall go along with me; And, Montague, come you this afternoon, To know our further pleasure in this case, To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exeunt Prince, and Attendants; CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, and Servants.]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?—

Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,

And yours, close fighting ere I did approach;

I drew to part them; in the instant came The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd; Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears, He swung about his head, and cut the winds, Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn; While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,

Came more and more, and fought on part and part, Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo!—saw you him to-day?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun

Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
So early walking did I see your son:

Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:

I measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they are most alone,—

Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,

With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,

Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw

The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,

And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,

And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,

Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:

But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—

But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,

As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,

We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you, step aside;

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrif.—Come, madam, let's away.

[Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was:—What sadness lengthen Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which having, makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,

Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof,

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,

Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!

Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray

was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with

love:—

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick

health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine: this love, that thou hast

shown,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke, rais'd with the fume of sighs;

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lover's eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:

What is it else? a madness most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz. *[Going.]*

Ben. Soft, I will go along;

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not

here;

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who she is you

love.

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;

But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his

will:—

Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you

lov'd.

Rom. A right good marksman!—And she's

fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest

hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not

be hit

With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;

And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,

From love's weak childish bow she lives un-

harm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss, by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, puts us in mind, they hide the fair;
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost;
Shew me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:

My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent, and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.

At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:

Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

Come, go with me;—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, [*Gives a paper.*] and to them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
[*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.*]

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here? It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessened by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is:

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:

But I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow, I can read. [*Reads.*]

Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters; County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; The lady widow of Virtruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; My fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucto, and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly; [*Gives back the Note.*]

Whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [*Exit.*]

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st; With all the admired beauties of Verona. Go thither; and, with unattainted eye, Compare her face with some that I shall show, And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!

And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—

Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars! One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,

Herself pois'd with herself in either eye: But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd Your lady's love against some other maid That I will show you, shining at this feast, And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,

But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady CAPULET, and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head,—at twelve year old,— I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—

God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;

I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.

Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—

She is not fourteen: How long is it now To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,

Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.

Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!— Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God; She was too good for me; But, as I said, On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen; That shall she, marry; I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years; And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,— Of all the days of the year, upon that day; For I had then laid wormwood to my dug, Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall, My lord and you were then at Mantua:—

Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said, When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!

To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug. Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need,

I trow, To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years: For then she could stand alone; nay, by the

rood, She could have run and waddled all about.

For even the day before, she broke her brow: And then my husband—God be with his soul!

A was a merry man;—took up the child: Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy

face? Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;

Wilt thou not, Jule! and by my holy dam, The pretty wretch left crying, and said—Ay:

To see now, how a jest shall come about! I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,

I never should forget it; Wilt thou not, Jule? quoth he?

And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—Ay.

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose but laugh,

To think it should leave crying, and say—Ay: And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone; A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly.

Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face?

Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;

Wilt thou not, Jule! it stinted, and said—Ay.

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:

An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were I not thine only
nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now;
younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in
brief;—

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a
flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very
flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the
gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger, women grow
by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of
Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper
served up, you called, my young lady asked
for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every
thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I
beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the
county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to
happy days. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. A Street.

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with
five or six Maskers, Torch-Bearers, and
Others.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for
our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:

We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter for our entrance:

But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this
ambling;

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have
you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing
shoes,

With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden
love,

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough
with love;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love
down.—

Give me a case to put my visage in:

[Putting on a Mask.]

A visor for a visor!—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no
sooner in,

But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of
heart,

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle holder, and look on,—

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's
own word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou
stick'st

Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.

Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this
mask;

But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream
things true.

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream
of love:

On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies
straight:

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on
fees:

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted
are.

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's
tail,

Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep: and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or
two,

And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night:
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune
bodes.

This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.

This, this is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from
ourselves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind mis-
gives,

Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [Exeunt,

SCENE V.

A Hall in Capulet's House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not
to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape
a trencher!

2 Serv. When good manners shall lie all in
one or two men's hands, and they unwash'd
too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove
the court-cupboard, look to the plate:—good
thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as
thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan
Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 Serv. Ay, boy; ready.

1 Serv. You are looked for, and called for,
asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 Serv. We cannot be here and there too.—
Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the
longer liver take all. [They retire behind.

*Enter CAPULET, &c. with the Guests and
the Maskers.*

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that have
their toes

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with
you:—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes
dainty, she

I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you
now?

You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the
day,

That I have worn a vizard; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone,
'tis gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musi-
cians, play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[Music plays, and they dance.
More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too
hot.—

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

1 Cap. What man! 'tis not so much, 'tis
not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we
mask'd,

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir:

His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows,
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—

Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 *Cap.* Why, how now kinsman? wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 *Cap.* Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,

He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
And ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.

1 *Cap.* He shall be endur'd;
What, Goodman boy?—I say, he shall;—Go to;—

Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—

You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 *Cap.* Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy:—Is't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scath you;—I know what.

You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time—
Well said, my hearts:—You are a princ Cox;
go:—

Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—

I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

[Exit.]

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand
[To JULIET.]

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.
[Kissing her.]

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor?

Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous,
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal:
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

1 *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—
More torches here?—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, [To 2 *Cap.*] by my fay, it waxes late;

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come, hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married, My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now

Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, JULIET.*]

Nurse.

Anon, anon:—

Come let's away; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair, which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful

hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means to

meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An open Place, adjoining Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?

Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
[*He climbs the Wall, and leaps down within it.*]

Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry but—Ah me! couple but—love and dove;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,

When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.

He heareth not, stirreth not, he moveth not;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering

thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger

him.

Mer. Tis cannot anger him: 'twould anger

him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among
those trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the
mark.

Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,

As maids call medlars, when they laugh
alone.—

Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:

Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a
wound.—

[*JULIET appears above, at a Window.*]
But, soft! what light through yonder window
breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady; O, it is my love:
O, that she knew she were!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame
those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so
bright,
That bird would sing, and think it were not
night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at
this? [*Aside.*]

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd
in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hun-
dred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the
sound;

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee
dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and
wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou
art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-
perch these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder
thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine
eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but
sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw
thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from
their sight;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out
this place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to
inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on
my face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to
night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—
Ay;

And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:—
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour
light:

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be
strange.

I should have been more strange, I must
confess,

But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I
swear,

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,

I have no joy of this contract to-night:

It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night!

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest

Come to thy heart, as that within my breast?

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within.

I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!
Anon; good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true,
Stay, but a little, I will come again. [Exit.

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world:

Nurse [Within.] Madam.

Jul. I come anon:—But if thou mean'st not well,

I do beseech thee,—

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

Jul. By and by, I come:—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:

VOL. III.

To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks. [Retiring slowly.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again!

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;

Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine

With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,

Like softest musick to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,

Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,

Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:

And yet no further than a wanton's bird;

Who lets it hop a little from her hand,

Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,

And with a silk thread plucks it back again,

So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,

That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow. [Exit.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a Basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,

Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light ;

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels :

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must fill up this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.

The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb ;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb :
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find ;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give ;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.

Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power :
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part ;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will ;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father !

Fri. *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?—
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain

Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign :

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature ;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin ! wast thou with Rosaline ?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father ?
no ;

I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son : But where hast thou been then ?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy ;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded ; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies :

I bear no hatred, blessed man ; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;

And all combin'd, save what thou must combine

By holy marriage : When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,

I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis ! what a change is here !

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies

Not truly in their hearts but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine

Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline !

How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste !

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;

Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit

Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet :

If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,

Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline ;

And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence then—

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not : she whom I

love now,

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow ;
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,

Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow ; they stumble, that run fast. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be ?—

Came he not home to-night ?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet, Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion: rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick, lispings, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!—*By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!*—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grand-sire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moy's* who stand so much on the new-form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified?—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour*! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good-morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said: Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter NURSE and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i'faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar,

And an old hare hoar,

Is very good meat in lent:

But a hare that is hoar,

Is too much for a score,

When it hoars ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Nurse. Marry farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirtgills; I am none of his skains-mates:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift

This afternoon;

And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee; And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair, Which to the high top-gallant of my joy Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say—

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard: but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ay, mocker! that's the dog's name. R. is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit.*]

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Capulet's Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him: that's not so.—

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's
beams,
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unweildy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate.

[Exit PETER.]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why
look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am weary, give me leave a while;—
Fye, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have
I had!

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I
thy news:

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good
nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu. What haste? can you not
stay awhile?

Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when
thou hast breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, Is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple
choice; you know not how to choose a man:
Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better
than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's;
and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—
though they be not to be talked on, yet they
are past compare: He is not the flower of
courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as
a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God.—
What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before:
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head akes! what a
head have I?

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o't'other side,—O, my back, my
back!—

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says
my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gen-
tleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your
mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is
within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st?
Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil,—come, what says
Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift
to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Lau-
rence's cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your
cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse,
farewell. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI. Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow
can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die! like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest
honey

Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossomers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter,
for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks
too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue,
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in
words.
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:

They are but beggars that can count their
worth;

But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come, with me, and we will
make short work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A public Place.

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and
Servants.*

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood
stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows,
that, when he enters the confines of a tavern,
claps me his sword upon the table, and says,
God send me no need of thee! and, by the
operation of the second cup, draws it on the
drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack
in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon
moved to be moody, and as soon moody to
be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we
should have none shortly, for one would kill
the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with
a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in
his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel
with a man for cracking nuts, having no other
reason but because thou hast hazel eyes:
What eye, but such an eye, would spy out
such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quar-
rels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy
head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for
quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man
for coughing in the street, because he hath
wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the
sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for
wearing his new doublet before Easter? with
another, for tying his new shoes with old ri-
band? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quar-
relling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou
art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my
life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to
them.—Gentlemen, good den: a word with
one of you,

Mer. And but one word with one of us?
Couple it with something; make it a word
and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that,
sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion
without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort? what, dost thou make us
minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look
to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddle-
stick; here's that shall make you dance.—
'Zounds, consort.

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of
men:

Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and
let them gaze;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here
comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear
your livery:

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—
man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love
thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:—Villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and
draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata carries it away. [*Draws.*]

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of
your nine lives; that I mean to make bold

withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*]

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*]

Rom. Draw, Benvolio:

Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for shame

Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.

[*Exeunt TYBALT and his Partizans.*]

Mer. I am hurt;—

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry,
'tis enough.—

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—A plague o' both your houses!—Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worm's meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses!

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman:—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's
dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days
doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back
again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain.
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,

That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;

Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight; TYBALT falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:
Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom
thee death,

If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit ROMEO.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives, and others.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's child!

Unhappy sight! ah me, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,

For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's
hand did slay;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure:—All this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly
bow'd,—

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter
than his tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose
arm

An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,

And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt
slain;

And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth
owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercu-
tio's friend;
His fault concludes but, what the law should
end,

The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a
bleeding;

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out
abuses,

Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing
night!

That run-away's eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods;
Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love,
grown bold,

Think true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day
in night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-
brow'd night,

Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,

That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my
nurse,

Enter Nurse, with Cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue that
speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly elo-
quence.—

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou
there, the cords,
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

[*Throws them down.*]

Jul. Ah me! what news! why dost thou
wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead,
he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's
dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment
me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;

Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.
If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with
mine eyes,—

God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood; I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt,
break at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I
had!

O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so con-
trary?

Is Romeo slaughter'd; and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general
doom!

For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolvis-ravens lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned saint, an honourable villain!—

O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was ever book, containing such vile matter,

So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,

No, faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—

Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitae*:—

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.

Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,

For such a wish! he was not born to shame:

Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;

For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd

Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband!

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which, you mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:

All this is comfort: Wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,

That murder'd me; I would forget it fain;

But, O! it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds;

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished:

That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts, Tybalt's death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there;

Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—

Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,

Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?

But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,

Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banished*,—

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears?

mine shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,

Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:

He made you for a highway to my bed;

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed;

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;

I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,

And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company:

I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,

Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—
death:

For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished;

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,

But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,

And world's exile is death:—then banishment

Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment,

Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,

And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!

Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,

Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished:
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Had'st thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,

No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me; banished?

O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word—banishment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself. [Knocking within.]

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[Knocking.]
Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?
—Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while: stand up:

[Knocking.]
Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!

What wilfulness is this?—I come, I come.

[Knocking.]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you?
what's your will?

Nurse. [Within.] Let me come in, and
you shall know my errand;
I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own
tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

Fri. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—

Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's the
end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it
with her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what
says

My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps
and weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar,
tell me,

In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may
sack

The hateful mansion. [Drawing his sword.]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:

Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!

Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.

Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven
and earth?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three
do meet

In thee at once; which thou at once would'st
lose.

Fye, fye! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love,
thy wit;

Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true sense indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy
wit.

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to
cherish:

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder, in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.

What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt: there art thou hap-
py too:

The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy
friend,

And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a mis-behav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.

Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—

Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all
the night,

To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to
chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give
you, sir:

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by
this!

Fri. Go hence: Good night! and here
stands all your state;

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell, good
night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A Room in Capulet's House.

*Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and
PARIS.*

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our
daughter:

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt
dearly,

And so did I;—Well, we were born to die.—

'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:

I promise you, but for your company,

I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to
woo:

Madam, good night: commend me to your
daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early
to-morrow:

To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate
tender

Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;

Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;

And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday
next—

But, soft; What day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday! ha! ha! Well, Wednesday
is too soon,

O' Thursday let it be;—O' Thursday, tell her,

She shall be married to this noble earl:—

Will you be ready? do you like this haste?

We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:—

For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we revel much:

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,

And there an end. But what say you to
Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were
to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—O' Thursday be
it then:—

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—

Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!

Afore me, it is so very late, that we

May call it early by and by.—Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Juliet's Chamber.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near
day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,

No nightingale: look, love, what envious
streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops ;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I :
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua :
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be
gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to
death ;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :
I have more care to stay, than will to go ;—
Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so,—
How is't, my soul ? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away :
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing
sharps.

Some say, the lark makes sweet division ;
This doth not so, for she divideth us :
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change
eyes :

O, now I would they had chang'd voices
too !

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.

O, now be gone ; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light ?—more dark
and dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam !

Jul. Nurse ?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your
chamber :

The day is broke ; be wary, look about.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life
out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell ! one kiss, and I'll
descend. [*ROMEO descends.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so ? my love ! my lord !
my friend !

I must hear from thee every day i'the hour,
For in a minute there are many days :

O ! by this count I shall me much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell ! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet
again ?

Rom. I doubt it not : and all these woes
shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God ! I have an ill-divining soul :
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb :

Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do
you :

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu ! adieu !

[*Exit ROMEO.*]

Jul. O fortune, fortune ! all men call thee
fickle :

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith ? Be fickle, fortune ;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter ! are
you up ?

Jul. Who is't that calls ? is it my lady mo-
ther ?

Is she not down so late, or up so early ?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither ?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet ?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cou-
sin's death ?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with
tears ?

An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make
him live ;

Therefore have done : Some grief shows much
of love ;

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not
the friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so
much for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam ?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him ! I do with all my heart ;

And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor mur-
derer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these
my hands.

'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's
death !

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it,
fear thou not :

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in
Mantua,—

Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company :

And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—

Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd :—

Madam, if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it ;

That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,

Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors

To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to

him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him !

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness, Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,

That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,

The county Paris, at St. Peter's church,

Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed

Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,

I will not marry yet; and when I do, I swear,

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,

Rather than Paris:—These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;

But for the sunset of my brother's son,

It rains downright.—

How now, a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?

Ever more showering? In one little body

Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,

Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,

Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;

Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—

Without a sudden calm, will overset

Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?

Have you delivered to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;

But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logic! What is this?

Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—

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And yet not proud;—Mistress minion, you, Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,

But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,

To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!

You tallow face!

La. Cap. Fye, fye! what are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,

Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!

I tell thee what,—Get thee to church o' Thursday,

Or never after look me in the face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me:

My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,

That God had sent us but this only child;

But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a curse in having her:

Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!—

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den!

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,

For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad; Day, night, late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,

Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been

To have her match'd: and having now provided

A gentleman of princely parentage,

Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,

Stuff'd (as they say,) with honourable parts,

Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—

And then to have a wretched puling fool,

A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,

To answer—I'll not wed,—I cannot love,

I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;—

But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:

Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;

Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.

Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;

An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i'th streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,

Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:

Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[Exit.]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,

That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak
a word;

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.
[Exit.]

Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be
prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stra-
tagems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge
you;

Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!

Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. From my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. To what?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me mar-
vellous much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely
done. [Exit.]

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked
fiend!

Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above com-
pare

So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be
twain.—

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very
short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's
mind;

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's
death,

And therefore have I little talk'd of love;

For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;

And, in his wisdom hastes our marriage,

To stop the inundation of her tears;

Which, too much minded by herself alone,

May be put from her by society:

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be
slow'd. [Aside.]

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thurs-
day next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this
father?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you
love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your
face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd
with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough, before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears,
with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, that is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slan-
der'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter,
now:—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devo-
tion!—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.

[Exit PARIS.]

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; Past hope, past cure,
past help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing must prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hadst the strength of will to slay thyself;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,

From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are: chain me with roaring bears;

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,

With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless-sculls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part depriv'd of supple government,
Shall, stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:

Then (as the manner of our country is,)
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.

In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.

And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength, and strength shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, and Servant.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.— [*Exit* Servant.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.—

Cap. Go, begone.— [*Exit* Servant.

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her;

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin

Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech
you!

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county: go tell him of
this;

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's
cell;

And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—
stand up:

This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—

Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my
closet,

To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is
time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to
church to-morrow.

[*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee,
wife:

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;

I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;

I'll play the housewife for this once.—What,
ho!—

They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up

Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous
light,

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Juliet's Chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle
nurse,

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;

For I have need of many orisons

To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full
of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need
my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such ne-
cessaries

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow;

So please you, let me now be left alone,

And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night!

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*]

Jul. Farewell!—God knows, when we
shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:

I'll call them back again to comfort me;—

Nurse!—What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—

Come, phial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Must I of force be married to the county?—

No, no;—this shall forbid it: lie thou there.—

[*Laying down a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly have minister'd to have me dead;

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man:

I will not entertain so bad a thought.—

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes
in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the
bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they
say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort;—

Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,

So early waking,—what with loathsomes smells;

And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the
earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—

O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

Environed with all these hideous fears?

And madly play with my forefathers' joints?

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?

And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's
bone,

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?

O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost

Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body

Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—

Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*Throws herself on the Bed.*]

SCENE IV. Capulet's Hall.

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch
more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in
the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock
hath crow'd,

The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—

Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica :
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go.
Get you to bed; 'faith you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd
ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt
in your time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood! a jealous-hood!—
Now, fellow,
What's there?

Enter Servants, with Spits, Logs, and Baskets.

1 *Serv.* Things for the cook, sir; but I know
not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit 1 Serv.*]
—Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 *Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find
out logs,

And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; A merry whore-
son! ha,
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis
day:

The county will be here with music straight,
[*Music within.*]

For so he said he would. I hear him near:—
Nurse!—Wife!—what ho;—what, nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,
Make haste! the bridegroom he is come al-
ready:

Make haste, I say! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Juliet's Chamber. JULIET on the Bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!
—fast, I warrant her, she:—

Why, lamb! why, lady!—fye, you slug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—
why, bride!

What, not a word?—you take your penny-
worths now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant
The county Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
(Marry and amen!) how sound is she asleep!

I needs must wake her:—Madam, madam,
madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up 'faith.—Will it not be?
What, drest! and in your clothes! and down
again!

I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What's the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my
only life,

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her
lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead;
alack the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's
dead, she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's
cold:

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to
make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to
church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:
O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy bride:—See, there
she lies,

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morn-
ing's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched,
hateful day!

Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving
child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful
day!

Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:

O woful day, O woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited,
slain,

Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—

O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd,
kill'd!—

Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
To murder murder our solemnity?—

O child! O child!—my soul, and not my
child!—

Dead art thou, dead!—alack! my child is
dead;

And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure
lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath
all,

And all the better is it for the maid:

Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

The most you sought was—her promotion;

For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,

Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

O, in this love, you love your child so ill,

That you run mad, seeing that she is well:

She's not well married, that lives married long,

But she's best married, that dies married young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary

On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,

In all her best array bear her to church:

For though fond nature bids us all lament,

Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,

Turn from their office to black funeral:

Our instruments, to melancholy bells;

Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;

Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;

Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,

And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with
him;—

And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare

To follow this fair corse unto her grave:

The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill;

Move them no more, by crossing their high
will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, Lady CAPULET,
PARIS, and Friar.

1 Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes,
and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up;
put up; for, well you know, this is a pitiful
case. [*Exit Nurse.*

1 Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be
amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's
ease, heart's ease*; O, an you will have me
live, play—*heart's ease*.

1 Mus. Why *heart's ease*?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself
plays—*My heart is full of woe*: O, play me
some merry dump, to comfort me.

2 Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to
play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1 Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the
gleek: I will give you the minstrel.

1 Mus. Then will I give you the serving-
creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's
dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotch-
ets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note
me?

1 Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and
put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit, I will
dry beat you with an iron wit, and put up my
iron dagger:—Answer me like men:

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,*

Then music, with her silver sound;

*Why, silver sound? why, music with her
silver sound?*

What say you, Simon Catling?

1 Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a
sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 Mus. I say—*silver sound*, because mu-
sicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James
Soundpost?

3 Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the
singer: I will say for you. It is—*music with
her silver sound*, because such fellows as you
have seldom gold for sounding:—

*Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.*

[*Exit, singing.*

1 Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same?

2 Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in
here; tarry for the mourners, and stay din-
ner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Mantua. A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;

And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful
thoughts.

I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave
to think,)

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit BALTHASAR.*]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief: thou art
swift

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meager were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
And if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou
art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats; let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd

Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Man-
tua's law

Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretch-
edness,

And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's
law;

The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to
men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st
not sell:

I sell thee poison, that hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar
John.—

Welcome from Mantua; What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[*Exit.*]

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A Church-Yard; in it, a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter PARIS; and his Page, bearing Flowers and a Torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy : Hence, and stand aloof;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard; yet I will adventure.

[Retires.]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew
thy bridal bed:

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit doth contain
The perfect model of eternity;
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!

[The Boy whistles.]

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.

What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true-love's rites?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while.

[Retires.]

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR with a Torch, Mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:
But, chiefly to take thence from her dead finger

A precious ring; a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:

The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—

Take thou that:

Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[Retires.]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,

Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking open the Door of the Monument.]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin;—with which grief,

It is supposed the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—

[Advances.]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these gone;

Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Heap not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!

By heaven, I love thee better than myself:
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, begone;—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.

[They fight.]

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.

[Exit Page.]

Par. O, I am slain! [Falls.]—If thou be merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

[Dies.]

Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this face;

Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:—
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—

A grave? O, no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[Laying PARIS in the Monument.]

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry? which their keepers call

A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:

Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in
twain,

To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids; O,
here

Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes look
your last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love!—[*Drinks.*] O, true apo-
thecary!

Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.
[*Dies.*]

*Enter at the other end of the Churchyard,
Friar LAURENCE, with a Lantern, Crow,
and Spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft
to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—
Who's there?

Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that
knows you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my
friend,

What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my
master,

One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir:

My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes
upon me:

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo? [*Advances.*]
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—

What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the Monument.*]

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris, too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind
hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—

The lady stirs. [*JULIET wakes and stirs.*]

Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?

[*Noise within.*]

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from
that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too, come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again.*] I dare
stay no longer. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's
hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
O churl! drunk all; and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.

[*Kisses him.*]

Thy lips are warm!

1 Watch. [*Within.*] Lead, boy:—Which
way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O
happy dagger!

[*Snatching ROMEO's Dagger.*]

This is thy sheath; [*Stabs herself.*] there
rust, and let me die.

[*Falls on ROMEO's Body, and dies.*]

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the
torch doth burn.

1 Watch. The ground is bloody; Search
about the churchyard;

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find, attach.

[*Exeunt some.*]

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—

Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search;—

[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

*Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHA-
SAR.*

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found
him in the churchyard.

1 *Watch*. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.

3 *Watch*. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him, As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 *Watch*. A great suspicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up, That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry—
Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,
With open outcry toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears?

1 *Watch*. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 *Watch*. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heavens!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en,—for lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;

And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen-marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You—to remove that siege of grief from her,—
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,

To county Paris:—Then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means

To rid her from this second marriage,
Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.

But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was staid by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awakening,) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.

She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems,) did violence on herself.

All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: And, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;

And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father:
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,

If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—

Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?

Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:

Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;

And, by and by, my master drew on him;

And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death:

And here he writes—that he did buy a poison

Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal

Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—

Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—

See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,

That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!

And I, for winking at your discords too,

Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

Cap. O, Brother Montague, give me thy hand:

This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:

For I will raise her statue in pure gold;

That, while Verona by that name is known,

There shall no figure at such rate be set,

As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning
with it brings;

The sun for sorrow will not show his head:

Go hence, to have more talk of these sad
things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe,

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*]

Has lost a piece of himself:—all stepdchild's
O Brother Montague, give me thy
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.
But I will give thee more.
For I will raise her up a noble lord;
That shall be known to all the world;
And shall be known to all the world;
As that of me and my dear lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!
Yea, a glorious name, the mourning
Which brings—
The sun for sorrow will not show his face;
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad
Things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe.
Then this of Juliet and her Romeo. [Exit.]

There is the chapel, that raised the
Maid!
Stirring, what noise! what noise in the place!
Page. He came with flowers to strew the
Lady's grave.
And did she stand alone, and so I did.
Alas, come one with light to see the tomb.
And by and by, my mistress shall be found;
And then I can away to call the watch.
Farewell. The lady's death makes good the
Prophet's words.
Their course of love, the thing of her death;
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
Of a poor apothecary, and gave it him
To kill himself, and she with Juliet.
I have been thinking of this ever since;
And what a strange is laid upon you now,
And how you shall be known to all the world;
And I for a living at your disorders too.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Persons represented.

CLAUDIUS, *king of Denmark.*
HAMLET, *son to the former, and nephew to the present king.*
POLONIUS, *lord chamberlain.*
HORATIO, *friend to Hamlet.*
LAERTES, *son to Polonius.*
VOLTIMAND, }
CORNELIUS, } *courtiers.*
ROSENCRANTZ, }
GUILDENSTERN, }
OSRIC; *a courtier. Another Courtier.*
A Priest.
MARCELLUS, } *officers.*
BERNARDO, }

FRANCISCO, *a soldier.*
REYNALDO, *servant to Polonius.*
A Captain.
An Ambassador.
Ghost of Hamlet's father.
FORTINBRAS, *prince of Norway.*

GERTRUDE, *queen of Denmark, and mother of Hamlet.*
OPHELIA, *daughter of Polonius.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Grave-diggers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—Elsinore.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Elsinore.

A Platform before the Castle.

FRANCISCO *on his Post. Enter to him*
BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold Yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve: get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there!

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier: Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place. Give you good night. [*Exit FRANCISCO.*]

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

VOL. III.

Ber. Say.

What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy; And will not let belief take hold of him, Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us; Therefore I have entreated him along, With us to watch the minutes of this night; That, if again this apparition come, He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile; And let us once again assail your ears, That are so fortified against our story, What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down, And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all, When yon same star, that's westward from the pole, Had made his course to illume that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself, The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like:—it harrows me with fear, and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak: speak I charge thee, speak. [Exit Ghost.]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,

Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;

But in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land;

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;

Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week:

What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;

Who is't, that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,

Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,

Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet

(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him,) *[Cock crows.]*

Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,

Well ratified by law and heraldry,

Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king: which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same contract,

And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet: Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't: which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state,)

But to recover of us, by strong hand,
And terms compulsatory, those 'foresaid lands
So by his father lost: And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations;
The source of this our watch; and the chief head

Of this post-haste and romage in the land.
[*Ber.* I think, it be no other, but even so:

Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king

That was, and is, the question of these wars.
Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

— — — — —
As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,

Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.
And even the like precurse of fierce events,—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—]

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:

If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing, may avoid,
O, speak!

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

Speak of it:—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus. *[Cock crows.]*

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone! [Exit Ghost.]

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it to the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome: then no planets
strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State in the same.

Enter the King, Queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death

The memory be green: and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole
kingdom

To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.

Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye;
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,

In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—For all our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—

Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagu'd with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.

Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is: We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject:—and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the
scope

Of these dilated articles allow.
Farewell; and let your haste commend your
duty.

Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we
show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.

[Exit VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; What is't, Laertes?

You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: What would'st thou beg,

Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?

The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,

Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What would'st thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to
Denmark,

To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,

My thoughts and wishes bend again toward
France,

And bow them to your gracious leave and
pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What
says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, [wrung from me
my slow leave,

By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:]

I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time
be thine,

And thy best graces: spend it at thy will.—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than
kind. [Aside.]

King. How is it that the clouds still hang
on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much
i'the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not, for ever, with thy valid lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all, that live,
must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know
not seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly These, indeed,
seem,

For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your
nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term

To do obsequious sorrow: But to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd:

For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fye! 'tis a fault to heaven,

A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse, till he that died to-day,

This must be so. We pray you, throw to
earth

This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And, with no less nobility of love,

Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,

It is most retrograde to our desire:
And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers,
Hamlet;

I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Witten-
berg.

Ham. I shall, in all my best, obey you,
madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit
again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, Lords, &c. POLO-
NIUS, and LAERTES.*]

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would
melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His cannon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O
God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!

Fye on't! O fye! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in
nature,

Possess it merely. That it should come to
this!

But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not
two:

So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!

Must I remember? why, she would hang on
him,

As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—

Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is
woman!—

A little month; or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,

Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of
reason,

Would have mourn'd longer,—married with
my uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like my
father,

Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears

Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married:—O most wicked speed, to post

With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;

But break, my heart; for I must hold my
tongue!

*Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MAR-
CELLUS.*

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well;
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor
servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that
name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Ho-
ratio?—

Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir.—

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so: Nor shall you do mine ear that violence, To make it truster of your own report.

Against yourself: I know you are no truant. But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;

I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven, Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—

My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

Hor. Where, My lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father.

Hor. Season your admiration for a while With an attent ear; till I may deliver, Upon the witness of these gentlemen, This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen, Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch, In the dead waist and middle of the night, Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,

Armed at point, exactly, cap-à-pé, Appears before them, and, with solemn march, Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,

By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes, Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear, Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me

In dreadful secrecy impart they did; And I with them the third night kept the watch: Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time, Form of the thing, each word made true and good,

The apparition comes; I knew your father; These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Hor. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor.

My lord, I did:

But answer made it none: yet once, methought, It lifted up its head, and did address Itself to motion, like as it would speak; But, even then, the morning cock crew loud; And at the sound it shrunk in haste away, And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;

And we did think it writ down in our duty, To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not His face.

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would, I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, Very like; Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzl'd? no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life, A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night. Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person, I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape, And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all, If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight, Let it be tenable in your silence still; And whatsoever else shall hap to-night, Give it an understanding, but no tongue; I will requite your loves: So, fare you well: Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve, I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewell.

[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well; I doubt some foul play: 'would, the night were come!

Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise, Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [Exit.

SCENE III.

*A Room in Polonius's House.**Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.**Laer.* My necessities are embark'd; farewell:And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.*Oph.* Do you doubt that?*Laer.* For Hamlet, and the trifling of his
favour,

Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood:

A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.*Oph.* No more but so?*Laer.* Think it no more:For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you
now;And now no soil, nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head; Then if he says he
loves you,It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no fur-
ther,Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure
open

To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.*Oph.* I shall the effect of this good lesson
keep,As watchman to my heart: But, good my
brother,Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,

And recks not his own read.

Laer. O fear me not.
I stay too long.—But her my father comes.*Enter POLONIUS.*A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.*Pol.* Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for
shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for: There,—my blessing
with you;[*Laying his hand on LAERTES' head.*
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no
tongue,Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Be-
wareOf entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy
judgment.Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!*Laer.* Most humbly do I take my leave, my
lord.*Pol.* The time invites you; go, your ser-
vants tend.*Laer.* Farewell, Ophelia; and remember
well

What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.*Laer.* Farewell. [*Exit LAERTES.*]*Pol.* What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?*Oph.* So please you, something touching the
lord Hamlet.*Pol.* Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and
bounteous:If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.*Oph.* He hath my lord, of late, made many
tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you; think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;

Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wrangling it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—

You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;

Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,

Believe so much in him, That he is young;
And with a larger tether may he walk,

Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers,

Not of that die which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,

Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all,—

I would not, in plain terms, from this time
forth,

Have you to slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.

Look too't, I charge you; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; it then draws
near the season,

Wherein the spirit held is wont to walk.

[*A flourish of Trumpets, and Ordnance
shot off, within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and
takes his rouse.

Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring
reels;

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,

The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry is't:

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the ob-
servance.

This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us, drunkards, and with swinish
phrase

Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at
height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.

So, oft it chances in particular men,
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,

As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,)—

By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;

Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners;—that these

men,—

Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—

Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,)—

Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of base

Doth all the noble substance often dout,
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace de-
fend us!—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts
from hell,

Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,

That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:

Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,

Have burst their cerements! why the sepul-
chre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,

To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete

steel,

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature,

So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our

souls?

Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we
do?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire

To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:

But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the
flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of
reason,

And draw you into madness? think of it:

The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea.
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still:—
Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—

[*Ghost beckons.*
Still I am call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;—
[*Breaking from them.*

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets
me:—

I say, away:—Go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey
him.

Hor. Have after:—To what issue will this
come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of
Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A more remote part of the Platform.

Re-enter Ghost and HAMLET.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak,
I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious
hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou
shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am
forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young
blood;

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres;

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:

But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O
list!—

If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatu-
ral murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I with
wings as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,
hear:

'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Den-
mark

Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate
beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous
gifts,

(O wicked wit, and gifts that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven:
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.

But soft! methinks, I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine or-
chard,

My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour

The leperous distilment : whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body ;
And with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood : so did it mine ;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome
crust,

All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd !
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd ;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head :
O, horrible ! O, horrible ! most horrible !
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not ;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught ; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at
once !

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire :
Adieu, adieu, adieu ! remember me [Exit.]

Ham. O all you host of heaven ! O earth !
What else ?
And shall I couple hell ?—O fye !—Hold, hold,
my heart ;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up !—Remember thee ?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a
seat

In this distracted globe. Remember thee ?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures
past,
That youth and observation copied there ;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter : yes, by heaven.
O most pernicious woman !
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain !
My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a vil-
lain.

At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark.
[Writing.]

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word ;
It is, *Adieu, adieu ! remember me.*
I have sworn't.

Hor. [Within.] My lord, my lord,—

Mar. [Within.] Lord Hamlet,—

Hor. [Within.] Heaven secure him !

Ham. So be it !

Mar. [Within.] Illo, ho, ho, my lord !

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy ! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord !

Hor. What news, my lord ?

Ham. O wonderful !

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No ;

You will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you then ; would heart of
man once think it ?—

But you'll be secret,—

Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in
all Denmark,

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come
from the grave,

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right ; you are in the right ;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part :
You, as your business, and desire, shall point
you ;—

For every man hath business, and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling
words, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily ; yes,
'Faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is,
Horatio,

And much offence too. Touching this vision
here,—

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you ;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. And now, good
friends,

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord ?
We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have
seen to-night.

Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy ! say'st thou so ? art thou
there, true penny ?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cel-
larage.—

Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have
seen.

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique !* then we'll shift our
ground :—

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Swear by my sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole! can'st work
i'the earth so fast?
A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good
friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is won-
drous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it
welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antick disposition on,—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-
shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, *Well, well, we know*:—or, *We could,*
an if we would;—or, *If we list to speak*:—
or, *There be, an if they might*;—

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me:—This do you
swear,

So grace and mercy at your most need help
you!

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gen-
tlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to
you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in to-
gether,

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite!

That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Room in Polonius's House.

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes,
Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good
Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said: very well said.
Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where
they keep,
What company, at what expense; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more
nearer

Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge
of him;

As thus,—*I know his father, and his friends,*
And, in part, him;—Do you mark this,
Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. And, in part, him;—but, you may
say, not well:

*But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so*;—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so
rank

As may dishonour him; take heed of that:
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
quarrelling.

Drabbing:—You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it, in
the charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults
so quaintly,

That they may seem the taints of liberty:
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:

You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'the working,
Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would
sound,

Having ever seen in the predominate crimes,
The youth you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,

He closes with you in this consequence;
Good sir, or so; or friend, or gentleman,—

According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—He does
What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was
about to say some something:—Where I did
leave?

Rey. At, closes in the consequence.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—*Ay, marry;*
 He closes with you thus:—*I know the gentleman;*
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and,
as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse;
There falling out at tennis: or, perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
(Videlicet, a brothel), or so forth.—
 See you now;
 Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
 And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
 With windlaces, and with assays of bias,
 By indirections find directions out;
 So, by former lecture and advice,
 Shall you, my son: You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord,—

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musick.

Rey. Well, my lord.
 [Exit.

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
 Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
 No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
 Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;
 Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;

And with a look so piteous in purport,
 As if he had been loosed out of hell,
 To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;
 But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
 And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
 He falls to such perusal of my face,
 As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
 At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
 And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
 He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
 As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
 And end his being: That done, he lets me go:
 And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
 For out o'doors he went without their helps,
 And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king,

This is the very ecstasy of love;
 Whose violent property foredoes itself,
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
 As oft as any passion under heaven,
 That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
 What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
 I did repel his letters, and denied
 His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
 I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment,
 I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but trifle,
 And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!

It seems, it is as proper to our age
 To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
 This must be known; which, being kept close
 might move

More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
 Come. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
 The need, we have to use you, did provoke
 Our hasty sending. Something have you heard

Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
 Since not the exterior nor the inward man
 Resembles that it was: What it should be,
 More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
 So much from the understanding of himself,
 I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
 That,—being of so young days brought up with him:

And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,—

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
 Some little time: so by your companies
 To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
 So much as from occasion you may glean,
 Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,

That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
 And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you

To show us so much gentry, and good will,
 And to expend your time with us awhile,
 For the supply and profit of our hope,
 Your visitation shall receive such thanks

As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle
Guildenstern:

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle
Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit

My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and
our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, Amen!
[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN,
and some Attendants.*

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my
good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of
good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my
good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king:
And I do think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do,) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to
hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the embassa-
dors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring
them in. [*Exit POLONIUS.*
He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's dis-
temper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

*Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and
CORNELIUS.*

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome,
my good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother
Norway?

Vol. Most fair return of greetings and
desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: Whereat griev'd,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief obeys;

Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Make vow before his uncle, never more
To give the assay of arms against your ma-
jesty.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual
fee;

And his commission, to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:

With an entreaty, herein further shown,
[*Gives a Paper.*

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise;
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well:
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.

Mean time, we thank you for your well-took
labour:

Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*

Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and
time.

Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flou-
rishes,—

I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it: for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad:
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.

I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: Now gather and surmise.
—*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the
most beautified Ophelia,*—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; *beautified*
is a vile phrase; but you shall hear.—Thus:

In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be
faithful.—

Doubt thou, the stars are fire; [*Reads.*

Doubt, that the sun doth move:

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt, I love.

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these num-
bers; I have not art to reckon my groans;*

but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet.

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me: And more above, hath his solicitings, As they fell out by time, by means, and place, All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she Receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing, (As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that, Before my daughter told me,) what might you, Or my dear majesty your queen here, think, If I had play'd the desk, or table-book; Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb; Or look'd upon this love with idle sight; What might you think? no, I went round to work,

And my young mistress thus did I bespeak; *Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere; This must not be:* and then I precepts gave her,

That she should lock herself from his resort, Admit no messengers, receive no tokens. Which done, she took the fruits of my advice; And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,) Fell into a sadness: then into a fast; Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness; Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension, Into the madness wherein now he raves, And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think, 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that,) That I have positively said, 'Tis so, When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:

[*Pointing to his Head and Shoulder.* If circumstances lead me, I will find Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together, Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:

Be you and I behind an arras then; Mark the encounter: if he love her not, And be not from his reason fallen thereon, Let me be no assistant for a state, But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

VOL. III.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away; I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.—

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.* How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, god-a'-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord?

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one picked man out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'the sun: conception is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive,—friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger: He is far gone, far gone: and, truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: All of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in it. [*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o'the air.—How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of: I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir! [*To POLONIUS.*]
[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

Guil. My honour'd lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!—

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world is grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near: But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular. What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition: for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and outstretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties

have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you?

[To GUILDENSTERN.]

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you; [Aside.]—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there is no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, *Man delights not me*?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o'the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. —What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, sir, an aiery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them on to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those, that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of Trumpets within.*]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Happily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o'Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you;

When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, [tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral,] scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O *Jephthah*, judge of *Israel*,—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—One fair daughter, and no more,

The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter. [*Aside.*]

Ham. Am I not i'the right, old *Jephthah*?

Pol. If you call me *Jephthah*, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, *As by lot, God wot*, and then, you know, *It came to pass, As most like it was*,—The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, my abridgment comes.

Enter Four or Five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last; Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: We'll have a speech straight: Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine,) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no salads in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of affection: but called it, an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas *Aeneas'* tale to *Dido*; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priam's* slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—

*The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian
beast,—*
'tis not so ; it begins with Pyrrhus.

*The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable
arms,*

*Black as his purpose, did the night re-
semble,*

*When he lay couched in the ominous
horse,*

*Hath now this dread and black complexion
smear'd*

*With heraldry more dismal ; head to foot
Now is he total gules ; horridly trick'd*

*With blood of fathers, mothers, daugh-
ters, sons ;*

*Bak'd and impasted with the parching
streets,*

*That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder : Roasted in wrath,*

and fire,

*And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish*

Pyrrhus
*Old grandsire Priam seeks ;—So proceed
you.*

*Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken ;
with good accent, and good discretion.*

*1 Play. Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks ; his antique*

sword,

*Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command : Unequal match'd*

*Pyrrhus at Priam drives ; in rage,
strikes wide ;*

*But with the whiff and wind of his fell
sword*

*The unnerved father falls. Then sense-
less Ilium,*

*Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base ; and with a hideous*

crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear : for, lo !

his sword
*Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i'the air to*

stick :

*So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood ;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,*

Did nothing.

*But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand*

still,

*The bold wind speechless, and the orb be-
low*

*As hush as death : anon the dreadful
thunder*

*Doth rend the region : So, after Pyrrhus'
pause,*

*A roused vengeance sets him new a work ;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall*

*On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne
With less remorse than Pyrrhus bleed-
ing sword*

Now falls on Priam.—
*Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune ! All
you gods,*

*In general synod, take away your power ;
Break all the spokes and fellies from
her wheel,*

*And bowl the round nave down the hill
of heaven,*

As low as to the fiends !

Pol. This is too long.

*Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your
beard.—Pr'ythee, say on :—He's for a jig, or
a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps :—say on : come
to Hecuba.*

*1 Play. But who, ah woe ! had seen the
mobled queen—*

Ham. The mobled queen ?

Pol. That's good ; mobled queen is good.

*1 Play. Run barefoot up and down,
threat'ning the flames*

*With bisson rheum ; a clout upon that
head,*

*Where late the diadem stood ; and, for a
robe,*

*About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up ;*

*Who this had seen, with tongue in venom
steep'd,*

*'Gainst fortune's state would treason
have pronounc'd :*

*But if the gods themselves did see her
then,*

*When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious
sport*

*In mincing with his sword her husband's
limbs ;*

*The instant burst of clamour that she
made,*

*(Unless things mortal move them not at
all,)*

*Would have made milch the burning eye
of heaven,*

And passion in the gods.

*Pol. Look, whether he has not turn'd his
colour, and has tears in's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no
more.*

*Ham. 'Tis well ; I'll have thee speak out
the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will
you see the players well bestowed ? Do you
hear, let them be well used ; for they are the*

*abstract, and brief chronicles, of the time :
After your death you were better have a bad
epitaph, than their ill report while you live.*

*Pol. My lord, I will use them according to
their desert.*

*Ham. Odd's, bodikin, man, much better :
Use every man after his desert, and who shall
'scape whipping ? Use them after your own
honour and dignity : The less they deserve,
the more merit is in your bounty. Take
them in.*

Pol. Come, sirs.

[Exit POLONIUS, with some of the Players.]

*Ham. Follow him, friends ; we'll hear a
play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old
friends ; can you play the murder of Gonzago ?*

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

*Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You
could, for a need, study a speech of some*

dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit Player.*] My good friends, [*To Ros. and GUIL.*] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

[*Exeunt ROSEN. and GUILDEN.*]

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you:—Now I am alone.

O what a rogne and peasant slave am I! Is it not monstrous, that this player here, But in a fiction, in a dream of passion, Could force his soul so to his own conceit, That from her working, all his visage wann'd; Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect, A broken voice, and his whole function suiting With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing! For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, That he should weep for her? What would he do, Had he the motive and the cue for passion, That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech; Make mad the guilty, and appal the free, Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed, The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I, A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak, Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause, And can say nothing; no, not for a king, Upon whose property, and most dear life, A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward? Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across? Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face? Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i'th' throat,

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this? Ha!

Why, I should take it: for it cannot be, But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall To make oppression bitter; or, ere this, I should have fatted all the region kites With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain! Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!

Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave; That I, the son of a dear father murder'd, Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell, Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,

And fall a cursing like a very drab, A scullion!

Fye upon't! foh! About my brains! Humph! I have heard,

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play, Have, by the very cunning of the scene Been struck so to the soul, that presently They have proclaim'd their malefactions; For murder, though it hath no tongue, will speak

With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players

Play something like the murder of my father, Before mine uncle; I'll observe his looks; I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench, I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,

May be a devil: and the devil hath power To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps, Out of my weakness, and my melancholy, (As he is very potent with such spirits,) Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds

More relative than this: The play's the thing, Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of conference

Get from him why he puts on this confusion; Grating so harshly all his days of quiet With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted; But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;

But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof, When we would bring him on to some confession

Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but of our demands,

Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;

And there did seem in him a kind of joy To hear of it: They are about the court; And, as I think, they have already order This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true: And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties, To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me To hear him so inclin'd. Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,

And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt ROSEN. and GUILDEN.*]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia:
Her father, and myself (lawful espials,)
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope, your
virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.
[*Exit Queen.*]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious,
so please you,
We will bestow ourselves:—Read on this book;

[*To OPHELIA.*]

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's
visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
It not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!

[*Aside.*]

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw,
my lord.

[*Exeunt King and POL.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the ques-
tion:—

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to
sleep,—

No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
'That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's
the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may
come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:

For who would bear the whips and scorns of
time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
tumely,—

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right
well, you did;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath
compos'd

As made the things more rich: their perfume
lost,

Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, you
should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better
commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty
will sooner transform honesty from what it is
to a bawd, than the force of honesty can
translate beauty into his likeness; this was
some time a paradox, but now the time gives
it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me be-
lieve so.

Ham. You should not have believed me;
for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock,
but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; Why would'st
thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself
indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me
of such things, that it were better, my mother
had not borne me: I am very proud, revenge-
ful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck,
than I have thoughts to put them in, imagina-
tion to give them shape, or time to act them
in; What should such fellows as I do crawl-
ing between earth and heaven! We are arrant
knaves all; believe none of us: Go thy ways
to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in his own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry; Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell: Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance: Go to; I'll no more of't: it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit HAMLET.*]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword:

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatched'd form and feature of blown youth,

Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;

Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,

Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;

And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,

Will be some danger: Which for to prevent,

I have, in quick determination,

Thus set it down; He shall with speed to England,

For the demand of our neglected tribute:

Haply, the seas, and countries different,

With variable objects, shall expel

This something settled matter in his heart;

Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus

From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: But yet, I do believe,

The origin and commencement of his grief

Sprung from neglected love.—How now,

Ophelia,

You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;

We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;

But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief; let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference: If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Hall in the same.

Enter HAMLET, and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say,) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: Pray you, avoid it.

1 Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action: with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 Play. I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be consi-

dered: that's villanous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.— [Exeunt Players.]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.—

[Exit POLONIUS.]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. Ay, my lord.

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter: For what advancement may I hope from thee, That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits, To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp; And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice, And could of men distinguish her election, She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing; A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,

Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled, That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger To sound what stop she please: Give me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart, As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—

There is a play to-night before the king; One scene of it comes near the circumstance, Which I have told thee of my father's death.

I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act afoot, Even with the very comment of thy soul Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt Do not itself unkennel in one speech,

It is a damned ghost that we have seen; And my imaginations are as foul As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note:

For I mine eyes will rivet to his face; And, after, we will both our judgments join In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord: If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,

And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:

Get you a place.

Danish March. A Flourish. Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent i'faith; of the camelion's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: You cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. My lord,—you played once in the university, you say?

[To POLONIUS.]

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i'the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [To the King.]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[Lying down at OPHELIA'S Feet.]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: But, by'r lady, he must build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

Trumpets sound. The dumb show follows.

Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly: the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's

ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his love. [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this shew meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salted wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;

And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, e'er love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women fear too much, even as they love;
And women's fear and love hold quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;

And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do;
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind,
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast;

In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you speak;

But what we do determine oft we break.

Purpose is but the slave to memory;

Of violent birth, but poor validity;

Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;

But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.

Most necessary 'tis, that we forget

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:

What to ourselves in passion we propose,

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

The violence of either grief or joy

Their own enactures with themselves destroy:

Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;

Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,

That even our loves should with our fortunes change;

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,

Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;

The poor advanc'd, makes friends of enemies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:

For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;

And who in want a hollow friend doth try,

Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun,—

Our wills and fates do so contrary run,

That our devices still are overthrown;

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own;

So think thou wilt no second husband wed;

But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light!

Sport and repose lock from me, day and night!

To desperation turn my trust and hope!

An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope;

Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,

Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!

Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now,—
[To OPHELIA.

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;

And never come mischance between us twain!

[Exit.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i'the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tro- pically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the Duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.—

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands.—Be- gin murderer;—leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come;—

—The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magick and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the Poison into the Sleeper's Ears.*]

Ham. He poisons him i'the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is ex- tant, and written in very choice Italian: You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Ham. What! frightened with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light:—away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO.*]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The heart ungalled play!

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers,
(if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,) with two Provencial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very—peacock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha?—Come, some music; come the recorders.

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike,—he likes it not perdy.—

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Come, some music.

Guil. Good, my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous dis- tempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, per- haps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says: Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admi- ration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but, *While the grass grows*, —the proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players, with Recorders.

O, the recorders:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages, with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musick. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me? You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much musick, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think, I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. *[Exit POLONIUS.]*

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends. *[Exit ROS. GUIL. HOR. &c.]*

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself
breathes out

Contagion to this world: Now could I drink
hot blood,

And do such business as the bitter-day
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my
mother,—

O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:

Let me be cruel, not unnatural:

I will speak daggers to her, but use none;

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:

How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent!
[Exit.]

SCENE III.

A Room in the same.

Enter King, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe
with us,

To let his madness range. Therefore, pre-
pare you;

I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you:

The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser
things

Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy
voyage;

For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. Guil. We will haste us.
[Exit ROSENCRANTZ & GUILDENSTERN.]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's
closet.

Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process: I'll warrant, she'll tax
him home:

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more audience, than a
mother,

Since nature makes them partial, should o'er-
hear

The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my
liege;

I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,

And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.
[Exit POLONIUS.]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,

A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,

Though inclination be as sharp as will;

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;

And, like a man to double business bound,

I stand in pause where I shall first begin,

And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves
mercy,

But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul
murder!—

That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature: and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death
O limed soul; that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings
of steel;

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well! [*Retires and kneels.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is
praying;

And now I'll do't; and so he goes to heaven:
And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush s
May;

And, how his audit stands, who knows, save
heaven?

But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.

Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid
hent:

When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at
heaven:

And that his soul may be as damn'd, and
black,

As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physick but prolongs thy sickly days.

[*Exit.*]

The King rises and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts re-
main below:

Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Queen and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you
lay home to him:
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to
bear with;

And that your grace hath screen'd and stood
between

Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.
[*POLONIUS hides himself.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother; what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much
offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much
offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an
idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked
tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so!
You are the queen, your husband's brother's
wife;

And,—would it were not so!—you are my
mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that
can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you
shall not budge;

You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not
murder me?

Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help!

Ham. How now! a rat?
[*Draws.*]

Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[*HAMLET makes a pass through the Arras.*]

Pol. [*Behind.*] O, I am slain.
[*Falls, and dies.*]

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not:

Is it the king?

[*Lifts up the Arras; and draws forth PO-*
LONIUS.]

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed
is this?

Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good
mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

[To POLONIUS.]

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:
Thou find'st to be too busy, is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; sit
you down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st
wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth
glow;

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on
this;

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband.—Look you now,
what follows:

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you
eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it, love: for at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; And what
judgment

Would step from this to this? Sense, sure,
you have,

Else could you not have motion: But, sure,
that sense

Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil
was't,

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense

Could not so mope.

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire; proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct?

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed;
Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making
love

Over the nasty sty;—

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words, like daggers enter in mine ears:
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain:
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings:
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King
Of shreds and patches;—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your
gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to
chide,

That laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you
look?

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you how
pale he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to
stones,

Would make them capable.—Do not look
upon me;

Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance, for
blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!

My father, in his habit as he liv'd!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal! *[Exit Ghost.]*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain: This bodiless creation ecstasy Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time, And makes as healthful musick: It is not madness,

That I have utter'd: bring me to the test, And I the matter will reword; which madness Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace, Lay not that flattering unction to your soul, That not your trespass, but my madness speaks: It will but skin and film the ulcerous place; Whiles rank corruption, mining all within, Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven; Repent what's past; avoid what is to come; And do not spread the compost on the weeds, To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:

For in the fatness of these pursy times, Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg:

Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O, Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it, And live the purer with the other half.

Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed; Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;

That to the use of actions fair and good

He likewise gives a frock, or livery;

That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night;

And that shall lend a kind of easiness

To the next abstinence: the next more easy: For use almost can change the stamp of nature,

And either curb the devil or throw him out With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!

And when you are desirous to be bless'd, I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

[Pointing to POLONIUS.]

I do repent: But heaven hath pleas'd it so,— To punish me with this, and this with me,

That I must be their scourge and minister.

I will bestow him, and will answer well

The death I gave him. So, again, good night?

I must be cruel, only to be kind:

Thus bad begins, and worser remains behind.— But one word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:

Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;

Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his mouse;

And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,

Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,

Make you to ravel all this matter out,

That I essentially am not in madness,

But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know:

For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise, Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,

Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?

No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,

Unpeg the basket on the house's top,

Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,

To try conclusions, in the basket creep,

And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that!

Queen. Alack,

I had forgot 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two school-fellows,—

Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,— They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,

And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;

For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer

Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard,

But I will delve one yard below their mines, And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most

sweet,

When in one line two crafts directly meet.—

This man shall set me packing.

I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:—

Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor

Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,

Who was in life a foolish prating knave.

Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:—

Good night, mother.

[Exeunt severally; HAMLET dragging in POLONIUS.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs; these profound heaves:

You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them: Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.—

[To ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, who go out.]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend

Which is the mightier: In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, *A rat! a rat!*
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:

His liberty is full of threats to all;

To you yourself, to us, to every one.

Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?

It will be laid to us, whose providence

Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of
haunt,

This mad young man: but, so much was our
love,

We would not understand what was most fit;

But, like the owner of a foul disease,

To keep it from divulging, let it feed

Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,

Among a mineral of metals base,

Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away!

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,

But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed

We must, with all our majesty and skill,

Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,

And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd
him:

Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the
body

Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;

And let them know, both what we mean to do,

And what's untimely done: so haply, slander,—

Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,

As level as the cannon to his blank,

Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our
name,

And hit the woundless air.—O come away!

My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham.—Safely stowed,—[*Ros. &c. within.*
Hamlet! lord Hamlet!] But soft!—what
noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they
come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with
the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto
'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take
it thence,

And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and
not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of
a sponge!—what replication should be made
by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's
countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But
such officers do the king best service in the
end: He keeps them, like an ape, in the cor-
ner of his jaw; first mouthed to be last swal-
lowed: When he needs what you have glean-
ed, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you
shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knavish speech
sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the
body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the
king is not with the body. The king is a
thing—

GUIL. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide
fox and all after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find
the body.

How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose?
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is
weigh'd,

But never the offence. To bear all smooth
and even,

This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestowed, my
lord,

We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded to know
your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is
eaten: a certain convocation of politick worms
are e'en at him. Your worm is your only

emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots; Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i'the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants.*]

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence

With fiery quickness: Therefore prepare thyself;

The bark is ready, and the wind at help, The associates tend, and every thing is bent For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England. [*Exit.*]

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to night;

Away; for every thing is seal'd and done

That else leans on the affair: Pray you, make haste. [*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught, (As my great power thereof may give thee sense;

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red After the Danish sword, and thy free awe Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set Our sovereign process; which imports at full, By letters conjuring to that effect, The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England; For like the hectick in my blood he rages, And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done, Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

A Plain in Denmark.

Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, marching.

For. Go captain, from me greet the Danish king;

Tell him, that, by his license, Fortinbras Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous. If that his majesty would aught with us, We shall express our duty in his eye; And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't my lord.

For. Go softly on.

[*Exeunt FORTINBRAS and Forces.*]

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir,

I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who Commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir, Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,

We go to gain a little patch of ground, That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it; Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole, A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw:

This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace;

That inward breaks, and shews no cause without

Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi'you, sir. [*Exit Captain.*]

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little before. [*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*]

How all occasions do inform against me, And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,

If his chief good, and market of his time, Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.

Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse, Looking before, and after, gave us not

That capability and godlike reason

To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be

Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple

Of thinking too precisely on the event,—

A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,

And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know

Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do*;

Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,

To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:

Witness, this army of such mass, and charge,

Led by a delicate and tender prince;

Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,

Makes mouths at the invisible event;
 Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
 To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
 Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
 Is, not to stir without great argument;
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
 Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
 And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
 Go to their graves like beds: fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
 To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
 [Exit.]

SCENE V.

Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Queen and HORATIO.

Queen.—I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract;
 Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says,
 she hears,

There's tricks i'the world; and hems, and
 beats her heart;

Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in
 doubt,

That carry but half-sense: her speech is nothing,
 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

The hearers to collection: they aim at it,
 And botch the words up fit to their own
 thoughts;

Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures
 yield them,

Indeed would make one think, there might be
 thought,

Though nothing sure: yet much unhappily.

Queen. 'Twere good she were spoken with;
 for she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill breeding minds:
 Let her come in. [Exit HORATIO.]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
 Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
 So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO with OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of
 Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. How should I your true love know
 From another one?

By his cockle hat and staff,

And his sandal shoon. [Singing.]

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this
 song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady, [Sings.]

He is dead and gone;

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain
 snow. [Sings.]

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers;
 Which bewept to the grave did go,
 With true love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God'ield you! They say, the
 owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know
 what we are, but know not what we may be.
 God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this;
 but when they ask you, what it means, say
 you this:

Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,
 All in the morning betime,
 And I a maid at your window,
 To be your Valentine:

Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,
 And dupp'd the chamber-door;

Let in the maid, that out a maid
 Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an
 end on't:

By Gis, and by Saint Charity,
 Alack, and fy for shame!

Young men will do't, if they come to't;
 By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
 You promised me to wed:

[He answers.]

So would I ha' done, by yonder son,
 An thou had'st not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be
 patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to
 think, they should lay him i'the cold ground:
 My brother shall know of it, and so I thank
 you for your good counsel. Come, my coach!
 Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies:
 good night, good night. [Exit.]

King. Follow her close! give her good
 watch, I pray you. [Exit HORATIO.]

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
 All from her father's death: And now behold,
 O Gertrude, Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single
 spies,

But in battalions! First, her father slain;
 Next, your son gone; and he most violent
 author

Of his own just remove: The people muddied,
 Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and
 whispers,

For good Polonius' death; and we have done
 but greenly,

In hugger-mugger to inter him: Poor Ophelia
 Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;
 Without the which we are pictures, or mere
 beasts.

Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France:
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death! [*A noise within.*]

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend.

Where are my Switzers! Let them guard the door:

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him,
lord;

And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, *Choose we; Laertes shall be king!*
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the
clouds,

Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail
they cry!

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*]

Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you
all without.

Dan. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O
thou vile king,
Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, pro-
claims me bastard;
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd;—Let him go,
Gertrude;—

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be
juggled with:

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest
devil!

Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your
revenge,
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend
and foe,

Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll
ope my arms;
And like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within.*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

*Enter OPHELIA, fantastically dressed with
Straws and Flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times
salt,

Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with
weight,

Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the bier;

Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny:

And in his grave rain'd many a
tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst per-
suade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down-a-down, an
you call him a-down-a.* O, how the wheel
becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole
his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remem-
brance; pray you, love, remember: and there
is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts
and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and colum-

bines:—there's rue for you; and here's some for me:—we may call it, herb of grace o' Sundays:—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets; but they wither'd all, when my father died:—They say, he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—

[Sings.]

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again? [Sings.]
And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead,

Go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll:

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan;

God 'a mercy on his soul!

And of all christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you!

[Exit OPHELIA.]

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends
you will,

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:

If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his
bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to
earth,

That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
And where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. Another Room in the same.

Enter HORATIO, and a Servant.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir;
They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.—
[Exit Servant.]

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1 Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir: it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [Reads.] Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase: Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou would'st fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.
Come, I will give you way for these your letters;

And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. Another Room in the same.

Enter King and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears:—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,

But yet to me they are strong. The queen
his mother,

Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,)
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general gender bear him:
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the spring that turneth wood to
stone,

Convert his gyves to graces: so that my arrows,

Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections;—But my revenge will
come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you
must not think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with dan-
ger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear
more:

I loved your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now? what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw
them not;
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd
them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them:—
Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*]

[*Reads.*] *High and mighty, you shall
know, I am set naked on your kingdom.
To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your
kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking
your pardon thereunto, recount the occa-
sion of my sudden and more strange return.*
Hamlet.

What should this mean! Are all the rest come
back?

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked,*—
And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone:*
Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let
him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now
return'd,—

As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall
breathe;

But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

Lacr. My lord, I will be rul'd;

The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.

You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of
parts

Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.—Two months
since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have seen myself, and serv'd against the
French,

And they can well on horseback: but this
gallant

Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my
thought,

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch,
indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: the scrimers of their
nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.
Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think, you did not love
your father;

But that I know, love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too-much: That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this *would*
changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o'the
ulcer:

Hamlet comes back; What would you undertake,

To show yourself in deed your father's son
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder
sanctuarize;

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good
Laertes,

Will you do this, keep close within your
chamber:

Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come
home:

We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame

The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine,
together,

And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous and free from all contriving,

Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose

A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't:
And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.

I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,

Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue

Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point

With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and

means,
May fit us to our shape: If this should fail,

And that our drift look through our bad per-
formance,

'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this pro-
ject

Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft;—let me

see:—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cun-

nings,—
I ha't:

When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)

And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd
him

A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what
noise?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's
heel,

So fast they follow:—Your sister's drown'd,
Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt the
brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she make

Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long
purples,

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call

them:
There on the pendent boughs her coronet

weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;

When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes

spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:

Which time, she chanted snatches of old
tunes;

As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd

Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,

Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd?
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor
Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,

Let shame say what it will: when these are
gone,

The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,

But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*
King. Let's follow, w, Gertrude:

How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again;

Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Church-Yard.

Enter Two Clowns, with Spades, &c.

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in christian
burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, she is; therefore make

her grave straight: the crowner hath set on
her, and finds it christian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned
herself in her own defence?

2 *Clo.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot

be else. For here lies the point : If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act : and an act hath three branches ; it is, to act, to do, and to perform : Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, Goodman delver.

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water ; good : here stands the man ; good : If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes ; mark you that : but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself : Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law ?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry is't ; crowner's-quest law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't ? If this had not been a gentlewoman she should have been buried out of christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st : And the more pity ; that great folks should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers ; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman ?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen ? How dost thou understand the scripture ? The scripture says, Adam digg'd ; Could he dig without arms ? I'll put another question to thee : if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter ?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker ; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith ; the gallows does well : But how does it well ? it does well to those that do ill : now thou dost ill, to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church ; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again ; come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter ?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it ; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating : and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker ; the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan and fetch me a stoup of liquor. [Exit 2 Clown.]

1 *Clown* digs, and sings.

*In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought, it was very sweet,*

*To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought, there was nothing meet.*

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business ? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so : the hand of little employment hath the dantier sense.

1 *Clo.* *But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.*

[Throws up a scull.]

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once : How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder ? This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches ; one that would circumvent God, might it not ?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier ; which would say, *Good morrow, my sweet lord ! How dost thou, good lord ?* This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it ; might it not ?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so : and now my lady Worm's ; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade : Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them ? mine ache to think on't.

[Sings.]

1 *Clo.* *A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shrouding sheet ;
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.*

[Throws up a scull.]

Ham. There's another : Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer ? Where be his quid-dets now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks ? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery ? Humph ! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries : Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt ? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures ? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box ; and must the inheritor himself have no more ? ha ?

Hor. Not a jot, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins ?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow :—Who's grave's this, sirrah ?

1 Clo. Mine, sir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made [Sings.
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed, for thou liest in't.

1 Clo. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

1 Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1 Clo. One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so pick'd, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 Clo. Of all the days i'the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long's that since?

1 Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was that very day that young Hamlet was born: he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 Clo. Why, because he was mad; he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1 Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 Clo. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 Clo. Why, here in Denmark; I have been sexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'the earth ere he rot?

1 Clo. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corses now a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now hath lain you i'the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham. This? [Takes the Scull.

1 Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Alas! poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o'this fashion i'the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

[Throws down the Scull.

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that the earth, which kept the world in

awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's
flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside:—Here comes the king.

Enter Priests, &c. in Procession: the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES, and Mourners following; King, Queen, their Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?

And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken,

The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand

For do its own life. 'Twas of some estate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

[Retiring with HORATIO.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1 Priest. Her obsequies have been as far
enlarg'd
As we have warranty: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the
order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown
on her,
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing
home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

1 Priest. No more be done!
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i'the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish
priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: Farewell!

[*Scattering flowers.*]

I hop'd, thou should'st have been my Hamlet's
wife;
I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet
maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine
arms: [*Leaps into the Grave.*]
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose
grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of
sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them
stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the Grave.*]

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: Hold off thy
hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they
come out of the Grave.*]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this
theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand
brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Zounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't
tear thyself?

Woul't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them
throw

Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt
mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

[*Exit.*]

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon
him.— [*Exit HORATIO.*]
Strengthen your patience in our last night's
speech; [*To LAERTES.*]
We'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your
son.—

This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Castle.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you
see the other;—

You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of
fighting,

That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes.

Rashly,
And prais'd be rashness for it,—Let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall: and that should
teach us,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;
Finger'd their packet: and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Ho-

ratio,
A royal knavery; an exact command,—
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,—
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission; read it at
more leisure.

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay, 'beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with vil-
lanies,
Or I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play;—I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, my good lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the
king,—

As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might
flourish;

As peace should still her wheaten garland
wear,

And stand a comma 'tween their amities;
And many such like as's of great charge,—
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more, or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordi-
nant;

I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it: gave't the impression; plac'd it
safely,

The changeling never known: Now, the next
day

Was our sea-fight; and what to this was se-
quent

Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to
this employment;

They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:

'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes

VOL. III.

Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now
upon?

He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my
mother;

Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect con-
science,

To quit him with this arm; and is't not to be
damn'd,

To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from
England,

What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life no more than to say, one.

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,

That to Laertes I forgot myself;

For by the image of my cause, I see

The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace: who comes here?

Enter Osr.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back
to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know
this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for
'tis a vice to know him: He hath much land,
and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and
his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'Tis
a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the pos-
session of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at
leisure, I should impart a thing to you from
his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all dili-
gence of spirit: Your bonnet to his right use;
'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold: the
wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks it is very sultry
and hot; or my complexion—

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sul-
try,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how—My lord,
his majesty bade me signify to you, that he
has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this
is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.]

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in
good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court,
Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman,
full of most excellent differences, of very soft
society, and great showing: Indeed, to speak
feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of
gentry, for you shall find in him the continent
of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me;—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses; against the which he has impawned, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the margent, ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish: Why is this impawned, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

[Exit.]

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on,) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osrice, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know, if your pleasure hold, to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you, to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [Exit Lord.]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestal their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants, with Foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.*]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,

How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.

What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception,

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And, when he's not himself, does wrong

Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? His madness: If't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,

Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,

I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,

Till by some elder masters, of known honour,

I have a voice and precedent of peace,

To keep my name ungor'd: But till that time,

I do receive your offer'd love like love,

And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;

And will this brother's wager frankly play.—

Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine

ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star i'the darkest night,

Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.—

Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;

Your grace hath laid the odds o'the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it: I have seen you

both:—

But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well: These foils have

all a length? [*They prepare to play.*]

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that

table:—

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire:

The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;

And in the cup an union shall he throw,

Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark's crown have worn; Give me the cups;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,

The trumpet to the cannoneer without,

The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to

earth,

Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come,

begin;—

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,—again.

King. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this

pearl is thine;

Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off*

within.]

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile.

Come.—Another hit; What say you?

[*They play.*]

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.—

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam,—

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord;—I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

[*Aside.*]

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by

and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my con-

science. [*Aside.*]

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: You

do but dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence;

I am afeard, you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*]

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*LAERTES wounds HAMLET; then, in*

scuffling, they change Rapiers, and

HAMLET wounds LAERTES.]

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again. [*The Queen falls.*]

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides;—How is

it, my lord?

Osr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own

springe, Osric;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O

my dear Hamlet!

The drink, the drink!—I am poison'd! [*Dies.*]

Ham. O villany!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:

Treachery! seek it out. [*LAERTES falls.*]

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's life;

The treachereous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me: lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: Thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more; the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point
Envenom'd too!—Then, venom, to thy work.
[*Stabs the King.*]

Osr. & Lords. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous,
damned Dane,
Drink off this potion:—Is the union here?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*]

Laer. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.—
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet;
Mine and my father's death come not upon
thee;

Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*]

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen,
adieu!—

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you,—
But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st: report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,—
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll have
it.—

O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live be-
hind me?

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.—

[*March afar off, and shot within.*]

What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come
from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more or less,
Which have solicited,—The rest is silence.
[*Dies.*]

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart;—Good
night, sweet prince;

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither?

[*March within.*]
*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassa-
dors, and others.*

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it, you would see?
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc!—O
proud death!

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes, at a shot,
So bloodily hath struck?

1 Amb. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless, that should give us
hearing,

To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you;
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from
England,

Are here arriv'd; give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things come about: So shall you
hear

Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook,
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite
me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to
speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw
on more:

But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more
mischance,

On plots and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his
passage,

The soldier's music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—

Take up the bodies:—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [*A dead march.*]

[*Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies;
after which a peal of ordnance is
shot off.*]

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

Persons represented.

Duke of Venice.

BRABANTIO, *a senator.*

Two other Senators.

GRATIANO, *brother to Brabantio.*

LODOVICO, *kinsman to Brabantio.*

OTHELLO, *the Moor.*

CASSIO, *his lieutenant.*

IAGO, *his ancient.*

RODERIGO, *a Venetian gentleman.*

MONTANO, *Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.*

Clown, *servant to Othello.*

Herald.

DESDEMONA, *daughter to Brabantio, and wife to Othello.*

EMILIA, *wife to Iago.*

BIANCA, *a courtesan, mistress to Cassio.*

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the play, at a sea-port in Cyprus.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. A Street.

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Tush, never tell me, I take it much unkindly,

That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—should'st know
of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him
in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great
ones of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him;—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion, nonsuits
My mediators; *for, certes, says he,*
I have already chose my officer.
And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish
theorick,

Wherein the tog'd consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without prac-
tice,

Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the
election:

And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds,

Christian and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and
calm'd

By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster;
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, (God bless the mark!) his Moorship's
ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been
his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse
of service;

Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second,
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge
yourself,

Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and, when he's
old, cashier'd;

Whip me such honest knaves: Others there
are,

Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their
lords,

Do well thrive by them, and, when they have
lin'd their coats,

Do themselves homage: these fellows have
some soul;

And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,

Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago :
In following him, I follow but myself ;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end :
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart

In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at : I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-
lips owe,
If he can carry't thus !

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him : make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets ; incense her
kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies : though that his joy
be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house ; I'll call
aloud.

Iago. Do ; with like timorous accent, and
dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What ho ! Brabantio ! signior Braban-
tio, ho !

Iago. Awake ! what, ho ! Brabantio ! thieves !
thieves ! thieves !
Look to your house, your daughter, and your
bags !
Thieves ! thieves !

BRABANTIO, above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible
summons ?

What is the matter there ?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within ?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd ?

Bra. Why ? wherefore ask you this ?

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are robb'd ; for
shame, put on your gown ;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your
soul ;

Even now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise ;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you ;
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits ?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know
my voice ?

Bra. Not I ; What are you ?

Rod. My name is—Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome :
I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my
doors ;

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee ; and now, in
madness,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir. sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing ? this
is Venice ;
My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those,
that will not serve God, if the devil bid you.
Because we come to do you service, you think
we are ruffians : You'll have your daughter
covered with a Barbary horse ; you'll have
your nephews neigh to you : you'll have
coursers for consins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou ?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes, to tell you,
your daughter and the Moor are now making
the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer : I know thee,
Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I
beseech you,
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daugh-
ter,

At this odd-even and dull watch o'the night,
Transported—with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondo-
lier,—

To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy
wrongs ;

But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your re-
verence :

Your daughter,—if you have not given her
leave,—

I say again, hath made a gross revolt ;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where : Straight satisfy
yourself :

If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho !
Give me a taper ; call up all my people :—
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already :—

Light, I say ! light ! [*Exit from above.*]

Iago. Farewell ; for I must leave you :
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my
place,

To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall,)
Against the Moor : For, I do know, the state,—
However this may gall him with some check,—
Cannot with safety cast him ; for he's em-
bark'd

With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,

(Which even now stand in act,) that, for their souls,
 Another of his fathom they have not,
 To lead their business: in which regard,
 Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
 Yet, for necessity of present life,
 I must show out a flag and sign of love,
 Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
 Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search;
 And there will I be with him. So farewell.

[Exit.

Enter below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with Torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
 And what's to come of my despised time,
 Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
 Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
 With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—
 How didst thou know 'twas she? O, thou deceiv'st me
 Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;
 Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. O heaven!—How got she out!—O treason of the blood!—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds

By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,

By which the property of youth and maidhood
 May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
 Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, that you had had her!—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know
 Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him; if you please

To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;

I may command at most:—Get weapons, ho!
 And raise some special officers of night.

On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The same. Another Street.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
 Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,
 To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity
 Sometimes to do me service: Nine or ten times

I had thought to have yerck'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,

And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
 Against your honour,
 That, with the little godliness I have,
 I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
 Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,—
 That the magnifico is much beloved;
 And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
 As double as the duke's; he will divorce you;
 Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
 The law (with all his might, to enforce it on,)
 Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:

My services, which I have done the signiory,
 Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,

(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,

I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
 From men of royal siege; and my demerits
 May speak, unbosomed, to as proud a fortune
 As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my unhoused free condition
 Put into circumscription and confine
 For the sea's worth. But, look, what lights

come yonder?

Enter CASSIO, at a distance, and certain Officers with Torches.

Iago. These are the raised father and his friends:

You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found;
 My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think so.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant,

The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
 What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
 And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
 Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;

It is a business of some heat: the galleys
 Have sent a dozen sequent messengers

This very night at one another's heels;

And many of the consuls, rais'd, and met,

Are at the duke's already: You have been
 hotly call'd for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
 The senate hath sent about three several quests

To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.

I will but spend a word here in the house,
 And go with you. [Exit.

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carrack;

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers of night, with torches and weapons.

Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd; He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[They draw on both sides.]

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years,

Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy;

So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight.

Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,

That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,

That waken motion:—I'll have it disputed on;

'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,

For an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:—

Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,

Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,

Both of you of my inclining, and the rest:

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it

Without a prompter.—Where will you that

I go

To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison: till fit time

Of law, and course of direct session,

Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?

How may the duke be therewith satisfied;

Whose messengers are here about my side,

Upon some present business of the state,

To bring me to him?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,

The duke's in council, and your noble self,

I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!

In this time of the night!—Bring him away:

Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,

Or any of my brothers of the state,

Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves, and pagans, shall our statesmen
be. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

The same. A Council Chamber.

*The Duke, and Senators, sitting at a table;
Officers attending.*

Duke. There is no composition in these news,

That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And, mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all con-
firm

A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judg-
ment:

I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor. *[Within.]* What ho! what ho!
what ho!

Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Duke. Now? the business?

Sailor. The Turkish preparation makes for
Rhodes;

So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make thought
of this,

We must not think, the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for
Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of
Rhodes,
Have therein jointed them with an after fleet.

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought:—How many, as
you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail; and now do they re-
stem

Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,

Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus,—
Marcus Lucchesé, is he not in town?

1 Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us; wish him post-post-haste despatch.

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;

[*To BRABANTIO.*]

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours; Good your grace, pardon me;

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,

Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care

Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,

That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:

For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,

Sans witchcraft could not—

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,

Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law

You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son

Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,

Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke & Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this? [*To OTHELLO.*]

Bra. Nothing but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,

My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,

It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending

Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,

And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine hath seven years' pith,

Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd

Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,

More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,

In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs,

what charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)

I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion

Blush'd at herself; And she,—in spite of nature,

Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?

It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess—perfection so could err

Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,

Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,

Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof;
Without more certain and more over test,

Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

1 Sen. But, Othello, speak:—
Did you by indirect and forced courses

Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?

Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,

And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,

The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence

Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.—

[*Exeunt IAGO and Attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven,
I do confess the vices of my blood,

So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,

And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,

From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents by flood and field :
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes i'the imminent deadly
 breach ;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery ; of my redemption
 thence,
 And portance in my travel's history ;
 Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads
 touch heaven,
 It was my hint to speak, such was the process ;
 And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
 The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things
 to hear,
 Would Desdemona seriously incline :
 But still the house affairs would draw her
 thence ;
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse : Which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour ; and found good
 means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intentively : I did consent ;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being
 done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
 She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas
 passing strange ;
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
 She wish'd, she had not heard it ; yet she
 wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man : she
 thank'd me ;
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I
 spake :
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd ;
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd ;
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my
 daughter too.—

Good Brabantio,
 Take up this mangled matter at the best :
 Men do their broken weapons rather use,
 Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak ?
 If she confess, that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mis-
 tress ;

Do you perceive in all this noble company,
 Where most you owe obedience ?

Des.

My noble father,

I do perceive here a divided duty :
 To you, I am bound for life, and education ;
 My life, and education, both do learn me
 How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty,
 I am hitherto your daughter : But here's my
 husband ;

And so much duty as my mother show'd
 To you, preferring you before her father,
 So much I challenge that I may profess
 Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you ! I have done :—
 Please it your grace, on to the state affairs ;
 I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
 Come hither, Moor :

I here do give thee that with all my heart,
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my
 heart

I would keep from thee.—For your sake,
 jewel,

I am glad at soul I have no other child ;
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
 To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my
 lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself ; and lay
 a sentence,

Which, as a grise, or step, may help these
 lovers

Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
 By seeing the worst, which late on hopes de-
 pended,

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
 Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.

The robb'd, that smiles, steal something from
 the thief ;

He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile ;
 We lose it not, so long as we can smile.

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
 But the free comfort which from thence he
 hears :

But he bears both the sentence and the sor-
 row,

That, to pay grief, must of poor patience
 borrow.

These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :

But words are words ; I never yet did hear,
 That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the
 ear.

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs
 of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty pre-
 paration makes for Cyprus :—Othello, the for-
 titude of the place is best known to you : And
 though we have there a substitute of most
 allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign
 mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice
 on you ; you must therefore be content to
 slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with
 this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave sena-
 tors,

Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war

My thrice-driven bed of down : I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness ; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife ;
Due reference of place, and exhibition.
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I ; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear ;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona ?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with
him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world ; my heart's sub-
dued
Even to the very quality of my lord ;
I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me.
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence : Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords—'beseech you, let
her will
Have a free way.

Vouch with me, heaven ; I therefore beg it
not,

To please the palate of my appetite ;
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,
In my distinct and proper satisfaction ;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind :
And heaven defend your good souls, that you
think

I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me : No, when light-wing'd
toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my busi-
ness,

Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation !

Duke. Be it as you shall privately deter-
mine,
Either for her stay, or going : the affair cries—
haste,
And speed must answer it ; you must hence
to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord ?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'the morning here we'll
meet again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you :
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient ;
A man he is of honesty and trust :
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall
think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—
Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
[To BRABANTIO.

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

I Sen. Adieu, brave Moor ! use Desdemona
well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor ; have a quick eye
to see ;

She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee ;
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her ;
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona ; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee : we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart ?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou ?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love
thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman !

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a
torment : and then have we a prescription to
die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villanous ! I have looked upon the
world for four times seven years ! and since I
could distinguish between a benefit and an
injury, I never found a man that knew how
to love himself. Ere I would say, I would
drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I
would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do ? I confess, it is my
shame to be so fond ; but it is not in virtue
to amend it.

Iago. Virtue ? a fig ! 'tis in ourselves, that
we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our
gardens ; to the which our wills are gardeners :
so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce ;
set hyssop, and weed up thyme ; supply it
with one gender of herbs, or distract it with
many ; either to have it steril with idleness,
or manured with industry : why, the power
and corrigible authority of this lies in our
wills. If the balance of our lives had not one
scale of reason to poise another of sensuality,
the blood and baseness of our natures would
conduct us to most preposterous conclusions :
But we have reason to cool our raging motions,
our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts ; whereof
I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect,
or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth; when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must; therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted: thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost

thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go: provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse. [Exit RODERIGO.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should
profane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if it be
true;

But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will;
A double knavery,—How? how?—Let me
see:—

After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a person; and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seems to
be so;

And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.
I have't;—it is engender'd:—Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's
light. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Sea-port Town in Cyprus. A Platform.

Enter MONTANO and Two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern
at sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought
flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Desery a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud
at land:

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on
them,
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of
this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:

For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and mon-
strous main,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On th' enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are
drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lords! our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the
Turks,
That their designment halts: A noble ship of
Venice

Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronese; Michael Cassio,
Lientenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio,—though he
speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks
sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were
parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. 'Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main, and the aerial
blue,
An indistinct regard.

3 Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike
isle,
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his
pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter another Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

4 Gent. The town is empty; on the brow
o'the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the go-
vernor.

2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of
courtesy; [*Guns heard.*]
Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2 Gent. I shall. [*Exit.*]

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general
wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a
maid
That paragon's description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.—How now? who
has put in?

Re-enter second Gentleman.

2 Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy
speed:

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling
winds,

The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's
captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello
guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful
breath;

That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODE-
RIGO, and Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees;—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I
aught

But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear;—How lost you com-
pany?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and
skies

Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail.

[*Cry within, A sail, a sail! Then guns heard.*]

2 Gent. They give their greeting to the ci-
tadel;

This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.—
[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome,
mistress!—[*To EMILIA.*]

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kissing her.*]

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of
her lips

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fye upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou should'st praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay:—There's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—

Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention

Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from
frieze,

It plucks out brains and all: But my muse
labours,

And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black
and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a
wit,

She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was
fair;

For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make
fools laugh i'the alehouse. What miserable
praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish there-
unto,

But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones
do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the
worst best. But what praise could'st thou be-
stow on a deserving woman indeed! one, that,
in the authority of her merit, did justly put
on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never
proud;

Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;

Fled from her wish, and yet said,—*now I may*;
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being
nigh,

Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly:
She, that in wisdom never was so frail,

To change the cod's-head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her
mind,

See suitors following, and not look behind;

She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small
beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!
—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be
thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he
not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may
relish him more in the soldier, than in the
scholar.

Iago. [Aside.] He takes her by the palm:
Ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web
as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio.
Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in
thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so,
indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out
of your lieutenantry, it had been better you
had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which
now again you are most apt to play the sir in.
Very good; well kissed! an excellent cour-
tesy; 'tis so indeed. Yet again your fingers
to your lips? would, they were clyster-pipes
for your sake!—[Trumpet.] The Moor, I
know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello?

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my con-
tent,

To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd
death!

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should in-
crease,

Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be,

[Kissing her.]
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this
music,

As honest as I am. [Aside.]

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks
are drown'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my
sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good
Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers :
Bring thou the master to the citadel ;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Des-
demona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant as (they say) base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: And will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble, no further conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes; if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust and

foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: Provoke him that he may: for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel; I must fetch his necessities ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:

The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin,)

But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leapt into my seat: the thought whereof Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my in-

wards; And nothing can or shall content my soul, Till I am even with him, wife for wife; Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong

That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—

If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip; Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,— For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too; Make the Moor thank me, love me, and re-

ward me, For making him egregiously an ass, And practising upon his peace and quiet Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd: Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Street.*

*Enter a Herald, with a Proclamation;
People following.*

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good-night: To-morrow, with our earliest,
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;

[*To DESDEMONA.*]
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt OTH. DES. and Attend.*]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock: Our general cast us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona; whom let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to night, good Iago; I have very

poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup; I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me.

[*Exit CASSIO.*]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already,

He'll be as full of quarrel and offence

As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,

Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,

To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd

Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:

Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits, That hold their honours in a wary distance,

The very elements of this warlike isle,—

Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,

And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action

That may offend the isle:—But here they come:

If consequence do but approve my dream,

My boat sails freely, with both wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

[*Sings.*]

And let me the canakin, clink, clink;

And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span;

Why then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys! [*Wine brought in.*]

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

*King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor—lown.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down:
Then take thy auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, or any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then; you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before;—

He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:

He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils; Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo? [*Aside.*
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

Exit RODERIGO.

Mon. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor

Should hazard such a place, as his own second,

With one of an ingraft infirmity;

It were an honest action, to say

So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what
noise? [*Cry within—Help! help!*

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!

I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue!

[*Striking RODERIGO.*

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;

[*Staying him.*

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a
mutiny. [*Aside to ROD. who goes out.*

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—
sir;—

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, in-
deed! [*Bell rings.*

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!
The town will rise; God's will, lieutenant!

hold;

You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death;
he dies.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant, sir, Montano,
—gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold,
for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence
arise this?

Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For christian shame, put by this barbarous
brawl:

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his mo-
tion.—

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter,
masters?—

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge
thee.

Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now,
even now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed: and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitting men,)

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And 'would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;

The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure; What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Cassio, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now
offends me;—

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice;
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way: If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a
birth,

Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began it?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my
mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
And Cassio following him with deter'min'd
sword,

To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest, by his clamour, (as it so fell out,)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather,
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before: when I came back,
(For this was brief,) I found them close together,
At blow, and thrust; even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report:—

But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that wish them
best,—

Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio:—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up;—
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter, dear?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; Come away
to bed.

Sir, for your hurts,
Myself will be your surgeon: Lead him off.

[*To MONTANO, who is led off.*
Iago, look with care about the town;
And silence those whom this vile brawl dis-
tracted.—

Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.*

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation!
O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost
the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what
remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my
reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you
had received some bodily wound; there is
more offence in that, than in reputation. Re-
putation is an idle and most false imposition;
oft got without merit, and lost without de-
serving: You have lost no reputation at all,
unless you repute yourself such a loser. What,
man! there are ways to recover the general
again: You are but now cast in his mood, a
punishment more in policy than in malice;
even so as one would beat his offenceless dog,
to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again,
and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than
to deceive so good a commander, with so
slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer.
Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble?
swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with
one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit
of wine, if thou hast no name to be known
by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with
your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but no-
thing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing where-
fore.—O, that men should put an enemy in
their mouths, to steal away their brains! that
we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and ap-
plause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough : How came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath : one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moralist : As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen ; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again ; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard ! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast ! O strange !—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used ; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk !

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general ;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces :—confess yourself freely to her ; importune her ; she'll help to put you in your place again : she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested : This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter ; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely ; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me : I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant ; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago.

[Exit CASSIO.]

Iago. And what's he then, that says,—I play the villain?

When this advice is free, I give, and honest, Probal to thinking, and (indeed) the course To win the Moor again? For, 'tis most easy The inclining Desdemona to subdue In any honest suit ; she's fram'd as fruitful As the free elements. And then for her

To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,— His soul is so enfeet'd to her love, That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the god With his weak function. How am I then a villain,

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course, Directly to his good? Divinity of hell! When devils will their blackest sins put on, They do suggest at first with heavenly shows, As I do now : For while this honest fool Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes, And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,— That she repeals him for her body's lust ; And, by how much she strives to do him good, She shall undo her credit with the Moor. So will I turn her virtue into pitch ; And out of her own goodness make the net, That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent ; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled ; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains : and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!—

What wound did ever heal, but by degrees? Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft?

And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee, And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio ;

Though other things grow fair against the sun, Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe : Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morning ;

Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.—

Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted : Away, I say ; thou shalt know more hereafter : Nay, get thee gone. [Exit ROD.] Two things are to be done,—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress ; I'll set her on ;

Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart, And bring him jump when he may Cassio find Soliciting his wife ; Ay, that's the way ; Dull not device by coldness and delay. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Before the Castle.

Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains,

Something that's brief ; and bid—good morrow, general. [Music.]

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why masters, have your instruments

been at Naples, that they speak i'the nose thus.

1 Mus. How, sir, how!

Clo. Are these, I pray you, called wind instruments?

1 Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1 Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

1 Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear music, the general does not greatly care.

1 Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: Go; vanish into air; away.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke before we parted. I have made bold, Iago, to send in to your wife: My suit to her is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently; And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor out of the way, that your converse and business

May be more free. [*Exit.*]

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew

A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry

For your displeasure; but all will soon be well. The general, and his wife, are talking of it; And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies,

That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus, And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom,

He might not but refuse you; but, he protests, he loves you;

And needs no other suitor, but his likings, To take the saf'st occasion by the front, To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,— If you think fit, or that it may be done, Give me advantage of some brief discourse With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in; I will bestow you where you shall have time To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot; And, by him, do my duties to the state: That done, I will be walking on the works, Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Before the Castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do; I know it grieves my husband,

As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam, Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio, He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, sir, I thank you: You do love my lord:

You have known him long; and be you well assur'd,

He shall in strangeness stand no further off Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady, That policy may either last so long, Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet, Or breed itself so out of circumstance, That, I being absent, and my place supplied, My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here, I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee, If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it To the last article: my lord shall never rest; I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;

His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift; I'll intermingle every thing he does With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio; For thy solicitor shall rather die, Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO, and IAGO, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes My lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

- Des.* Why, stay, And hear me speak.
- Cas.* Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease, Unfit for mine own purposes.
- Des.* Well, well, Do your discretion. [*Exit CASSIO.*]
- Iago.* Ha! I like not that.
- Oth.* What dost thou say?
- Iago.* Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.
- Oth.* Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?
- Iago.* Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it, That he would steal away so guilty-like, Seeing you coming.
- Oth.* I do believe 'twas he.
- Des.* How now, my lord? I have been talking with a suitor here, A man that languishes in your displeasure.
- Oth.* Who is't, you mean?
- Des.* Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord, If I have any grace, or power to move you, His present reconciliation take; For, if he be not one that truly loves you, That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning, I have no judgment in an honest face: I pr'ythee, call him back.
- Oth.* Went he hence now?
- Des.* Ay, sooth; so humbled, That he hath left part of his grief with me; I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
- Oth.* Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.
- Des.* But shall't be shortly?
- Oth.* The sooner, sweet, for you.
- Des.* Shal't be to-night at supper?
- Oth.* No, not to-night.
- Des.* To-morrow dinner then?
- Oth.* I shall not dine at home; I meet the captains at the citadel.
- Des.* Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn; Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn;— I pray thee, name the time; but let it not Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent; And yet his trespass, in our common reason, (Save that, they say, the wars must make examples Out of their best,) is not almost a fault To incur a private check: When shall he come? Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul, What you could ask me, that I should deny, Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio, That came a wooing with you; and many a time, When I have spoke of you dispraisingly, Hath ta'en your part? to have so much to do To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much.—
- Oth.* Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will; I will deny thee nothing.
- Des.* Why, this is not a boon;
- 'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves, Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm; Or sue to you to do peculiar profit To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit, Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed, It shall be full of poize and difficulty, And fearful to be granted.
- Oth.* I will deny thee nothing: Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this, To leave me but a little to myself.
- Des.* Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.
- Oth.* Farewell, my Desdemona: I will come to thee straight.
- Des.* Emilia, come:—Be it as your fancies teach you; Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit with EMILIA.*]
- Oth.* Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul, But I do love thee! and when I love thee not, Chaos is come again.
- Iago.* My noble lord,——
- Oth.* What dost thou say, Iago?
- Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady, Know of your love?
- Oth.* He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?
- Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thought; No further harm.
- Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iago?
- Iago.* I did not think, he had been acquainted with her.
- Oth.* O, yes; and went between us very oft.
- Iago.* Indeed?
- Oth.* Indeed! ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou aught in that?
- Iago.* Is he not honest?
- Oth.* Honest, my lord?
- Iago.* Ay, honest.
- Oth.* My lord, for aught I know.
- Iago.* What dost thou think?
- Oth.* Think, my lord?
- Iago.* Think, my lord! By heaven, he echoes me, As if there were some monster in his thought Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something: I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that, When Cassio left my wife; What did'st not like? And when I told thee—he was of my counsel In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, Indeed? And didst contract and purse thy brow together, As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me, Show me thy thought.
- Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.
- Oth.* I think, thou dost: And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty, And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :

For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They are close denotements, working from
the heart,

That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—
I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem
none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then,
I think that Cassio is an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this :
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of
thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile
and false,—

As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so
pure,

But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend,
Iago,

If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st
his ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses: and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conjects,
You'd take no notice? nor build yourself a
trouble

Out of his scattering and unsure observance :
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear
my lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis some-
thing, nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to
thousands;

But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your
hand;

Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;

It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly
loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich
enough;

But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor :—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why? what is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in
doubt,

Is—once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a
goat,

When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufficate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me
jealous,

To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves
company,

Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous :

Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;

For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago;
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;

And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this, for now I shall
have reason

To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,

Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with

Cassio;

Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,

Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't:
I know our country disposition well;

In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best

conscience

Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.
Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying
you;

And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your
looks,

She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then :
She that, so young, could give out such a
seeming,

To seel her father's eyes up, close as oak,—
He thought, 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much

to blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love;—But, I do see you are
mov'd:—

I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my wor-
thy friend:—
My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd:—
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you
to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from it-
self,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point:—As,—to be
bold with you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (happily) repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*]

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest crea-
ture, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he
unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat
your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement opportunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-
strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have:—Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief

Must be to loath her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a
toad,

And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great
ones;

Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you
not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill
away again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little:

*He puts the handkerchief from him,
and it drops.*

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not
well.

[*Exeunt OTH. and DES.*]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the
Moor:

My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it: but she so loves the
token,

(For he conjur'd her, she would ever keep it,)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en
out,

And give it Iago:
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing
for you.

Iago. A thing for me?—it is a common
thing.

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give
me now

For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief?

Why that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by neg-
ligence;

And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with it, that you
have been so earnest
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you?
[Snatching it.]

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of im-
port,
Give it me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known of't; I have use
for it.

Go, leave me. [Exit EMILIA.]
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do some-
thing.

The Moor already changes with my poison:—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poi-
sons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to dis-
taste;

But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say
so:—

Enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor
mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?
To me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more
of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on
the rack:—
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours
of lust?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not
me:

I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill
trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious
war!

And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats

The immortal Jove's dread clamours counter-
feit,

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible!—My lord,—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love
a whore;

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
[Taking him by the Throat.]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me see it; or (at the least) so
prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth
amaz'd,
Nor nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi'you; take mine office.—O wretch-
ed fool,

That liv'st to make thine honesty, a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O
world,

To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such
offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—Thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise: for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as
fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black,
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would, I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, I will.

Iago. And may: but, how? how satisfied,
my lord?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: Damn them
then,

If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own? What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?

It is impossible, you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as
monkeys,

As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross

As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:

In sleep I heard him say,—*Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!*

And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my
hand,

Cry,—*O, sweet creature!* and then kiss me
hard,

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
Cry'd,—*Cursed fate, that gave thee to the*

Moor!

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a forgone conclusion;
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other
proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing
done;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first
gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a hand-
kerchief,

(I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand
lives;

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;

All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted
throne,

To tyrannous hate! swell bosom, with thy
fraught,

For 'tis of aspicks' tongues!

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps,
may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on

To the Propontick, and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge

Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble
heaven,

In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.—
[*Kneels.*

Witness, you ever burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!

Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,

To wrong'd Othello's service! let him com-
mand,

And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance
bounteous,

And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done at your
request:

But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,

To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieute-
nant Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He is a soldier; and for me to say a
soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to; Where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell
you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for
me to devise a lodging, and say, he lies here,
or he lies there, were to lie in my own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edi-
fied by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him;
that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell
him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and
hope, all will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compass of
man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the
doing it. [*Exit.*

Des. Where should I lose that handker-
chief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my
purse
Full of cruzadoes. And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness

As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think, the sun, where he
was born,
Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him.—How is't with you, my lord?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady:—[*Aside.*] O,
hardness to dissemble!—
How, do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is
moist, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no
sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal
heart;—

Hot, hot, and moist: This hand of yours re-
quires

A sequester from liberty, fasting, and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: The hearts of old, gave
hands;
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now,
your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak
with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum of-
fends me;

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people: she told her, while

she kept it,

'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my

father

Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should

hunt

After new fancies: She dying, gave it me;

And bid me, when my fate would have me

wive,

To give it her. I did so: and take heed of't,

Make it a darling like your precious eye;

To lose or giv't away, were such perdition,

As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: there's magick in the web
— of it:

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world

The sun to make two hundred compasses,

In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:

The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the

silk;

And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful

Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

Des. Then 'would to heaven, that I had

never seen it.

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly and

rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out of

the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost: But what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now;

This is a trick, to put me from my suit;

I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind

misgives.

Des. Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. A man that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortune on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you;—

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. In sooth,

You are to blame.

Oth. Away! [*Exit. Othello.*]

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,

They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my

husband.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must

do't;

And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Des. How now? good Cassio? what's the

news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech

you,

That, by your virtuous means, I may again

Exist, and be a member of his love,

Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,

Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd:

If my offence be of such mortal kind,

That neither service past, nor present sorrows,

Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,

Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice gentle Cassio,
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know
him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me, every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best;
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
For my free speech! you must a while be
patient:

What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the
cannon,

When it hath blown his ranks into the air;
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet
him;

There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure,
of state,—

[*Exit IAGO.*
Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd prac-
tice,

Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such
cases,

Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
Of pain: Nay, we must think, men are not
gods;

Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was, (unhandsome warrior as I am,)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as
you think;

And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd
so;

They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othel-
lo's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him—Cassio, walk
hereabout:

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

I'faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.
Bian. And I was going to your lodging,
Cassio.

What! keep a week away? seven days and
nights?

Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent
hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been
press'd;

But I shall, in a more continue time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[*Giving her DESDEMONA's Handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.

Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend.

To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Woman, go to!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jea-
lous now,

That this is from some mistress, some remem-
brance:

No, in good truth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my
chamber.

I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
(As like enough it will,) I'd have it copied:

Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring
you,

For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circum-
stane'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What?

To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and,
being hers,
She may I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not
seen;

They have it very oft, that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have
forgot it:—

Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good, now.

Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him
do you wrong?

Or heard him say,—As knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab—

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well
assur'd,

No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what
he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will,

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her?—We say,
lie on her, when they belie her: Lie with her
that's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—
handkerchief.—To confess, and be hanged for
his labour.—First to be hanged, and then to
confess:—I tremble at it. Nature would not
invest herself in such shadowing passion,
without some instruction. It is not words,
that shake me thus:—Pish!—Noses, ears, and
lips:—Is it possible?—Confess!—Handker-
chief!—O devil!—*[Falls in a Trance.]*

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are
caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even
thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my
lord!

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?

Cas. What is the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear:
The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he
stirs:

Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[Exit CASSIO.]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your
head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven:
'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a
man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a popu-
lous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now
alive,

That nightly lie in those improper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is
better.

O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she
shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, ere while mad with
your grief,

(A passion most unsuited such a man,)
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with
me;

The which he promis'd. Do but encave
yourself,

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable
scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—

Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;

I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[OTHELLO withdraws.]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a crea-
ture,

That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpets plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter:—Here he comes:

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now,
lieutenant?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure of't.

Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
[Speaking lower.]

How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! *[Aside.]*

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think i'faith she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

[Aside.]

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said.

[Aside.]

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

Cas. I marry her!—what? a customer! I pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so: They laugh that win.

[Aside.]

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well. *[Aside.]*

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story. *[Aside.]*

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes this bauble; by this hand, she falls thus about my neck;—

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. *[Aside.]*

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to my chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. *[Aside.]*

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There,—give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! *[Aside.]*

Bian. An you'll come to supper to night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. *[Exit.]*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith I must, she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; Will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. *[Exit CASSIO.]*

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention?—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend! for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes:—Cuck-old me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again: this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker: You shall hear more by midnight.

[A Trumpet within.]

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico, Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [Gives him a Packet.]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. [Opens the Packet and reads.]

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior; Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you: How does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will— [Reads.]

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much

To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be, the letter mov'd him; For, as I think, they do command him home, Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed.

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil! [Striking her.]

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw it: 'Tis very much;

Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil;

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,

Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile: Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [Going.]

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn;

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on, And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;

And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—Very obedient;—Proceed you in your tears.

Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion! I am commanded home:—Get you away;

I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,

And will return to Venice;—Hence, avaunt! [Exit DESDEMONA.]

Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir,—to-night,

I do entreat that we may sup together. You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats, and monkeys! [Exit.]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate

Call—all-in-all sufficient?—This the noble nature

Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance, Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my censure.

What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—

I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife?

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; Yet 'would I knew,

That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use? Or did the letters work upon his blood,

And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas! It is not honesty in me, to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;

And his own courses will denote him so, That I may save my speech: Do but go after, And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

*A Room in the Castle.**Enter Othello and Emilia.**Oth.* You have seen nothing then?*Emil.* Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.*Oth.* Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.*Emil.* But then I saw no harm: and then I heard

Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?*Emil.* Never, my lord.*Oth.* Nor send you out o'the way?*Emil.* Never.*Oth.* To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?*Emil.* Never, my lord.*Oth.* That's strange.*Emil.* I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,

Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other, Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.

If any wretch hath put this in your head Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse! For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true, There's no man happy; the purest of their wives

Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither:—go.—*[Exit Emilia.]*

She says enough:—yet she's a simple bawd, That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,

A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets; And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

*Re-enter Emilia, with Desdemona.**Des.* My lord, what is your will?*Oth.* Pray, chuck, come hither.*Des.* What is your pleasure?*Oth.* Let me see your eyes; Look in my face.*Des.* What horrible fancy's this?*Oth.* Some of your function, mistress;*[To Emilia.]*

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door; Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come: Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.

*[Exit Emilia.]**Des.* Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words, But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?*Des.* Your wife, my lord; your true And loyal wife.*Oth.* Come, swear it, damn thyself; Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves

Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damn'd,

Swear—thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it*Oth.* Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.*Des.* To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I false?*Oth.* O Desdemona!—away! away! away!*Des.* Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep!

Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?

If, haply, you my father do suspect, An instrument of this your calling back, Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven To try me with affliction; had he rain'd All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips; Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes; I should have found in some part of my soul A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me A fixed figure, for the time of scorn To point his slow unmoving finger at,—

O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well: But there, where I have garner'd up my heart; Where either I must live, or bear no life; The fountain from the which my current runs, Or else dries up; to be discarded thence! Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there!

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim; Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.*Oth.* O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,

That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed, Who art so lovely, fair, and smell'st so sweet, That the sense aches at thee.—Would, thou had'st ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?*Oth.* Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,

Made to write whore upon? What committed! Committed!—O thou public commoner! I should make very forges of my cheeks, That would to cinders burn up modesty, Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed! Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets, Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth, And will not hear it: What committed!—Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.*Oth.* Are not you a strumpet?*Des.* No, as I am a christian:

If to preserve this vessel for my lord, From any other foul unlawful touch, Be—not to be strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?*Des.* No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay,
you!

We have done our course; there's money for
your pains;

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our coun-
sel. *[Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman con-
ceive?—

How do you, madam? how do you, my good
lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with
my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer I have none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-
night

Lay on my bed my wedding-sheets,—remem-
ber;—

And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here is a change, indeed! *[Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very
meet.

How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How
is it with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach
young babes,

Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:

He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd
her,

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such, as she says, my lord did say I
was.

Emil. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in
his drink,

Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none
such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the
day!

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble
matches,

Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd—where? would it not make one
weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it!

How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal
villain,

Some busy and insinuating rogue,

Some cogging cozening slave, to get some
office,

Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd
else.

Iago. Fye, there is no such man; it is im-
possible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon
him.

Emil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw
his bones!

Why should he call her, whore? who keeps
her company?

What place? what time? what form, what
likelihood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous
knave,

Some base notorious knave, some scurvy
fellow:—

O, heaven, that such companions thoud'st
unfold;

And put in every honest hand a whip,

To lash the rascal naked through the world,

Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fye upon him! some such squire
he was,

That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of
heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,

Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

Delighted them in any other form;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

And ever will,—though he do shake me off

To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,

Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do

much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life,

But never taint my love. I cannot say,

whore;

It does abhor me, now I speak the word;

To do the act that might the addition earn,

Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his
humour;

The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you.

[Trumpets

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!

And the great messengers of Venice stay:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost me with some device, Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now,) keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much: for your words and performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me—she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome,
Oth. Will you walk, sir?—

O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant, I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and Attendants.*]

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent; He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu: We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would, you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—

Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one:—Good father! how foolish are our minds!—

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me in one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd—Barbara; She was in love! and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,

And did forsake her: she had a song of—willow,

An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune, And she died singing it: That song, to-night, Will not go from my mind; I have much to do.

But to go hang my head all at one side, And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. And he speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice, who would have walked barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

I.

Des. *The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,* [Singing.]

Sing all a green willow;

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow:

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;

Lay by these:

Sing willow, willow, willow;

Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

II.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?

Emil. It is the wind.

Des. *I call'd my love, false love; but what said he then?*

Sing willow, &c.

If I court mo women, you'll couch with mo men.

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;

Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it is said so.—O, these men, these men!—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands in such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light, I might do't as well i'the dark.

Des. Would't thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great price for a small vice.

Des. Good troth, I think thou would'st not.

Emil. By my troth, I think I should; and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring; nor for measures of lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition: but, for the whole world,—Why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I would venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'the world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many. To the vantage, as would store the world they play'd for.

But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults if wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties,

And pour our treasures into foreign laps; Or else break out in peevish jealousies, Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,

Or scant our former having in despite; Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,

Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know, Their wives have sense like them: they see,

And have their palates both for sweet and sour, As husbands have. What is it that they do, When they change us for others? Is it sport?

I think it is: And doth affection breed it?

I think, it doth; Is't frailty, that thus errs?

It is so too: And have not we affections?

Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have? Then let them use us well: else, let them know,

The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good night, good night; Heaven me such usage send,

Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Street.

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come;
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:

It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy sword.

[Retires to a little distance.]

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.

[Goes to his stand.]

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:

No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he;—Villain, thou diest.

[Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at CASSIO.]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,

But that my coat is better than thou think'st;
I will make proof of thine.

[Draws, and wounds RODERIGO.]

Rod. O, I am slain!

[IAGO rushes from his post, cuts CASSIO behind in the leg, and exit.]

Cas. I am maim'd for ever;—Help, ho! murder! murder!

[Falls.]

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. Hark! 'tis even so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,

And your fate hies apace:—Strumpet, I come:
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes,
are blotted;

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood
be spotted.

[Exit OTHELLO.]

Enter LODOVICO, and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage! murder! murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the very cry is direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans:—it is a heavy night:

These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry, without more help.

Rod. Nobody come? then I shall bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, with a light.

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries on murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did you not hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!

Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think, that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—

What are you there? come in, and give some help. *[To LODOVICO and GRATIANO!]*

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain.

[IAGO stabs RODERIGO.]

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—

O! O! O!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy; Here's Cassio hurt
By villains,

Gra. Cassio?

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may
you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled
you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have
been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter: So.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence.

Bian. Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio!
Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.

Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come;
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure; O heaven! Ro-
derigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him, ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle
pardon;

These bloody accidents must excuse my man-
ners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a
chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he:—O, that's well said;—
the chair:— [A chair brought in.]

Some good men bear him carefully from hence:
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you,
mistress, [To BIANCA.]

Save you your labour. He that lies slain here,
Cassio,

Was my dear friend: What malice was be-
tween you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the
man.

Iago. [To BIANCA.] What, look you pale?—
O, bear him out o'the air.—

[CASSIO and ROD. are borne off.]
Stay you, good gentlemen:—Look you pale,
mistress?

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon:—

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will
speak,

Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter; what's the
matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the
dark,

By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good
Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee,
Emilia,

Go know of Cassio, where he supp'd to-night:—
What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I there-
fore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with
me.

Emil. Fye, fye upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life as ho-
nest,

As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? foh! fye upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor
Cassio dress'd:—

Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd.—

Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night,

[Aside.]

That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber. DESDEMONA in bed asleep.

A Light burning.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of her's than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[Takes off his sword.]

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light:

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy flaming light restore,

Should I repent me:—but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have

pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,

It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the
tree.— [Kissing her.]

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one

more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill

thee,
And love thee after:—One more, and this the

last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,

But they are cruel tears; This sorrow's hea-
venly;

It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—
Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,

Solicit for it straight.
Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by
that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;

No,—Heaven forbend!—I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, heaven Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph!

Des. And yet I fear you: for you are fatal then,

When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear, I know not,

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel, I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.—

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame: These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so: What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul;

Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,

Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;

For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot remove, nor choke the strong conception,

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too! I never did Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio, But with such general warranty of heaven As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.

O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,

And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—

A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:

I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;

I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,

And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He'll not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge

Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,

There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*]

Emil. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord! my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead! not yet quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So, so.

Emil. [*Within.*] What ho! my lord! my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [*Within.*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death:

The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?

I think, she stirs again:—No.—What's the best?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:

My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:

O insupportable! O heavy hour!

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*Within.*] I do beseech you, I may speak with you,

O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—

Soft,—by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.—

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now? [*Unlocks the door.*]

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O good my lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What? now?

Emil. But now, my lord!

Oth. It is the very error of the moon; She comes more near the earth than she was wont;

And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,

Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd?

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—

Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!

Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done this deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell.

[*Dies.*

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity; Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio.

Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman? I say, thy husband.

Emil. O mistress, villany hath made mocks
with love!—

My husband say, that she was false?

Oth. He, woman.
I say, thy husband: Dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do
me harm,

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help, ho!
help!

The Moor has kill'd my mistress: Murder!
murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general?

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:

He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false:

I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain;

Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—

She false with Cassio:—Did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress; Go to, charm your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak;

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

All. O heavens forefend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villany, villany, villany!—
I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't;—O villany!

I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief.—
O villany, villany!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [*Hanging over his wife.*

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou hast killed the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul!— [*Rising.*
I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:

I know, this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate
turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd
it:

And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heavens! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out; I hold my peace,
sir; no;

No, I will speak as liberal as the air;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

[IAGO offers to stab his Wife.

Gra. Fye!

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief
thou speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas; I found
it,

And I did give't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not gen-
tlemen:

O murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a
fool

Do with so good a wife?

[IAGO stabs EMILIA, then runs out.

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious
villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd
his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by mistress' side!

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you
this weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not
pass,

But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave.

[Exeunt MONTANO and GRATIANO.

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword:—

By why should honour outlive honesty?

Let it go all,

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?

Hark, can'st thou hear me? I will play the
swan,

And die in music;—*Willow, willow, willow.*—
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel

Moor;

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's tem-
per;—

O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*Within.*] If thou attempt it, it will
cost thee dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must
suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with
me,

Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impedi-
ments

Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain
boast!

Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

And he retires;—Where should Othello go?—
Now, how dost thou look now? O ilk-starr'd
wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at
compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from
heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my
girl?

Even like thy chastity.—

O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!

Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—

O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?

Dead? O! O! O!

*Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, car-
ried in a Chair, and Officers, with IAGO,
prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortu-
nate man?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain
forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet—but
that's a fable;

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[OTHELLO wounds IAGO.

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither ; I'd have thee live ;

For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that was once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee ?

Oth. Why, any thing :
An honourable murderer, if you will ;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his
villany :

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body ?

Iago. Demand me nothing : What you know,
you know :

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What ? not to pray ?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath
befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not : Here is a
letter,

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo ;
And here another : the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain !

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross !

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too : and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned
villain ;

But that, belike, Iago in the interim,
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff ?—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's ?

Cas. I found it in my chamber :
And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool ! fool ! fool !

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came
That I was cast ; And even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go
with us ;

Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him
long,

It shall be his : You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state :—Come, bring him
away.

Oth. Soft you ; a word or two, before you
go.

I have done the state some service, and they
know it ;

No more of that ;—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice : then must you
speak

Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well ;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme ; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose sub-
du'd eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum : Set you down this :
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*]

Lod. O bloody period !

Gra. All, that's spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee ;—No
way but this,

[*Falling upon DESDEMONA.*
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*]

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no
weapon ;

For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !
Look on the tragic loading of this bed ;

[*To IAGO.*
This is thy work : the object poisons sight ;—
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed to you.—To you, lord go-
vernor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain ;
The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it !
Myself will straight aboard ; and, to the state,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END.

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